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LEAVES

CANADIAN HISTORY—LITERATURE—SPORT

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"Like a virgin goddess in a primeval world, Canada still walks in unconscious beauty among her golden woods and along the margin of her trackless streams, catching but broken glances of her radiant majesty, as mirrored on their surface, and scarcely dreams as yet of the glorious future awaiting her in the Olympus of nations."—(*From* LORD DUFFERIN'S *speach at Belfast, 11th June*, 1872.)

By J. M. LEMOINE

AUTHOR OF "L'ALBUM DU TOURISTE."

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TO HER EXCELLENCY

THE COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN

"THESE SKETCHES"

ARE, BY PERMISSION, MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY THE

AUTHOR

SPENCER GRANGE,
Sillery, 20th Sept., 1873.

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INTRODUCTION

In offering to our patrons, a new series of Papers on Canadian History, Literature and Sport, a few explanatory remarks may not be out of place.

It was in 1863, that for the first time, appeared in book form, the several Canadian sketches, previously published in the Canadian Reviews and Magazines, under the emblematical name of *Maple Leaves*.

Their success led to the perpetration of a second volume in 1864— descriptive of our battle fields. A third SERIES followed in 1865, depicting the environs of Quebec.

Since the latter date, no other series was published. It is now proposed to collect in the present volume, some of the best sketches and detached Papers of the author, contributed since 1865, to the various Canadian periodicals, and also to reprint with them four or five of the most popular papers of the preceeding *Series*, now out of print.

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It is unnecessary here to enlarge on the aim and contents of the volume : the title of the work indicates that sufficiently.

Should the author succeed in amusing and instructing the general reader—let it be ever so little—his task is accomplished, ample his reward.

THE AUTHOR.

SPENCER GRANGE,
SILLERY, 20th Sept., 1873.

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D'IBERVILLE.

THE CID OF NEW FRANCE.

1642-1706.

We purpose sketching here briefly, a Canadian worthy, who once filled the two hemispheres with the glory of his name—the naval hero d'Iberville: LeMoine d'Iberville who triumphantly bore the banner of France, from Hudson Bay to the Mexican Gulf, at the close of the seventeenth century. At the period in question, Quebec was the key to the extensive transatlantic possessions of Louis the Great; it was the fulcrum which moved the vast military power that so effectually kept in check the English Provinces beyond its border. On the loftiest peak of Cape Diamond, floated a royal banner, whose lord could trace his lineage beyond the crusades, beyond Charlemagne, up to the fourth century. From the stately council-chambers of the *Château St. Louis*, issued those dreaded decrees which presaged war or peace from the shores of the St. Lawrence to the fertile valley of Ohio, or the green banks of the Mississipi. The capital of the French King in New France was indeed an important city in those days, filled with a warlike race, which needed not conscription to push its squadrons across the border, whose martial ardor was dimned neither by arctic cold nor by tropical heats. A most resolute nobleman held his court at the *Château St. Louis*—Count de Frontenac. Never did the Gibraltar of America appear so imposing as when the lion-hearted de Frontenac, in 1690,

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warned off so summarily Sir William Phipps, who, in the name of King William III, threatened, unless the place surrended within an hour, to bombard it with his powerful fleet, which lay moored in view of its battlements. The Count's reply to the British Admiral has been preserved in history. (1) There were, also, brave men amongst the garrison ready to make good the warlike answer of their valiant commander.

Foremost amongst the defenders of Quebec was d'Iberville, one of deLongueil's (2) illustrious brothers. To Montreal is due the honor of having given birth, in 1642, to this studry sea-captain—one of eight brothers destined to shed lustre on the French arms, by land and by sea, for more than half a century. D'Iberville may be counted the representative man of de Frontenac's glorious administration. More fortunate than other Canadian worthies, whose merit has been sedulously ignored in the mother country, under French and under English rule, d'Iberville's fame was proclaimed far and wide, all over Europe; national vanity prompting the French, if they even did feel inclined to drop the colonist, to remember the great sea-captain who, in so many instances, had humbled the old foe. Our own historians have minutely described the feats of d'Iberville; some, however, may say these accounts are too flattering, and liable to be doubted. Let us then, borrow the text of reliable foreign writers of the present day. Pierre Margry, for many years and still in charge of the French *Archives de la Marine*, in Paris, in his researches on the part taken by the early travellers from Normandy in discovering and colonizing the valley of the Ohio and the Mississippi, sets forth

(1) "I do not," said de Frontenac, "acknowledge King William; I well know that the Prince of Orange is an usurper, who has violated the most sacred rights of blood and religion. I will answer your master by the mouth of my cannon." To this Phipps replied by sending a tremendous broadside into the town. But de Frontenac did answer by the mouth of his cannon; and his reply was found so much to the point that, notwithstanding the advantage gained under Major Walley's detachment, landed at Beauport, Phipps, on the 11th October, set sail at night for Boston, where he arrived on the 19th November following, *minus* nine ships wrecked in a storm.

(2) On a recent visit to Montreal, the writer had the pleasure of seeing in the late Jacques Viger's ALBUM, a good drawing of the ruins of Baron de Longueil's manor at Longueuil; let us hope it will yet figure in the ANTIQUARIAN.

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most ably the doings of d'Iberville and his brothers. There is also, amongst other books, a beautifully illustrated work, « Les Navigateurs Français par Léon Guérin, » in which an ample sketch of the celebrated Montrealer is contained. As this account, written in France, is new to most of our readers, we will attempt to render it in English for their information.

« At the time, » says L. Guerin, « when Louis de Buade, Count de Frontenac, was administering so gloriously New France, eight Canadian brothers, whose ancestors came from Rouen, in Normandy, were vieing to excel one another in feats on land and on the sea—equally at home on both elements—ever ready, brave, active, venturesome, under the impulse of national honor. They rendered the country (France) services the more honorable and meritorious that they fought far away from the eye of the court, with little prospect of obtaining the great rewards they might merit, and which they did not obtain in the proportion due to them.

« These eight brothers, whom it would be proper to call eight heroes, were d'Iberville, de Sainte Helene, de Maricourt, de Longueuil, de Serigny, de Chateauguay, and the two de Bienville. The second, d'Iberville, was one of the greatest and most skilful sea-captains France has ever had. Margry calls him « une espèce de Jean Bart Canadien », the historian, Ferland, awards him, the title of « Le Cid du Canada. »

The company which had then recently been formed in connection with Hudson's Bay having applied to King Louis XIV, to be protected against the usurpation of the English of Fort Bourbon,—called by them Fort Nelson,—a decree of the 20th May, 1685, vested in it, the property of the river Ste. Therese; without delay an expedition, commanded by the Marquis d'Enonville, Governor General of New France in the absence of Frontenac, was fitted out to repel the English during the short but glorious peace of Nimeguen. D'Iberville, Sainte Helene, and Maricourt went the year following under the Chevalier de Troyes, a captain of infantry, serving at Quebec, and chief of the expedition, to capture the Forts Monsipi, Rupert, Kichichouami, which the English had built on the Bay. They left Montreal by land in March, 1685, drawing their canoes

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and supplies over the snow and swamps, the roads being nearly impassable. They travelled thus until the 20th June, enduring hardships and fatigue almost intolerable with a courage and spirit of which Canadians only are able, and the party, eighty-two strong, arrived at Monsipi, at the southern extremity of Hudson Bay, at that part since called James' Bay. Without losing a moment, preparations were made to attack the Fort—a square redoubt surrounded by palisades sixteen or seventeen feet high, and flanked by four bastions, on the top of a mound, thirty yards from the edge of the river. A guard was left in charge of the canoes ; two merely were drawn, loaded with provisions, shovels, pics, gabions, and a battering-ram. D'Iberville and de Sainte Helene made the assault on one side, whilst the Chevalier de Troyes and Maricourt attacked the other, and were battering in the main entrance of the Fort with the ram. Followed by five or six men, they scaled the palisade, opened a door which looked on the forest, and reached, in order to destroy it, an outer door of a redoubt, built in the centre of the Fort ; at the same time, the Chevalier de Troyes rushed into the interior of the redoubt, whilst d'Iberville and de Sainte Helene, and their followers kept up a brisk fire on all the apertures. An Englishman having rashly replied, declining all offers of quarter, de Sainte Helene shot him dead at the gun he was pointing towards the French. Soon the ram was brought to bear against the door of the redoubt, but as the door was still held up by one hinge, an Englishman from the interior closed it, leaving all in darkness. D'Iberville might have considered his case desperate, but, retaining his presence of mind, he kept striking even in the darkness, and hearing some one decending a stair-case, he fired at him at random. In the meantime, the ram had re-commenced battering in the door. It fell and allowed free ingress to the French who hurried to the assistance of d'Iberville. The English, having scarcely had time to dress—(the attack was at midnight)—so sudden had been the assault, asked for quarter. It was granted, and the Fort handed to the French.

« The victorious party then, following the sea-shore, took the direction of Fort Rupert, situated forty leagues further

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on ;· whilst a suitable boat, accompanied them, mounted with two guns taken at Fort Monsipi. After five days marching, the party arrived during the night of the 1st of July, before Fort Rupert, of which de Sainte Helene made a reconnoissance, favored by night. The English had an armed vessel there to protect it. D'Iberville and his brother Maricourt, aided by nine men in two bark canoes, were entrusted with the boarding service. The enemy being taken unaware, the boarding party noiselessly and at leisure got on board, and stumbled over the man of the watch fast asleep in his hamac. He received a blow just as he was preparing to alarm the crew; d'Iberville, striking the deck as is customary when it is intended to give the alarm to those on ship-board, split open the head of the first man who attempted to venture on deck. The next sailor shared the same fate, and they then attacked the cabin with axes, until d'Iberville considered that his party was numerous enough to hold out against all comers. The vessel once captured, he gave quarter. Amongst the prisoners was the Governor of Hudson Bay. Whilst this sea-fight was going on under the lead of Iberville, the Chevalier de Troyes was beating in by force the door of the Fort, and entering in with drawn cutlass. Grenades were used, causing dreadful havoc amongst the besieged. A redoubt, which had been also built at Monsipi, in the centre of the Fort, after having been battered with a ram, was on the eve of being blown up with powder, when the enemy, seeing that no hope remained sued for mercy. All the prisoners were then placed on board of a sloop which was aground at some distance from the Fort; as it would have required more men than could be spared to garrison the place, the palisades were destroyed and the Fort blown up. D'Iberville and de Sainte Helene remained there, however, a few days. The english armed-ship was sent to Monsipi, and was soon followed by the lugger, which had been repaired. The Chevalier de Troyes, who had returned to Monsipi, was desirous to close the campaign by the capture of Fort Kichichouami. None, however, knew exactly the geographical position of this English Fort, and the roads were impassable; these obstacles were insufficient to stop

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the Canadians. It was necessary to carry the canoes when the tide did not answer, or when ice or points of land, interfered. The party had been for a long time travelling in this manner, without having the means of knowing whether they would reach the object of their search, when the report of eight guns suddenly broke on their ears. Kichichouami must be close by, and some festivity going on there. On de Sainte Helene, devolved the task of reconnoitring the position of the Fort. D'Iberville had had much trouble to penetrate through the ice with the prize, containing the flags of the English company. He entered the river without accident, and, during the night, landed ten guns. After some useless proposals to the governor of the place, the guns were placed in position, and aimed at the very room he occupied. A masked battery on a wooden height, got up such a cannonade that more than forty discharges took place in an hour and a quarter, riddling the enemy's work. Soon melancholy voices issued from the subterranean passages, sueing for quarter. No Englishman had shown himself to strike the flag, and soon after the Fort capitulated, de Sainte Helene entered it. D'Iberville removed on board of his prize the governor and his suite to the Island of Charleston, to wait for English ships, in conformity with the terms of the surrender. The remainder of the English were sent to Monsipi. The 6th August following, the Chevalier de Troyes returned to Montreal to enjoy his success; d'Iberville, who had left his brother Maricourt in charge at Hudson Bay, arrived at Montreal two months after.

« War re-commenced in Europe, and spread to America. D'Iberville was, by de Frontenac, re-appointed naval commander in New France, and specially intrusted with guarding Hudson Bay. Two English men-of-war had appeared before Fort Kichichouami, whose name he had altered to that of Fort Sainte Anne, and where he commanded in person. He captured them, and conducted triumphantly the largest to Quebec, whilst his Lieutenant, La Ferté, was making a prisoner of the English Governor of Fort New Haven, who had been sent from London by the Company to proclaim William III, who pretended he was sole proprietor of Hudson Bay. D'Iberville

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returned at the commencement of the following year, 1690, in the ship *Sainte Anne*, together with the ship *Armes de la Compagnie*, Capt. Bonaventure Denis, with the view of expelling the English from Forts New Haven and Nelson, which they still occupied. He anchored, on the 24th September, close to the river Sainte Therese, and came ashore with ten men, intending to make a few prisoners and find out the state of the Fort. A sentry saw him, and the English instantly despatched a vessel of 36 guns to intercept the retreat of the French, but without success. D'Iberville got on board of his boat, made his way in spite of pursuit to his vessel, and made sail. The fall of the tide having caused the English vessel to get aground on some rocks, the French commander, in order to mislead the enemy, steered as if he intented to leave the Bay ; but altering his course, he came to the Kouachaony river, and there found a ship, the *Saint François*, commanded by Maricourt. The two brothers left for New Haven, an English Fort, situated thirty leagues from Fort Nelson. The English then found themselves under the necessity of burning it down and breaking it up. D'Iberville, however, secured a quantity of provisions and furs, which he conveyed to Fort Sainte Anne. He wintered there with his ship, the *Sainte Anne*, whilst Maricourt, with the *Saint François*, sought winter-quarters at Rupert, after having relieved Fort Monsipi. The ship *Armes de la Compagnie* was anchored at Charleston Island. D'Iberville was on his way to Quebec in October, 1690, when his brother de Longueuil sent him word at Coudres Island, in the St. Lawrence, that an English fleet was laying siege to the capital of Canada. The forces being unequal, he determined to sail for France, laden with English spoils ; but previously to leaving, he despatched a boat to de Frontenac to inform him of the success of his expedition to the north. At this period, several of d'Iberville's brothers were keeping up the honour of the family by valiantly defending Canada. All New France was in a blaze. The English had excited the Iroquois tribes to rise, as well as other Indian tribes who had recently been allies of France. They were helping them to attack the west of Canada by Montreal, whilst a fleet

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at Quebec, under (Sir) William Phipps, threatened the eastern section. Fortunately, there had recently been re-appointed Governor-General in New France, a chief gifted with all the attributes of a great man, firmness which ensures command, with kindliness which inspires love. De Frontenac was great, generous, magnificent like a king. He was at Quebec, the worthy representative of what Louis XIV was at Versailles. A word, a glance of his eye, electrified the Canadians, always ready to fight. He was the love and delight of New France, the terror of the Iroquois, the father of the tribes who were allies of the French. His activity was only equalled by his courage. After having pacified the country round Montreal, and slain a considerable number of the Iroquois, he had sent three detachments to attack the English of New York. De Sainte Helene, in company with his relative, de Martigny, and leading a party of French and Indians, two hundred and ten in number, after a tramp of twenty-three days, through snow and ice,—sometimes wading in water up to their knees,—had arrived at Fort Corlard, which they captured, after slaying the whole garrison. Martigny had been wounded twice during this expedition. Another captain, named de Portneuf, had compelled Fort Kaskebe to capitulate; and a third, called Hertel, after a march just as fatiguing as that of de Sainte Helene, had taken possession of Fort Sementals, in Acadia. At the same time, Frontenac had undertaken prodigious works to fortify Quebec, which, though thickly peopled, had no fortifications which it could depend on. He had dispersed, without striking a blow, an army of English and Iroquois, who were advancing from Lake St. Sacrament, and had been enabled to devote himself entirely to the defence of his capital. The fortifications which de Frontenac had built began at his palace (1) and then ascended towards the upper town, which they surrounded, and ended at the brink of a mountain at a spot called Cape Diamond. The openings where there were no gates were barricaded with timber and puncheons filled with stones and surrounded with earth. The avenue from the

(1) Where the Queen's wood-yard now stands.

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lower to the upper town was intersected by three entrenchments, made with puncheons and bags of earth. Numerous batteries had been mounted. The whole soon presented a respectable system of defenses. »

We shall pass over the incidents of the glorious siege of 1690, related by us elsewhere (1). D'Iberville was intrusted by government with a small fleet, and hoisted his flag on the *Pelican*. His mission was to harass the English wherever he could meet them. He obtained some important successes; but the spot where fortune seemed always to favor him was Hudson Bay, where the English had re-captured Fort Nelson. He took a signal revenge by the capture of the place, in 1696, for the death of his brother Chateauguay, killed in 1694 whilst defending it. He also had the satisfaction of securing as a prize the English frigate, the *Hudson Bay*. But his own vessel, the *Pelican*, was nearly in a sinking state. Having manned his prize with a portion of the crew of the *Pelican*, he was preparing to attack the enemy when, in a furious storm, and notwithstanding his skill as a mariner, both vessels were driven ashore. Nothing daunted, the brave commander, having waited for the arrival of some other vessel of his fleet, succeeded in capturing, a second time, Fort Nelson, which gave France, for several years, the possession of the northern part of North America.

Peace being signed at Ryswick, d'Iberville took advantage of it to press on his government to resume the project of discovering the mouth of the Mississipi. He sought as a companion the brave Chateau Morand, worthy nephew of the great Tourville. Both sailed from Rochfort in October, 1698, with two ships. They anchored at St. Domingo ; and having left that place on the 1st December, they came in sight, on the 27th January, 1699, of Florida. They sailed as close to the land as prudence would allow, and sent one of their officers to hold parley with the inhabitants. That officer, on returning, stated that the ships were then opposite to a bay called Pensacola, where three hundred Spanish had recently settled

(1) See Second series of *Maple Leaves*.

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in anticipation of French settlers. On the 31st January, d'Iberville, whose ship had outsailed the other to reconnoitre the coast, anchored at the south-east of the eastern point of the river Mobile, which runs parallel with the Mississipi. On the 2nd February, he landed on an island close to it, and four leagues round. It had then a harbor tolerably commodious, which has since been obstructed by sand. D'Iberville called it Massacre Island, from having noticed towards the south-west point, a large quantity of human heads and bones. From Massacre Island, whose name was soon to be changed to that of Dauphin Island, the great mariner crossed over to the main land, and having discovered the river Pascagoula, he left it, in company with his young brother de Bienville, then an ensign, and forty-eight men, in two long boats, carrying provisions for twenty days, to find the Mississipi, of which the aborigines had made mention to him under the name of the Malbouchia, and the Spaniards, under that of the Palisade river. He entered the mouth of the river on the 2nd March. In prosecuting his discovery, d'Iberville arrived at the village of the Bayagoulas, composed of seven hundred huts, amongst which could be distinguished the temple of these savages, filled with smoked furs, offered to propitiate their fantastic gods. The French discoverer ascended as high as the Oumas, where he began seriously to doubt whether it was the Mississipi. However, a letter, found by an Indian chief in a tree, handed to his brother de Bienville, soon dispelled all doubts on this point. It was dated April, 1683, and bore this address :—« To monsieur de la Sale, Gouverneur de la Louisiane, de la part du Chevalier de Tonti. » Tonti had, in his fruitless search of La Sale, deposited this letter in the hollow of a tree. D'Iberville, re-assured, then sojourned in the Bay of Biloxi, situated between the Mississipi and Mobile rivers; built a fort there, where he left de Bienville as his lieutenant, and then returned to France in January. On the 8th January, 1700, d'Iberville returned to Biloxi. In 1706, he got together a small squadron and attacked the English island of Nevis, and captured it. On the 9th July, 1706, this successful sea-captain died at Havana, whilst commanding the vessel *Le Juste*. The eldest of the

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brothers, de Bienville, had been killed in an attack on a fort. Maricourt, an ensign, was burnt to death in a house with forty French, in 1704, by the Iroquois. De Serigny and the second of the de Bienville brothers, died whilst commanding vessels. De Longueuil, the eldest brother, died in 1718, Governor of Montreal. In 1722, when the East India Company laid the foundation of New Orleans, on the banks of the Mississipi, to be the centre and capital of Louisiana, it was a son of de Chateauguay who was second in command in this vast country which had originated so many bright dreams. After serving at Martinique, he was Governor of Guyanna. The Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, had deprived the French of Hudson Bay, Newfoundland, and Acadia. To compensate this loss, they immediately set about to colonize Cape Breton, called Ile Royale, where they founded Fort Dauphin, Port Toulouse, Nerika, and chiefly Louisbourg, and her arsenal. De Chateauguay, junior, was called,—from 1745 to 1747, when he died—to defend this key to Canada, and did so successfully.

« Thus, » concludes Guerin, « from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to that of Mexico, from equinoctial France to New France, continued to shine with undimmed splendour, probably the most glorious family which ever existed in the French colonies. »

D'Iberville had thus closed at Havana his brilliant career, after gathering laurels at Quebec, on the frozen shores of Hudson's Bay, on the coast of Acadia, in the Mississipi, at New Orleans, and in the West Indies. Pierre Margry is then justified in describing the illustrious Montrealer as « Une espèce de Jean Bart Canadien. » Mr. Morgan has ably summed up d'Iberville's career in his work intituled « CELEBRATED CANADIANS. »

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DOLLARD DES ORMEAUX.

THE CANADIAN LEONIDAS.

1660.

The memories of brave deeds—of sacrifice of self for the general good ; instances of extraordinary endurance for some noble end, whilst they challenge the admiration of the patriotic or the reflective man, afford wholesome teachings for all. In placing them before the eye of an enlightened public, no apology is needed.

The wave of time, for twenty-three centuries, has rolled over the feat of the champions of Thermopylæ: has the deed lost aught of its fragrance ? My friend ! My fellow-toiler, all is not hollow—a sham—a lie here below !

The lion-hearted crusader, Richard of England—the Suisse patriot Tell—the Maid of Orleans, or she of Saragossa, will be remembered with respect, nay with veneration, so long as brave men, so long as heroic women shall endure—beacons from above lighting up this dismal vale of sorrow—heaven born, lasting witnesses to some of the noblest instincts the Deity has implanted in the human breast.

Elsewhere, we took pleasure to state, with a feeling not unmingled with pride, that the early history of our own country exhibited several of these traits, which men delight to honor. Let us now unveil in a few words, the career of a youthful Canadian hero, as yet but little known to fame.

Fellow countrymen, keep fresh his memory !

To our mind, the whole story of the chivalrous commander of the Montreal garrison in 1660, whose name prefixes this sketch, reads more like one of those thrilling romances peculiar to the era of the crusades, than anything else we know of in canadian annals.

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Though the records of beleaguered cities occasionally depict cases of despairing but dauntless men rushing to certain death to snatch trembling mothers, chaste wives—tender infants from the edge of the sword, we seldom read of a youth coolly and premeditatively—without the spur of imminent danger—cheerfully resigning all which makes life attractive : position, nay existence itself, sacrificing all to a mere sense of duty. Nor are we called on here, to comtemplate a mere transient, impulsive act of devotion suggested by extraordinary peril, or the offspring of high wrought feeling. It is a rarer spectacle which awaits us : it is the reflection of mature age in youth ; the earnest young christian, who, ere he steps forth of his own accord, towards that mysterious land of shadows, beyond the grave, deliberatively settles all his sublunary affairs, solemnly makes his peace with his creator and his fellow-men, and then quietly and with much afore thought, at the head of companions as intrepid, as devoted as himself, binds himself and them by a fearful vow, such as in his opinion, the welfare of his country requires—« not to take, nor grant, any quarter. » All this and more do we find in the act of the youthful commander of the Montreal garrison in 1660—Dollard des Ormeaux. Though noted by Ferland, it is specially to the abbé Faillon (1), we are indebted for acquainting us so minutely with the history of the gallant youth, aged then twenty-five years, whose name still clings to the street, he once inhabited (2). The elaborate *Histoire de la Colonie Française en Canada*, or rather the history of

(1) *Histoire de la Colonie Française en Amérique.* Vol. II, P.

(2) " Does any one whose business does not call him daily along St. James street, know where Dollard street is? And of those who do know that it is bounded at one end by the *Witness* office, and at the other by a saloon, how many know after whom it is called, if after any one at all ? Most people think it is a misprint for Dollar. Such is fame. A dirty narrow lane, frequented by gaming newsboys, and an entry in the parish register of 1660 are all that remain to remind us of Adam Dollard, sieur DesOrmeaux, better known as Daulac.

The early history of Montreal is as full of romance, of suffering, and of heroic achievement as the most sensational could desire. These deeds are far better authenticated, too, than the legends of the Drachenfels, or the tales of prowess of the Crusaders. Only it is not the thing to weep or thrill over the achievements of a handful of emigrants who, two hundred years ago, were scalped and massacred and burned alived within gunshot of St. Catharine street. We reserve such tributes for the woes of the creations of Miss Braddon or Mrs. Henry Wood. (*Allid.*)

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the celebrated order of *Sulpiciens*, in Canada, to which the learned *abbé* belongs, is certainly a historical monument of which Montreal may well be proud : the abbé Faillon has compiled the details he furnishes about DOLLARD DES ORMEAUX, from the history of Montreal by DOLLIER DE CASSON ; *Les lettres de la Mère de l'Incarnation;* from the *Relations des Jésuites* and from the *Régistres des baptêmes, mariages et sépultures*, for 1660.

It is not then a romance which is here presented to the reader, but a plain, unvarnished tale of christian heroism, of which Montreal was once, the theatre.

In order to understand thoroughly, the precarious footing of French Colonists at Montreal in 1660, it is necessary to familiarize one self, with its his history, since its foundation in 1642, and for several years later on.

The annalist can note year after year the struggles, sometimes the bloody defeats, oft' the merciless revenge suffered or inflicted, by the pent-up, despairing colonists : the blood thirsty Iroquois had vowed to exterminate the last of the *pale faces* who came from beyond the sea ; they very nearly succeeded. A constant state of warfare—ambushes by day—midnight raids : such were the ever-recurring incidents which marked the existence of the sparce population. At page 123 of the second volume of the history, the Abbé tells how the alarmed residents scarcely ever left the Fort unarmed, not even on the Sabbath, to attend to their devotions.

On Sunday, the 18th May, 1651, four colonists were surprised between the Fort and Pointe St. Charles, on their return from the morning service. Overwhelmed by the savages, they took refuge in a rude redoubt, and commenced firing so briskly on their pursuers that the crack of their muskets attracted the notice of the people of the Fort. Out ran a stout-hearted fellow, named Urbain Tessier dit Lavigne to their relief ; and although sixty shots were aimed at him from the distance, he escaped them all. M. de Maisonneuve, the Governor, immediately sent reinforcements to the besieged, and after a sharp skirmish, in which thirty savages bit the dust, the rest retired to the shades of the forest. Some years previously, directions had been issued that no man should leave

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the Fort singly, and that those tilling the soil should return each day in a body, well-armed, within its walls, at the sound of the bell. Various were the artifices employed, says Dollier de Casson, to abate the Iroquois nuisance. The Governor soon saw that the days of his colonists were numbered, if these savage beasts of prey were allowed to roam any longer round the settlement. *They must be got rid of.* The inhabitant of Bengal beats the jungle for tigers and lions; the French colonists must beat up the thickets and woods round Montreal for foes as merciless—the skulking Iroquois. Mastiffs were brought out from the mother-country, and *battues* organized. These sagacious animals were broken in to hunt for the savages, and Father Lalemant tells of a remarkable mastiff slut, called « Pilot, » who, in 1647, used to lead to the woods a litter of fierce pups, and took a ramble each morning in the under-brush, scouring carefully every bush round the Fort; if she noticed any of her whelps shirking his work, she would worry and bite him. It was wonderful, says the same writer, to witness her return from the hunt, baying fiercely when she had discovered a marauding savage, to proclaim the presence of danger. Nor could you have said of her, what Coleridge wrote of Sir Leoline's dog:

> ....A toothless mastiff, which
> From her kennel beneath the rock
> Maketh answer to the clock
> Four for the quarters, and twelve for the hour!
> Ever and aye, by shine and shower
> Sixteen short howls, not over loud;

History tells of the ardor of the Montreal Nimrods of that day, to bag the big game, and how often they used to go to Governor de Maisonneuve asking him beseechingly, « Shall we then never be allowed to go and hunt our foes? » You read next the animated description of one of these hunts, or fights; a party, headed by the Governor himself, and by M. D'Ailleboust, against the Iroquois. The unfortunate but spirited colonists barely escaped annihilation in this skirmish, and it did seem at one time likely that the scalp of M. de Maisonneuve would shortly grace the belt of a famous chief, bent on

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capturing his fleet Excellency. However, when escape appeared hopeless, brave de Maisonneuve drew a pistol on his pursuer, and fired ; it flashed in the pan, and the colony was nearly lost ; but, recovering himself, he drew another pistol, and shot the red-skin dead ; and the colony was saved.

In those days the country round Montreal certainly swarmed with this sort of game ; its Nimrods were just as spirited as those of the present day : the dogs, of sure scent, and the quarry, wary and wild, amidst impenetrable forests. Times are changed now ; elegant villas, fragrant conservatories, landscape gardens, adorn the green slopes of the Royal Mount, which once resounded to the war whoop or expiring groan of the lithe savage. Peaceably inclined are the royal successors of this warlike M. de Maisonneuve : on his hunting grounds now stands the great metropolis of Canadian trade. They were fiery hunters, the men of 1660, spreading with their mastiffs amidst the thickets, perhaps to the joyful notes of the French horn, or carolling a hunting-song:

Il passe, il passe, le clairon du Roi, mes lames.

These sturdy Nimrods, subjects of the Grand Monarque, are replaced by a milder race. Out of the same thickets, on a fine September morning, two centuries later, you may have seen equally spirited dogs issue with a band of gaily dressed and well-mounted sportsmen ; Messrs. Davidson, Alloway, Lorn McDougall, Thorne, Rimmer, Crawford et alii. But fear them not ; you might with impunity confront them in full Indian dress, and wearing as many plumes in your hat as the proudest Iroquois chief ever bore. You are perfectly safe, unless taken for a fox.

Sporting reader, forgive our digression. We have told you of the scenes of blood with which our fathers were so familiar. Their fiery disposition had grown with danger ; on the authority of Abbé Faillon, we can say that even the savages were impressed with awe when dealing with them ; the Iroquois cadet was gravely told to beware of these men whom they called « *des diables,* » nor to presume to attack them, unless well prepared for a fight.

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The savages were increasing each year in numbers and audacity. In the year 1658 and 1659, they had been conspiring secretly. About a thousand of them had resolved, by a *coup de main*, to strike terror at the same time at Montreal and at Quebec, of which latter place M. d'Ailleboust, the Governor was to be beheaded. Some inkling of the dark deeds in contemplation had spread amongst the helpless and sparce population of the valley of the St. Lawrence. Those residing under the cannons of Fort St. Louis, at Quebec, were safe ; but what hope was there for the unfortunate peasant outside of Quebec ? The dismay had become very great ; public prayers had been offered in the churches. Nor was the excitement in the Montreal district at all less. Unless Providence specially interposed, the colony was threatened with utter ruin.

These reflections had occured to every colonist. None had pondered over them more earnestly than the young Commander of the Montreal garrison, Dollard des Ormeaux, called by some historians Daulac. Though of French origin, he was intimately acquainted with Indian warfare, and came to the conclusion that a blow struck at the proper time might disorganize the machinations of the enemy, and gain delay until the reinforcements arrived from France. He thought that an ambush might be planed ; that a small party of good marksmen, such as Montreal then could provide, in a very short time might, by taking advantage of the ground, slay so many of the enemy, that a precipitate flight would take place, before the Montreal Indians could join their forces to those of the Quebec and Three Rivers settlements. The plan, though it savored a little of desperation, when the number of combatants on both sides were compared, had much to recommend it. By the latter end of May, 1660, Dollard had succeeded in working up the enthusiasm of the Montreal youth to the same pitch as his own. Sixteen promised to follow where their commander would lead, provided the Governor of the colony, M. de Maisonneuve, approved of the expedition. One, however, reconsidered his determination, and did not go. The remainder made their wills, received the last rites of the

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church, and took, in presence of the altar, a vow to fight until death or victory crowned their career, without sueing for, or granting, any quarter.

Several other colonists, such as Major Lambert Closse, Picoté de Belestre, Charles LeMoyne, also offered their services for this important expedition. They, however, were of opinion it might be delayed until the corn-fields were sowed ; but to a mind constituted like Dollard's, delay was impossible, and the miraculous escape from death of these three latter brave and indispensable men showed, as the Abbé Faillon remarks, that the hand of Providence was there. Montreal could not have afforded to lose such colonists. Had the spirited commander deferred the departure of the expedition, as he was requested to do, the 500 Iroquois, who had ensconced themselves at the islands of the River Richelieu, would have had time to be joined by the 500 savages who were coming down the Ottawa, and the blow would have fallen on Three Rivers and Quebec. The brave warriors launched their canoes on the waters of the great river. They met the enemy sooner than they expected, and seem to have closed with them at the *Ile St. Paul,* close to Montreal. The first encounter took place on the 19th April, 1660, the Europeans having the better of the fight, but losing three of their party, viz., Nicholas Duval, Blaise Juillet dit d'Avignon, and Mathurin Soulard,—the two latter having been drowned in the attack. The savages took to the woods, leaving behind an excellent canoe, which Dollard subsequently put to good use.

This brilliant hand-to-hand fight produced a good effect at Montreal, and the recusant colonists who had left Dollard at the beginning, returned to fight under him. They were detained eight days at the end of the Island of Montreal, at a rapid which they had to cross. They crossed, however, and on the 1st May, they were at the foot of the *Long Sault,* on the Ottawa, eight or ten leagues higher than the Isle of Montreal, and lower down than the *Sault de la Chaudière.* Dollard there discovered a small fort, which the Algonquins, the fall preceding, had built with pickets. There they decided to make a stand. They were then reinforced by four Algonquin and

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forty Huron Indians, the flower of the tribe, who had marched up from Quebec during the winter, intending to attack the Iroquois when returning from their hunting grounds. These warriors had obtained a written authority from M. de Maisonneuve, Governor, to take part in the campaign, unwilling though he was to grant it. Nor had they long to wait for the returning Iroquois canoes. The French strengthened as much as possible their pallisades, with earth and branches, and valiantly repulsed the first assault. The Iroquois' ferocity increase with each repulse. Their numbers allowed them to invest closely the rude fort, to burn the canoes of the French and to prepare torches to burn the fort ; but, finding all their plans frustrated, they sent a deputation to the 500 Iroquois camped on the Richelieu.

But there was, inside of the fort, an insidious enemy, more to be feared than the blood-thirsty Iroquois. The water failed, and thirst soon troubled the beleaguered Montrealers. By dint of boring, they came to a small gush of muddy water, insufficient to alley their thirst. They had, under the fire of these insurgents, to go and fetch water from the river close by. The Iroquois, seeing their straits, took occasion to remind the Hurons of the uselessness of their defence, and that, unless they surrendered, they would be so closely invested, that they would die of thirst and hunger. These savages decided to surrender in a body. All did, except their courageous chief, Anahontaha, who, on seeing their determination, seized a pistol, and attemped to shoot his nephew, who was amongst the fugitives. The fort contained in all, Anahontaha, the four Algonquins and their chief, and the French. Soon the four hundred Iroquois arrived from the Richelieu encampment, and during three days a new attack was made every hour, but unsuccessfully. The enemy then tried to fell some large trees, in order that, by their fall, they might incommode the dauntless garrison. Some prodigies of valor at last induced the Iroquois to believe that the garrison must be more numerous than they had been led to credit ; they deliberated whether it would not be better to raise the siege ; and a detachment having come closer than usual to the redoubt,

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the garrison received them with such a murderous fire, that they were again completely routed. On the eighth day, the Iroquois were meditating their departure ; but, on being assured that the fort only contained seventeen French and six Indians, they thought that, should they, with their overwhelming numbers, give up the contest, it would reflect eternal shame on their character as warriors. They then resolved to die to the last man, at the foot of the fort, or conquer.

Accordingly, in advancing, they took to cutting junks of wood, which they carried in front of their bodies—a rude species of helmet, ball-proof. The French muskets, well-aimed, mowed them down by the dozen ; but numbers replaced the fallen warriors, bent on escalading the redoubt ; and Dollard saw that in a few minutes the sword and the axe must be his last resort, before the close of an unequal contest, the issue of which could not be much longer doubtful : so, loading to the muzzle a large blunderbuss, and retaining in his hand the fusee, he attempted to let this instrument of destruction fall in the midst of the carnage, hoping that, by its sudden explosion, it might terrify the enemy. As bad luck would have it, the branch of a tree intervening, it fell inside of the redoubt, and spread death amongst the exhausted garrison. The enemy, taking courage from this incident, charged afresh. Dollard received his death-blow, but despair firing the expiring effort of the remainder, all seemed determined to sell dearly their lives ; and with the sword or axe, each man flinging himself in the melée, struck unceasingly, until he fell. The Iroquois, collecting their courage for a final assault, rushed on, and, bursting open the door of the redoubt, crowded in, when the few survivors, plying well and fatally their hunting-knives, were massacred to the last man. Europeans, and their Indian allies, all behaved nobly.

The news of the carnage was taken to Montreal by some of the Hurons who had surrendered in the beginning. The numbers of dead Iroquois left on the battle-field, and the severe lesson they thus received, made them return hastily to their own country.

Thus fought and perished seventeen of the bravest men of

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Montreal, in 1660, as the Abbé Faillon correctly remarks, without that incentive to heroism, the hope of immortalising oneself, which spurred on the Grecian or Roman warrior in his career of glory. They could count on no poets, no historians, to commemorate the brave deed ! The devotion of the Christian, the spirit of the soldier, alone animated these French colonists, it was by mere chance that their glorious end was made known to their fellow-colonists.

The parish Register of the Roman Catholic Church of *Ville-Marie* (Montreal), furnishes the names and ages of these seventeen heroes, as follows :—

Adam Dollard (sieur des Ormeaux), aged 25 years ; Jacques Brassier, aged 25 years ; Jean Tavernier dit la Hochetière, aged 28 years ; Nicholas Tillemot, aged 25 years ; Laurent Hebert dit la Rivière, aged 27 years ; Alonié de Lestres, aged 31 years ; Nicolas Gosselin, aged 25 years ; Robert Jurée, aged 24 years ; Jacques Boisseau dit Cognac, aged 23 years ; Louis Martin, aged 21 years ; Christophe Auger dit Desjardin, aged 26 years ; Etienne Robin dit Desforges, 27 years ; Jean Valets, aged 27 years ; Renè Doussin, soldiers, aged 30 years ; Jean Lecomte, aged 25 years ; Simon Grenet, aged 25 years ; Francois Crusson dit Pilote, aged 24 years ; Anahontaha, Huron chief ; Metiwemeg, Algonquin chief ; and then their followers, &c. : Nicholas Duval, Mathurin Soulard, and Blaise Juillet, who died in the first skirmish near Montreal.

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DE BREBŒUF AND LALEMANT.

THE SHORES OF LAKE SIMCOE.

(1649.)

I sing the men who left their home,
Amidst barbarian hordes to roam,
Who land and ocean crossed,—
Led by a load star, marked on high
By Faith's unseen, all-seeing eye—
To seek and save the lost;
Whereer' the curse on Adam spread,
To call his offspring from the dead.

(MONTGOMERY.)

The Indian missions, (1) which formerly existed in the neighborhood of Lake Simcoe, will be ever memorable, as furnishing to the historian the materials for one of the most thrilling pages of the early history of the colony: indeed, it may be safely asserted, that nowhere on this continent has christian heroism shone with brighter lustre. The reader is doubtless aware that many of our early missionaries have sealed their faith with their blood. Foremost in this devoted band, stand out two men, distinguished alike by birth and by the extraordinary amount of physical suffering which preceded their death.

Let us place before the reader a truthful sketch of these two Christian heroes, whose fate, as Canadians, as Christians, and as men, is equally creditable to Canada, to Christianity and to manhood. Let us watch them leaving behind the gaieties of

(1) According to recent researches, the St. Ignace mission would have been in the township of Medonte; the St. Louis mission in the township of Tay. Until recently, there existed ruins of the St. Mary mission, on the banks of the River Wye. The present village of Coldwater must be in the vicinity of these ancient Huron missions. All these localities, according to Mr. Devin's map of 1859, must be included in the county of Simcoe.

See Bressani, page 304, for several interesting details about Nicholas Viel—Jean De Brebœuf—Anne de Noue—Antoine Daniel—Chs. Garnier—Isaac Jogues—Réné Ménard—Noël Chabanel—Gabriel Lalemant.

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Parisian life, the attributes of birth, the advantages of science and mental culture, in order to dive through the pathless forest in quest of the red man of the woods,—the bearers of a joyous message,—with privation and suffering as a certainty before them, and generally a horrible death as the crowning reward: perchance, the spectable of self-sacrifice may still awaken an echo, even in an age in which selfishness and the almighty dollar, seem to rule supreme.

Gabriel Lalemant was born, in Paris; some of the members of his family had attained eminence at the French bar; he himself, had discharged for several years the duties of a professor of languages. Of a delicate frame, he had attained his thirty-ninth year when he landed in Canada.

His colleague, Jean De Brebœuf, on the other hand was a person of most commanding mien, endowed with colossal strength and untiring endurance. Like the brave Dr. Kane in our own day, he was not long before discovering that no truer way existed to secure the respect of the savage hordes he had to deal with, than by impressing them with an idea of physical superiority. With this object in view, he never hesitated when a *portage* occured, to carry, unassisted, the travelling canoe heavily laden, accomplishing also, with ease, a variety of other feats indicative of extraordinary muscular strength: the Hurons would look with awe on the blackrobed giant. Himself a man of education and literary taste, he was the uncle of the poet De Brebœuf, who versified in French Lucian's poem of Pharsalia: it has also been stated that from his family sprung the English house of Arundel.

In 1648, these two men undertook the spiritual charge of the five missions or residencies in the Huron country, on Matchedache Bay, near Lake Simcoe: these five settlements were but a few miles apart from each other. A deadly hatred at that time existed between the Hurons and Iroquois or five nations. In the fall of 1648, a thousand Iroquois warriors, well provided with fire-arms, procured chiefly at the Dutch settlements, resolved to exterminate entirely the Hurons: they accordingly spent the winter hunting in the woods, stealthily drawing nearer and nearer to their foes; they thus advanced,

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unperceived, some three hundred miles. On the 16th March, 1649, they had arrived in the neighborhood of the St. Ignace settlement, which they reconnoitred during the night time. A deep ravine protected three sides of the residency, the fourth side being surrounded with a palisade fifteen or sixteen feet high. At one point alone the place was accessible, and there at the break of day the attack commenced. Operations had proceeded so noiselessly, that the place was in possession of the enemy before the garrison had time properly to provide for its defence : this was owing to the few warriors left in charge, the bulk having gone up on a distant hunt and war expedition. The assailants lost but ten men : mostly all the inmates were scalped, these were the best off ; horrible tortures awaited those whose lives were spared. The attack having taken place at night, the only survivors who escaped were three Hurons, who made their way over the snow to the next residency in a state bordering on complete nudity. The tidings they brought created the utmost consternation : close on their heels the blood thirsty Mohawk followed, hurrying on before the enemy could prepare : they arrived at the next settlement, the St. Louis residency, about sunrise : the women and children had barely the time to quit, ere they surrounded it. Eighty stout Hurons rushed to the palisades to conquer or die. They actually succeeded in repelling two attacks and in killing thirty of the foe, but overpowering numbers prevailed. With axes the besiegers cut down the stakes or palisades, rushed through the breach. An indiscriminate slaughter took place inside. Fire was then set to the fort, and the smoke and flames soon warned the inhabitants of the third settlement,—the St. Mary's residency—distant but three miles, that the Iroquois were butchering their comrades. Some few had fled from the St. Louis fort, in which Lalemant and De Brebœuf were located : they were not the men to fly from death. De Brebœuf's herculean form might be seen close to the breach, admonishing the fallen warriors how to die, and encouraging them in their last moments. Both were seized and marched prisoners to the St. Ignace settlement. Scouts were immediately sent out to ascertain whether the St.

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Mary's settlement could stand an assault. On their report a war council decided on attacking it the next day ; amongst, the inmates of this fort were some Europeans, who where determined to sell dearly their lives. The Hurons then numbering about two hundred, had to retreat for shelter into what remained of the St. Louis settlement. Several engagements followed, and finally the Iroquois remained in possession of the field of battle, having lost about one hundred of their bravest men.

The Indians, who had got possession of Fort St. Ignace, hurried to prepare the two missionaries to undergo the usual tortures reserved to prisoners. De Brebœuf had previously stated, on his arrival in the colony, that he expected to be soon put to death, nor was he long kept in suspense ere he saw his prophecy verified.

A large fire was lit, and an iron caldron placed over it ; the prisoners were then stripped and tied to a post erected near each fire ; they were first beaten with sticks ; then a necklace was made of war-axes heated in the fire, and this was applied round their neck. Bark thongs were also tied round them, on which rosin and pitch was smeared, and then set on fire. In derision of the holy rites of Christian baptism, the savages then poured boiling water on their heads. Amidst these horrible sufferings, Lalemant would raise his eyes towards heaven, asking strength and courage to endure them. De Brebœuf seemed like a rock, perfectly insensible to pain ; occasionally he moved his lips in prayer ;—this so incensed his executioners that they cut off his lips and nose, and thrust a red hot iron down his throat. Firm and resigned, the Christian giant, of a whole head taller than his torturers, would look down on them ; even in his agony, he seemed to command to his executioners. The implacable savages then unbound Lalemant, much younger and more delicate than De Brebœuf ; he threw himself or fell immediately, at the feet of his intrepid colleague, praying earnestly to the Almighty for help. He was then brought back and tied to his post, covered over with birck bark, and soon became a mass of living flame : the smell of blood awakening the ferocity of these cannibals, they,

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without waiting till his flesh was baked, cut out with their hunting knives large slices out of the fleshy part of his arms and legs ; then, amidst horrible yells, they devoured greedily the reeking repast. They then substituted burning coals for pupils in his eye sockets. De Brebœuf s sufferings lasted three hours ; his heart was extracted after death and eaten. Lalemant was less fortunate ; life was not extinct till next day ; a savage more humane than the rest, put an end to his existence by cleaving open his skull with his tomahawk ; at the departure of the ennemy, the mutilated and charred remains of the two missionaries were found, and christian burial given to them on the 21st March, 1649.

De Brebœuf's skull was taken to Quebec : his family sent out from France a silver case, in which it was placed, and it remained in the Jesuits' College (now the Jesuits' Barrack, Upper Town Market place), until the last of the order, Father Jean Joseph Casot, of Suiss descent, who died in 1800, presented it a short time before his death, to the Religious Ladies of the Hotel-Dieu Nunnery, where it can be seen to this day. Amongst the numerous witnesses of the Gospel put to death by the Indian tribes of Canada, none fell more heroically than De Brebœuf and Lalemant. (1)

(1) *Vide*, in Carver's Travels in America, in 1728, page 340, a remarkable instance of cruelty.

See Bressani's *Missions des Jésuites dans la Nouvelle France*, from page 309 to page 319, for some curious and instructive data relative to the peregrinations of those unlucky Hurons—once a powerful race amongst savages. After the breaking up of the settlement hereinbefore described, on Lake Simcoe in 1649, we find them, located under the very guns of the *Château St. Louis*, in 1658 ; knocked about from post to pillow—tracked, persecuted and hunted by their implacable foes. In 1667, they founded four miles and a half from Quebec, the mission of *Notre-Dame de Foye*, since corrupted into *Village de Ste. Foi*. On the 29th December, 1693, they left the spot, for *Ancienne Lorette*, thus named from the *Casa Sancta* of Loretto in Italy. Several years later on, they moved to the village called *Jeune Lorette*, where their descendants still survive.

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THE BELL OF SAINT-REGIS.

FACT AND FICTION.

Let us tell of the peregrinations of the Bell of St. Regis, and see how some very airy fictions have become incorporated with solid historical facts.

We shall not do our readers the injustice to suppose that any one of them is not minutely conversant with all the particulars of the great Lachine massacre, perpetrated by the Iroquois (the allies of the New Englanders), on the 25th April, 1689, a few miles only from the centre of the spot where now stands the proud city of Mount Royal. The scalping, burning, and disembowelling of some 200 men, women, and children, and the entire conflagration of their once happy homes, during profound peace, and without a moment of warning, was certainly a deed calculated to call down on the Indian tribes the fiercest retribution, especially when it became known that these hideous butcheries where to have been repeated at Quebec and at Three Rivers, to please their New England allies ; a consummation which a merciful Providence alone averted. Marauding excursions on both sides of the border were then, the order of the day. One of the most remarkable expeditions of these times was that of Rouville, undertaken shortly after the English had ravaged, by fire and sword, the country of the Abenaquis Indians. M. de Vaudreuil sent, during the winter of 1704, two hundred and fifty men, under the command of Hertel de Rouville, who, followed by his four brothers, bade fair to replace his brave father, then too stricken in years to share the dangers of such a service. The expedition ascended Lake Champlain, and, by way of Onion river, soon struck Connecticut river, which it followed over the ice until it reached the habitation nearest to the Canadian border, Deerfield. This place was surrounded by some outer works of defence, which the snow covered, and Governor Dudley had placed there about

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twenty soldiers to assist the inhabitants in defending themselves. Rouville invested the place, unperceived, during the night of the 29th February. Guards had been patrolling the streets during that night, but had retired to rest towards morning. Two hours before day-break, the French and their Indian allies, not hearing any stir, scaled the walls, and, descending into the settlement, surprised the inhabitants, rapped in sleep. Little resistance was offered. Forty-seven persons were slaughtered ; a large number of prisoners taken, and the settlement given to the flames. A few moments after sunrise, Rouville was retracing his steps towards the Canadian frontier, taking with him one hundred and twelve prisoners. Pursuit was organized against the spoilers, but without success. Rouville escaped, with the loss of three Frenchmen and some savages, but he himself was wounded. The party was twenty-five days returning ; their provisions were merely the wild animals they killed in the chase. The Rev. Mr. Williams, Pastor of Deerfield, and his daughter, were amongst the prisoners brought to Canada. Several of the young girls were place in the Ursuline Convent at Quebec, and at Three Rivers. Miss. Eunice Williams, daughter to the Pastor of Deerfield, having subsequently married a christianized Iroquois, settled at Sault St. Louis. (1) Such, the outline, fournished us by historians, of this memorable Canadian raid. But there are some unwritten particulars of interest handed down to us, by tradition, for instance : the peregrinations of the Bell of St. Regis, or rather of Sault St. Louis. We find this incident alluded to, in a correspondence, in the *Erie Despatch*, dated « Massena Springs, 24th July, 1865 : »—« St. Regis contains a small Catholic Church, on the Canadian side of the line, built about the year 1700. When completed, the priest informed the Indians that a bell was highly important to their worship, and they were ordered to collect fuuds sufficient to purchase one. They obeyed, and the money was sent to France for the purpose. The French and English were then at war. The bell was shipped, but the vessel that conveyed it, fell into the hands of the English, and was taken to Salem in 1703.

(1) Ferland's History of Canada.

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The bell was purchased for a small church at Deerfield, on the Connecticut river, the pastor of which was the Rev. Mr. Williams. The priest of St. Regis heard of the destination of his bell, and, as the Governor ot Canada was about to send an expedition against the colonies of New England, he exhorted the Indians to accompany it, and get possession of the bell. » The particulars of the Rouville expedition are then given in the *Erie Despatch*. « The only house left standing at Deerfield was that of Capt. Seldon, which the assailants themselves occupied after securing the prisoners. It was still standing near the centre of the village, in 1850. The bell was conveyed through the forest to Lake Champlain, to a spot were Burlington now stands, and there they buried it with the benedictions of Father Nicholas, the priest of St. Regis, who accompanied them. Thus far they had carried it by means of poles, upon their shoulders. They hastened home, and returned in early spring, with horse and sledge, to convey the sacred bell to its destination. The Indians of the village had never heard the sound of a bell, and powerful was the impression on their minds, when its deep tones, louder and louder, broke the silence of the forest as it approached the village at evening, suspended upon a cross-piece of timber, and rung continually by the delighted carriers. It was hung in a frame tower, separate from the church, with solemn ceremonies. Some years after it was removed to the tower of the church. The old bell was cracked by some means, and last year it was sent to Troy, N. Y., and the material re-cast into the new one which they now have. »

To an inquiry, addressed by me to the Rev. R. C. clergyman of St. Regis anent the bell, in order to reply to a question submitted by a member of the Historical Society of Massachusetts (Mr. Davis), I have received the following courteous answer :—

« Saint-Regis, 11th Nov., 1867.

« J. M. LeMoine, Esq., Quebec.

« Sir,—The history of the aforesaid bell is correct, with the exception that it was brought back by the Indians of Sault St.

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Louis, for which mission it was destined, and not to St. Regis. Sault St. Louis is a village situate on the shore opposite to Lachine. The version in favor of St. Regis was propagated in the United States by a young lady who wrote a legend, in verse, on this famous bell. I have forgotten the name of the writer. The best proof that it could not be St. Regis is, that St. Regis was founded in 1759 by a Jesuit, with a party of Indians from Sault St. Louis ; and that in 1704 it was but a wilderness were the Indians came to hunt ; so that this bell was conveyed to its place of destination, Sault St. Louis—now known as Caughnawaga, which is a corruption for Kaknawaka, which means « The Rapids »—about 55 years before the first settlements at St. Regis.

« Yours truly, »

« (Signed) Frs. Marcoux, Ptre. »

The publication of these details brought to the front, a Portland Antiquarian of note—Hon. Geo. N. Davis, who whilst on a visit to Quebec in 1869, honored me with a call and subsequently investigated the story of the mysterious Bell ; the result of his investigation, as communicated to the Historical Society of Massachusetts, of which he was a members runs thus :

THE SAINT-REGIS BELL.

On the 29th of February, 1703—4, the town of Deerfield, in Massachusetts, was sacked and burned by a party of two hundred French and one hundred and forty-two Indians, under Major Hertel de Rouville, and one hundred and twelve men, women, and children were carried into captivity, including the Rev. John Williams, and his wife and children. A full account of this raid is given by Hoyt, in his book on " Indian Wars, " published in Greenfield in 1824. In that book, as I believe, appeared the first printed statement in relation to what has been since commonly known as the story of the " Bell of St. Regis. " That story has since been the basis of many publications in poetry and prose, and has invariably been led by my own inquiries as to its authenticity.

Hoyt, who is a perfectly honest and truthful historian, states that Eunice, a daughter of the Rev. John Williams, never returned from her captivity, but married an Indian ; and he adds that " recently one of the great grandsons of Mr. Williams, under the name of Eleazer Williams, has been educated by his friends in New England, and is now employed as a missionary to the Indians at Green Bay, on Lake Michigan. " Hoyt goes on to say as follows ;—

" In a recent visit to Montreal and Quebec, Mr. Williams made some exertions to secure documents relative to his ancestors, particularly on his grandmother's

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side.... He found a Bible, which was the property of his great grandfather, the Rev. John Williams, in which is the date of purchase with his name; also the journal of Major Rouville, kept on the expedition against Deerfield in 1704, in which he frequently mentions John Williams as 'an obstinate heretick.' From the journal, it appears that Rouville's French troops suffered extremely from a want of provisions on the march to Deerfield, and were in a mutinous state when they arrived before the place; but were kept to their duty by the Indians, who, from their greater facility in procuring game in the woods, and superior hardiness, were faithful to the commander. Mr. Williams has also procured the journal of the commanding officer on the expedition against Schenectady, in 1690. These journals were obtained at one of the principal convents, where copies were required to be deposited on the return of the commanders of parties, as well as with the government. Mr. Williams states that when Deerfield was destroyed, the Indians took a small church bell, which is now hanging in an Indian church in St. Regis. It was conveyed on a sledge as far as Lake Champlain, and buried, and was subsequently taken up, and conveyed to Canada. Mr. William's father and other Indians at St. Regis, are well acquainted with the facts relating to the bell, as well as the destruction of Deerfield."

Hoyt adds in a note, "Communicated by Col. Elihu Hoyt, who recently conversed with Mr. Williams."

It will be observed that Hoyt, born in Deerfield, and always residing there, does not suggest the existence of any tradition or record in Deefield, bearing upon this subject; nor does he appear to have seen the journals spoken of by Eleazer Williams.

The evidence, traditional or documentary, existing in Deerfield in relation to the matter, is fully and fairly stated in a letter dated Feb. 21, 1870, addressed to me by Mr. George Sheldon, of Deerfield, who has devoted much time to the investigation of the history of Deerfield, and whose statements are worthy of full credit. He writes as follows:—

"This romantic legend, so often repeated, has at length come to be accepted by most people as an historic fact. As a student of the early history of my native town, the bell story has become to me a subject of intense interest. In the course of my investigation, from a firm believer I became an utter sceptic, but at present am all out to sea. If there exists any satisfactory evidence anywhere, it would seem it must be lodged in the old convents or churches in Canada. In accordance with your desire, I will give some of the reasons for the lack of faith which is in me.... While not one particle of evidence has been found (by me, at least) to support the statement of Mr. Williams, on the other hand nothing better than negative evidence has been found to disprove it; but there is a good deal of that. The town records, covering a period of twenty years before the event, are complete, but give not the slightest hint that there was ever a bell in town. Town and parish where then one. In the 'Redeemed Captive,' a minute narrative of the events of the assault, the march to Canada, and of the captivity, and the repository of many reflections on the conditions of his church and people, Mr. Williams gives us no hint that a bell ever summoned his flock to worship. His son Stephen has left us another account of the same events, entering into particulars, even more minutely than his father, and it seems almost impossible that the bell from his father's church could have been conveyed by the party either on poles or men's shoulders, or drawn upon a sledge, without so attracting his boyish notice as to leave some trace upon his journal; but we get no hint from him, though he was carried to St. Louis, and lived there long enough to learn the language.

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"Aaron Denio, who was born in Canada of parents captured by Rouville at Deerfield in 1704, was a very prominent man, and lived to a good old age in the town of Greenfield. Many stories are told of him to this day, but none of them convey the faintest tone of a bell. Much is known and told of the Kellogg boys and girls, who grew to be men and women amongst the Caughnawagas, and who figure largely in the history of this part of the colony as officers and interpreters, but not the faintest tinkle of the bell can we wring from them. There lives in this town a bright, smart woman of eighty-eight years, with an astonishing memory, who tells many stories of her grandmother, who was born less than thirty years after the massacre, and whom she remembers perfectly; but not the faintest murmur of the bell is heard in them all.

"The church, at Deerfield, was square, with a four-sided roof, from the centre of which sprung the centre belfry, which must have been fully exposed in every direction; at a distance of about eight rods stood the house of Benoni Stebbins, which was successfully defended to the last by a party of sharpshooters, and several Indians and at least one Frenchman were killed by their fire. A party in the belfry, it would seem, must be at their mercy. A service of such a peculiar nature, in the face of such imminent danger, could hardly have been accomplished without leaving some mark on the traditions of the times, but none have been discovered as yet. The field of inquiry, in this region, seems to be about exhausted; and I earnestly hope that some interested antiquarian, qualified for the work, will unearth those musty records, which are said to be deposited in convents or churches in Canada, and set the matter at rest, one way or the other."

In further illustration of the difficulties which the attacking party would have found in carrying away an article so cumbrous as a bell, I annex a copy of a petition, of which the original is to be seen in the Massachusetts Archives, with the legislative order indorsed on the original paper.

To his Excellency the Governor together with the Hon. Council and Representatives met in the Great and General Assembly at Boston, May 31, 1704.

The humble petition of Jonathan Wells and Ebenezer Wright in the behalfe of the company who encountered the French and Indians at Deerfield, Feb. 29, 1704, sheweth:

1*st*. That we, understanding the extremity of the poor people at Deerfield, made all possible haste to their reliefe, that we might deliver the remnant that were left, and doe spoil on the enemy.

2*dly*. That, being joyned with a small number of the inhabitants and garrison souldiers, we forced the enemy out of town, leaving a great part of their plunder behinde them, and pursuing them about a mile and an halfe, did great execution upon them. We saw at the time many dead bodies, and we and others did afterwards see the manifest prints on the snow, where other dead bodies were drawn to a hole in the river.

3*dly*. That the enemy being reinforced by a great number of fresh men, we were overpowered, and necessitated to run to the fort; and, in our flight, nine of the company were slain, and some others wounded; and some of us lost our upper garments which we had put off before in the pursuit.

4*thly*. That the action was over, and the enemy withdrawn about fourscore rods from the fort, before any of our neighbours came into the fort.

Wherefore we doe humbly supplicate the Hon. Assembly, that according to their wonted justice and bounty, they would consider the service we have done in preserving many lives and much estate, and making a spoil on the enemy, the hazzard that we run, the losses we sustained, the afflicted condition of such as

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have lost near relations in this encounter, and bestow upon us some proportionable recompence, that we and others may be incouraged upon such occasions to be forward and active to repell the enemy, and rescue such as shall be in distresse, though with the utmost peril of our lives, and your petitioners shall pray, &c.

JONATHAN WELLS,
EBENEZER WRIGHT,
In the name of the rest.

In the House of Representatives. Read a first time, June 2, 1704.

In the House of Representatives, June 8, 1704.

In answer to the petition on the other side,—

Resolved, That the losses of the petitioners be made good, and paid out of the publick Treasury to such as sustained them, according to their account herewith exhibited, amounting to the sum of thirty-four pounds and seventeen shillings.

That the sum of five pounds be paids to each of the widows of those slain, mentioned in the list annexed, being four in number.

And, although but one scalp of Indians slain by them is recovered, yet, for their encouragement, that the sum of sixty pounds be allowed and paid to the petitioners, whose names are contained in the said list annexed as surviving, for scalp-money, to be equally divided amongst them, together with all plunder whereof they give account.

JAMES CONVERSE, *Speaker*

Sent up for concurrence, June 9, 1704.

In Council.

Read and passed in concurrence.

ISAAC ADDINGTON, *Secretary*.

In following up this inquiry, it seemed important next to ascertain what evidence of the truth or falsehood of the story could be found at St. Regis. No long investigation was needed there, as it appears that St. Regis did not exist in 1704, nor till some half century afterwards. Rev. F. Marcoux, now resident priest, at St. Regis, fixes it in 1759. Rev. B. F. De Costa, in an article on the St. Regis bell, in the "Galaxy" for January, 1870, fixes it in 1770. And Dr. F. B. Hough, in his history of St. Lawrence and Franklin Counties, states that the Indians from St. Louis settled there in 1760, and that their priest, Anthony Gordon, then gave it the name of St. Regis.

That these dates are not precisely correct, may be inferred from a letter which is to be found in the Massachusetts Archives, which seems to be a translation from an original letter by one T. R. Billiard. This letter, to which my attention was first called by Mr. Sheldon, seems to fix the settlement of St. Regis as early as 1754.

To Monseigneur the Keeper of the Seals, Minister of the Marine.

MONSEIGNEUR, — The Iroquois Indians of the Falls of St. Louis, near Montreal, in Canada, are of the Iroquois Agniers (Mohawks), who formerly left their country to come and settle along the river St. Lawrence. Those of them that remained in the place of their nativity presently came under the dominion of the English, being in the neighborhood of Albany, while the others became the allies of the

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French. As the people of the two villages are relations, we have seen from time to time of those that were settled round Albany reunite with their brethren of the Fall of St. Louis. Mons. Duquesne, Governor-General of Canada, who perceived their inclinations, has always treated them with great kindness, and has privately engaged them to come and settle near him, knowing well, by experience in the last war, that they were the only Indians to be feared on the side of Fort St. Frederic and Lake Champlain.

A great number of them are determined in consequence of this, and it is impossible the rest should stand out a great while. In the mean time, the village of the Fall of St. Louis being very numerous, is too much crowded; and, moreover, the quality of the land not permitting them to push out further there because of the marshy places that are throughout, several families of the Fall of St. Louis, with a great number of Iroquois Agniers, have desire to make a new settlement in a place where the land was more fertile: in the first place, for the convenience of life; and, next, to be out of the way of drunkenness, to which the nearness of Mountroyal exposed them; and the readiness of the French to sell them brandy, notwithstanding the severe prohibitions of the Generals. Agreably to this projection, they have made choice of a place in the King's territories, situated towards the south at the entrance of Lake St. Francis, half-way between the mission of the Falls of St. Louis and that of the Presentation. As this place appears to have all the properties for making a solid and advantageous settlement for the Indians, I came here with them; and it is actually the mission which I have now the charge of, under the title of St. Regis. But as the Agniers desire to have the peaceable possession of said territory, I take the liberty to ask in their name,—

1st, That they have granted to them the property of the territory lying south, at the entrance of Lake St. Francis, between two rivers; one to the north-east, called *Nigentsiagoa;* the other south-west, called Nigentsiagè; being in front six leagues, comprising the two rivers, together with the islands that lie towards the shore, for the said Indians to hold so long as their village shall there subsist, upon condition that if the mission is dissolved, the said hands shall to the King.

2nd, That the Jesuites missionaries be authorized under the title of feoffees in trust to make the partition of said land among the Indians, and amicably decide any controversies that may hereafter ensue relating to this matter; and to manifest that the said missionaries in no wise seek their own interest in this, they desire it may be expressly prohibited both now and hereafter to make any grant to the French, as likewise to reserve for themselves, the missionaries, in said place any land for ploughing; and then the distance of the French will take away from the Indians the opportunity of copying their faults, and ruining themselves with strong drink.

3rd, That you would please to favor the good dispositions of the Governor-General by giving orders that they may have some assistance in this settlement, advantageous, at the same time, to the interest of religion and the good of the colony.

P. R. BILLIARD, *Jesuite,*

Missionary to the Iroquois of the Mission of St. Regis.

ST. REGIS, *Dec. 7,* 1754.

Under date of "St. Regis, 1st April, 1870," Rev. F. Marcoux favors me with information as follows:—

"I will further add the tradition on the testimony of the most ancient inhabitants of this place, of whom some are almost contemporary with the foundation

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of their village in 1760, . . . that from 1760 down to 1835, there have been but two bells in St. Regis; one came from the Catholic Church of Fort Frontenac (now Kingston, Ontario), and was given to them, at their request, by one of the first governors of Quebec, after the conquest; the other was purchased at Albany in 1802. These two bells, having been cracked, were carried to Troy, N.-Y., in 1835, and re-cast into a single bell. This is the tradition of St. Regis."

It has more recently been stated, however, that the tradition, though untrue as to St. Regis, is in fact true of a bell which is hanging in St. Louis (now Caughnawaga), a place situated on the south side of the St. Lawrence, and about nine miles above Montreal. In Hough's "History of St. Lawrence and Franklin Counties," published in 1853, the statement is made as follows:—

"While on a visit to Caughnawaga in October, 1852, the author found in the village a direct and consistent tradition of the bell, which is still used in their church; and among the records in the hands of the priest, a manuscript, in the French language, of which we shall give a translation. The bell is a small one, and once possessed an inscription, which has been effaced. The legend purports to have been found some fifteen years since in an old English publication, and is regarded by the priest of the mission, Rev. Joseph Marcoux, who has for many years resided there, as, in the main points, reliable."

The Rev. Francis Marcoux, of St. Regis, has also expressed his full belief in the existence and authenticity of the tradition as applied to the bell of St. Louis.

I am fully assured that the negative evidence which I have produced is sufficient to show that the tradition, if ever it existed, could have had no foundation in truth; and I have as yet not discovered any precise and detailed evidence of the existence of this story before the preparation of Hoyt's book, nearly fifty years ago.

The "legend," of which Dr. Hough gives a translation, is calculated to cause doubt rather than belief. It does not profess to be founded on tradition, but is said to have been taken, some fifteen years before 1854, from an old English book; and Hoyt's book is the only one we know of, from which its leading facts could have been taken. This "legend" describes the St. Louis Indians, living nine miles from the church bells of Montreal, as having never heard the sound of a bell, and getting their first idea of its tones from the account of their priest, and going out in procession to wreathe it with flowers, and overcome with rapture in hearing it for the first time. It seems to be simply a magazine story, in which a few well-known historical facts are decked with the ornaments of fiction.

Strong circumstances of suspicion attach to the story as first published by Hoyt. As published, it purported to come from Rev. Eleazer Williams, who, at the time of the publication, was a clergyman in good standing, whose statements of fact would be likely to be received with implicit belief. There were, without doubt, certain defects and improbabilities in the story as he told it. He spoke of obtaining Rouville's journal, and another of the same kind, "from one of the principal convents, were copies were required to be deposited on the return of the commander of parties." I am informed by gentlemen accustomed to investigations among Canadians records, (1) that they know of no convent where manuscripts of that description were required to be deposited, or can now be found. He says that De Rouville, in his journal, describes Rev. John Williams as an "obstinate heretick." As De Rouville himself is described by Abbé Ferland (following

(1) One of these gentlemen is Mr. J. M. Le Moine, of Quebec, who has given great attention to the early history of the Dominion, and to whose intelligent kindness I am much indebted.

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Charlevoix) as a Huguenot, it is not probable that he would have used this particular term of reproach. (1)

The additional fact that Williams fixed upon an impossible *locale* for the resting-place of the bell, raises a strong suspicion that he invented the whole story.

All that is known of Mr. Williams goes to confirm this suspicion. He could not resist any temptation to mystify the public. At one time he came to a distinguished antiquary, now living in New-York, and told him that the priest's house in Caughnawaga had been left for some time untenanted, had been blown down by a tempest, and that he had then discovered, in a recess thus revealed in a chimney, a number of Indian manuscripts, which he had taken away with him to Green Bay in Michigan. Inquiry was immediately instituted, and it was ascertained that the house had neither been left untenanted nor been blown down, and that the whole story was fictitious. In 1853, very general attention was excited by two articles published in "Putnam's Magazine," asserting his claims to be considered the son of Louis XVI. of France. In one of those papers appeared his account of an interview with the Prince de Joinville, in which the prince was represented as making him large pecuniary offers if he would sign an instrument releasing his claim to the throne of France. To this proposition, according to his own statement, he returned an indignant refusal. This statement, being brought to the notice of the prince, was publicly contradicted by him as "a work of the imagination," and "a speculation upon public credulity."

Nothing, then, seems to me more likely than that Williams invented the alleged tradition of the Deerfield or St. Regis bell; but, however originated, it seems quite clear to me that the truth of the story is not sustained by the evidence now known.

(1) Since the above was written, however, I learn that a communication by Mr. Faucher de St. Maurice has appeared in a Canadian paper, in which it is claimed that the De Rouvilles were, in fact, Catholics.

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THE BARON OF LONGUEIL.

" The names and memories of great men are the dowery of a nation. They are the salt of the earth, in death as well as in life. What they did once, their descendants have still and always a right to do after them. "—*Blackwood.*

Facing Ville Marie, (1) on the spot on which now stands the Longueil R. C., temple of Worship, there existed some two hundred years ago, a private individual's homestead to wit : « a Fort supported by four strong towers of stone and masonry, with a guard house, several large dwellings, a fine church, with a farm yard, a dovecot and a large retinue of servants, horses and equipages all within the area of such Fort. » This is a show of affluence and strength rather unusual for a Canadian peasant of those rude times.

It is not the dwelling and belongings of a peasant, but the secure and magnificent abode of a Montreal grandee—one of the bravest men of the period—one in fact, whose devotion to his country, and prowess in war have caused to be styled by old writers, the « MACHABEUS OF MONTREAL. »

Nor is the fame of this fighting colonist confined to Canada ; the trumpet tongue of renown has proclaimed it on the distant banks of the Seine ; an edict will go forth from the *Grand Monarque*, transforming his loyal subject into a baron, and his Fort and its massive stone towers, into a Baronial Castle. Hence, the title of Baron of Longueil, conferred by Louis XIV on Charles Le Moyne. Hence, the origin of the curious ruins, which the famous antiquary Mr. Viger, scanned more than once, and which the building of the Longueil church has since obliterated.

The Canada of the past, had then its nobles ? Yea, but it was a nobility of merit only.

A young barrister, snatched too soon from fame and friends, thus embodied in verse, Canada's motto :

(1) Montreal's first name was Ville Marie.

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" Sur cette terre encor sauvage
Les vieux titres sont inconnus ;
La noblesse est dans le courage,
Dans les talents, dans les vertus. "

F. R. ANGERS.

We are content to accept this motto.

True nobility shall consist, for us, in courage, talent and virtue ; such, we consider the genuine guinea's stamp ; the rest, is all plated ware, which once tarnished by unworthy sentiments, not all the blue blood of all the Howards shall rescue from contempt. No, not even the profound peace and sense of security enjoyed for a century under the arm of a mighty and free power, in these eventful times; not even the gratitude towards a strong protector shall make us willingly kneel to a title unrecommended by merit or by virtue ; and still Canada is essentially monarchical.

For a long time to come, no community of feeling shall exist between our republican neighbors and the majority of the inhabitants of Lower Canada, alien in race, religion and language. Strong interest however, on our part and repeated taunts from the mother country, may induce us the weaker party to cast our lot with the stronger, our mighty neighbors.

On one point, the Latin and the Teuton of Canada East do seem to understand one another thoroughly, viz., in their estimate of monarchical ideas. They respect the sovereign, they honor his chief men, the nobles—not men of pleasure such as those with whom Louis XV, surrounded his throne and oppressed his subjects, but honorable men such as Victoria and the English people are proud of ; men well represented by that aristocracy of merit « specially charged to perpetuate traditions of chivalry and honor, » whose door is open to the people, as the highest recognition of popular merit ; whose worth is testified to, by the English as well as by the French ; who are eulogized in lofty terms by men of commanding intellect, such as Montesquieu, Montalembert, Guizot, Chateaubriand (1).

(1) " The nobility of Great Britain is the finest modern society since the Roman Patriciate, " said the illustrious Chateaubriand. His vast researches, his presence at the English court as French ambassador in 1822, had given him ample opportunity of judging.

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Merit is then the touch-stone whichon trial, wrung from these brilliant writers the unqualified praise they bestowed on the nobility of old England.

Let us see whether we can apply this test to one of the oldest and most honored names in our own history—we mean that of the Baron de Longueil.

In former times, too, we had bloody wars to wage ; merciless foes existed on our frontiers ; the soil then found generous and brave soldiers to defend it . men who went forth each day with their lives in their hands, ready to shed the last drop of blood for all they held dear : their homes, their wives, their children. Has the stout race of other days degenerated, grown callous to what its God, its honor, its country may command in the hour of need ? We should hope not. We said the Baron de Longueil.

Who was the Baron de Longueil ? With your permission, kind reader, let us peruse together the royal patent erecting the seigniory of Longueil into a barony : it is to be found in the Register of the proceedings of the Superior Council of Quebec, letter B, page 131, and runs thus :

« Louis, by the Grace of God, King of France and Navarre, to all present, Greeting : It being an attribute of our greatness and of our justice to reward those whose courage and merit led them to perform great deeds, and taking into consideration the services which have been rendered to us by the late Charles LeMoyne, (1) Esquire, Seigneur of Longueil, who left France in 1640 to reside in Canada, where his valour and fidelity were so often

This estimate does not quite agree with that of the author of " Representative Men, " R. W. Emerson : " Twenty thousand thieves landed at Hastings. These founders of the House of Lords were greedy and ferocious dragoons, sons of greedy and ferocious pirates. They were all alike ; they took everything they could carry. They burned, harried, violated, tortured and killed, until everything English was brought to the verge of ruin. Such, however, is the illusion of antiquity and wealth, that decent and dignified men now existing, boast their descent from these petty thieves, who showed a far juster conviction of their own merits, by assuming for their types, the swine, goat, jackal, leopard, wolf, and snake, which they severally resembled.

" It took many generations to trim, and comb, and perfume the first boat-load of Norse pirates into royal highnesses and most noble knights of the garter ; but every spark of ornament dates back to the Norse boat."—*English Traits.*

(1) He was nephew to the celebrated Surgeon Adrien Duchesne.

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conspicuous in the wars against the Iroquois, that our governors and lieutenant-governors in that country employed him constantly in every military expedition, and in every negociation or treaty of peace, of all which duties he acquitted himself to their entire satisfaction ;—that after him, Charles LeMoyne, Esquire, his eldest son, desirous of imitating the example of his father, bore arms from his youth, either in France, where he served as a lieutenant in the Régiment de St. Laurent, or else as captain of a naval detachment in Canada since 1687, where he had an arm shot off by the Iroquois when fighting near Lachine, in which combat seven of his brothers were also engaged ;—that Jacques Le Moyne de Ste. Hélène, his brother, for his gallantry, was made a captain of a naval detachment in a colonial corps, (1) and afterwards fell at the siege of Quebec, in 1690, leading on with his elder brother, Charles Le Moyne, the Canadians against Phipps, where his brother was also wounded ; that another brother, Pierre Le Moyne d'Iberville, captain of a sloop of war, served on land and on sea, and captured Fort Corlard in Hudson's Bay, and still commands a frigate ; that Joseph Le Moyne de Bienville, was commissioned an ensign in the said naval detachment, and was killed by the Iroquois in the attack on the place called Repentigny ; that Louis Le Moyne de Chateauguay, when acting as lieutenant to his brother, d'Iberville, also fell in the taking of Fort Bourbon, in the Hudson's Bay ; that Paul Le Moyne de Maricourt is an ensign in the navy, and captain of a company in the naval detachment, acting in the capacity of ensign to his brother d'Iberville ; that, in carrying out our intentions for settling Canada, the said Charles Le Moyne, the eldest son, has spent large sums in establishing inhabitants on the domain and seigniory of Longueil, which comprises about two leagues in breadth on the St. Lawrence, and three leagues and a half in depth, the whole held from us with *haute, moyenne et basse justice,* wherein he is now striving to establish three parishes, and whereat, in order to protect the residents in times of war, he has had erected at his own

(1) *Troupes de la marine* and *troupes de la colonie,* meant the same : the French Minister of Marine had charge of both Departments.

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cost, a fort supported by four strong towers of stone and masonry, with a guard house, several large dwellings, a fine church, bearing all the insignia of nobility ; a spacious farm yard, in which there is a barn, a stable, a sheep pen, a dove cot, and other buildings, all of which are within the area of the said fort ; next to which stands a *banal* mill, a fine brewery of masonry, together with a large retinue of servants, horses and equipages, the cost of which buildings amount to some 60,000 livres ; so much so that this seigniory is one of the most valuable of the whole country, and the only one fortified and built up in this way ; that this has powerfully contributed to protect the inhabitants of the neighboring seigniories ; that this estate, on account of the extensive land clearings and work done and to be done on it, is of great value, on which thirty workmen are employed ; that the said Charles Le Moyne is now in a position to hold a noble rank on account of his virtue and merit : For which considerations we have thought it due to our sense of justice to assign not only a title of honor to the estate and seigniory of Longueil, but also to confer on its owner a proof of an honorable distinction which will pass to posterity, and which may appear to the children of the said Charles Le Moyne a reason and inducement to follow in their father's footsteps : For these causes, of our special grace, full power and royal authority, we have created, erected, raised and decorated, and do create, erect, raise and decorate, by the present patent, signed by our own hand, the said estate and seigniory of Longueil, situate in our country of Canada, into the name, title and dignity of a barony ; the same to be peacefully and fully enjoyed by the said Sieur Charles Le Moyne, his children and heirs, and the descendants of the same, born in legitimate wedlock, held under our crown, and subject to fealty (*foi et hommage avec dénombrement*) according to the laws of our kingdom and the custom of Paris in force in Canada, together with the name, title and dignity of a baron ; —it is our pleasure he shall designate and qualify himself baron in all deeds, judgments, &c. ; that he shall enjoy the right of arms, heraldry, honors, prerogatives, rank, precedence in time of war, in meetings of the nobility, &., like the

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other barons of our kingdom—that the vassals, *arrière vassaux*, and others depending of the said seigniory of Longueil, *noblement et en roture*, shall acknowledge the said Charles Le Moyne, his heirs, assigns, as barons, and pay them the ordinary feudal homage, which said titles, &c., it is our pleasure, shall be inserted in proceedings and sentences, had or rendered by courts of justice, without, however, the said vassals being held to perform any greater homage than they are now liable to..... This deed to be enregistered in Canada, and the said Charles Le Moyne, his children and assigns, to be maintained in full and peaceful enjoyment of the rights herein conferred.

« Thus done at Versailles, the 27th January, 1700, in the fiftieth year of our reign.

« (Signed), LOUIS. »

We have here a royal patent, conveying in unmistakable terms on the Great Louis' loyal and brave Canadian subject and his heirs, rights, titles, prerogatives, vast enough to make even the mouth of a Spanish grandee water. It is a little less comprehensive than the text of the parchment creating Nova Scotia knights, but that is all.

The claims of the Longueil family to the peaceable enjoyment of their honors are set forth so lucidly in the following document, that we shall insert the manuscript in full;—it was written in Paris by an accomplished English gentleman, M. Falconer.

« When I was in Canada, in 1842, a newspaper in Montreal, contained some weekly abuse of the Baron Grant de Longueil, on account of his assuming the title of Baron de Longueil. It appeared to me to be somewhat remarkable that a paper which very freely abused people for being republicans, and affected a wonderful reverence for monarchial institutions, should make the possession of monarchial honors, in a country professedly governed by monarchial institutions, the ground of frequent personal abuse, and was certainly a very inconsiderate line of conduct.

« But it was in fact the more blameable, as the possession of that honor by Baron de Longueil is connected with some historical events in which every Canadian ought to feel a pride, as being part of the history of his country.

« I can of course only give a short note of the family of Longueil.

« In the early settlement of Canada, one of the most distinguished men in the service of Government was Charles Le Moyne; he was in the war

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with the Iroquois, and contributed very materially to the pacification of the country aud the defence of the frontier. He had eleven sons and two daughters; the names of the sons were—

« 1st. Sieur Charles Le Moyne, Baron de Longueil. He was *Lieutenant du roi de la ville et gouvernement de Montréal.* He was killed at Saratoga, in a severe action.

« 2nd. Sieur Jacques Le Moyne de Sainte-Hélène, born 16th April, 1659, borrowed his surname from the island opposite Montreal, which was, until lately, part of the property of the family. He fell at the siege of Quebec, in 1690, aged 31 years and was burried in the HOTEL-DIEU at Quebec.

« 3rd. Pierre Le Moyne d'Iberville, who was born at Montreal, in 1662, was the third son. He made his first voyage to sea at fourteen years of age. In 1686, he was in an expedition to Hudson's Bay, under Sieur de Troyes. In the same year the Marquis de Denonville made him commander of a fort, established in this expedition, and for his conduct in this post he received the thanks of the Governor of Canada. In 1690, with his brother, De Sainte-Helène, he attacked some Iroquois village, and prevented the attack of some Indians on Lachine and La Chenaye. He was made captain of a frigate in 1692—his instructions being dated 11th April of the same year. In 1694 he made an attack on Fort Bourbon, where his brother, De Chateauguay, was killed—but the fort was taken. On the 21st October, 1695, M. de Pontchartrain wrote to him a letter of commendation. In 1696 he carried troops to Acadia. He visited France in 1698. He left it with three vessels, in order to make a settlement in the Mississippi; he was the first person of European origin who entered the Mississippi from the sea; he ascended the river nearly one hundred leagues, established a garrison, and returned to France in 1699; in consequence of this success, he was decorated with the cross of the order of Saint Louis. In 1699 he was again sent to the Mississippi; his instructions were dated 22nd Septempber of the same year, and directed him to make a survey of the country and endeavor to discover mines; this voyage was successful, and he returned to France in 1700, and was again sent to the Mississippi in 1701, his instructions being dated August 27th, of that year; he returned to France in 1702, and was made 'Capitaine de vaisseau.' On July 5th, 1706, he again sailed for the Mississippi, charged with a most important command; but in 1706, on July 9th, this most distinguished discoverer and navigator died at Havannah He was born at Montreal, and obtained an immortal reputation in the two worlds.

« 4. Paul Le Moyne de Marecourt, *capitaine d'une compagnie de la marine.* He died from exhaustion and fatigue in an expedition against the Iroquois (1).

(1) We read in *Hawkin's picture of Quebec*, page 139, that "Sir William Phipp's flag was shot away by a French officer named Maricourt, and having been picked up by some Canadians, was hung up as a trophy in the Cathedral Church, where it probably remained until the capture in 1759."

The picking up of it, led to an interesting swimming feet, performed in view of the City of Quebec, most graphically described by our novelist Marmette, in his novel, "FRANCOIS DE BIENVILLE."

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« 5th. Joseph Le Moyne de Serigny, who served with his brother, D'Iberville, in all his naval expeditions ; we subsequently find him holding a lieutenant's commission in the navy at Rochefort. (Died Governor of Rochefort in 1734.)

« 6th. François Le Moyne de Bienville, *officier de la marine.* The Iroquois surrounded a house in which he and forty others were located, and, setting fire to it, all except one perished in the flames, in 1691; died aged 25 years.

« 7th. Louis Le Moyne de Chateauguay, *officier de la marine.* He was killed by the English in 1694, at Fort Bourbon—afterwards called by the English Fort Nelson.

« 8th. Gabriel Le Moyne d'Assigny—died of yellow fever in St. Domingo, where he had been left by his brother, D'Iberville, 1701.

« 9th. Antoine Le Moyne, died young.

« 10th. Jean Baptiste Le Moyne de Bienville, ' Knight of the Order of St. Louis,' whose name is still remembered with honor among the people of New Orleans ; he was, with his brother, a founder of that city, and *Lieutenant du Roi à la Louisiane,* in the Government of the Colony. (Died in Paris, in 1768, at the ripe age of 87 years.)

« 11th. Antoine Le Moyne de Chateauguay, second of the name, *Capitaine d'une compagnie de la Marine à la Louisiane.* He married Dame Marie Jeanne Emilie des Fredailles.

« Such are the names of eleven sons ; ten of whom honorably, and with distinction, served in the government of their country, receiving in the new colonies the honors and rewards of the King, who made no distinction between the born Canadian and the European.

« There were two daughters, sisters of the above ; the eldest married Sieur de Noyan, a naval officer, and the second, Sieur de la Chassagne.

« In a memorial of M. de Bienville, dated New Orleans, January 25th, 1723, after setting forth his services, he describes himself as Chevalier of the order of St. Louis, and Commander General of the Province of Louisianna ; he states in it, that of *eleven* brothers, only four were then surviving : Baron de Longueil, himself Bienville, Serigny and Chateauguay, and that they had all received the cross of Knights of St. Louis.

« The patent creating the Seigniory of Longueil into a barony is dated 19th May, 1699. It relates that the late Charles Le Moyne, Seigneur of Longueil, emigrated from France to Canada in 1640, and had highly distinguished himself upon many occasions—that his son, Charles LeMoyne, had borne arms from an early age, and that Jacques Le Moyne de Sainte Hélène, was killed by the English at the head of his company when Quebec was attacked, by Sir William Phipps, (the ancestor of Constantine, Henry Phipps, the late Viscount of Normanby), on which occasion, the said Charles Le Moyne, leading on the Canadians, was also wounded. It also names with honor D'Iberville, De Bienville, De Chateauguay, De Maricourt. The patent then states that on account of the services rendered by the family, Louis XIV, had determined to give to the Seigniory of Longueil, as well as to the said Charles Le Moyne himself, a title of honor, in order that an honorable distinction should pass to posterity, and be an

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object of emulation to his children to follow the example which had been set to them. It therefore created and erected the Seigniory of Longueil into a barony, to be enjoyed by the said Charles Le Moyne, his children and successors, *et ayant cause*, and that they should enjoy the honors, rank and precedence in the assembly of nobles, as are enjoyed by other barons of the kingdom of France.

« This patent is remarkable therefore for creating a territorial barony—that is, whosoever possesses Longueil, either male or female, is entitled to the title and distinction of a baron of the kingdom of France. I had some doubt if it was so, but submitted the case to a very eminent lawyer, at Paris, who assured me that there can be no dispute on the subject.

« There was another barony erected in Canada in 1671, in favor of Mr. Talon, the Intendant of the Province : it was called ' La Terre des Islets, ' which I believe is at this time owned by some religious community. However, I have pointed out above, the title which, under a monarchy, this family has to distinction in Canada.

« The cession of Canada by France to England made no change in the legal right to hold honors, and a title to honors is as much a legal right as a title to an estate.

« No person by the cession was deprived of any legal right. At Malta, the titles of honor are respected, and the Queen recognizes them, in the commissions issued in her name in Malta. Whatever right French noblemen had in Canada under the French government, continues at this time ; in this instance the honor is greater than most titled European families can boast of.

« It is not, however, as a family matter I regard it. I wish you to remark that it was a Canadian who discovered the Mississipi from the sea, (La Salle having failed in this, though he reached the sea sailing down the Mississipi), and also that the first and most celebrated Governor General of Louisiana was a French Canadian. "

Here, ends M. Falconer's ably written paper. We think he has made out a case for an old Norman house, who originally descended from the Count of Salagne, *en Biscaye*, and who enlisted on the side of Charles VII, in 1428. This count married Marguerite de la Tremouille, daughter of the Count de Guines, and *Grand Chambellan de France*, one of the oldest families of the Kingdom. Whether or not a fair case has been made out, we must now leave to our readers to decide, and we are willing also to accept for the house of Longueil (1) the motto :

(1) The Baron de Longueil was succeeded by his son Charles, born 18th October, 1657. He served quite young in the army, when he distinguished himself, and died Governor of Montreal, 17th of January, 1755—he was the father of upwards of fifteen children. The third Baron of Longueil was Charles Jacques

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" Sur cette terre encor sauvage
Les vieux titres sont inconnus ;
La noblesse est dans le courage,
Dans les talents, dans les vertus. "

Le Moyne, born at the Castle of Longueil, 26th July, 1724—he commanded the troops at the battle of Monongahela, 5th July, 1755. He was also made Chevalier de St. Louis and Governor of Montreal, and died whilst serving under Baron Dieskau, as the Marquis of Vaudreuil states in one of his dispatches, the 8th September, 1755, at 31 years of age, the victim of Indian treachery on the borders of Lake George. His widow was re-married by special license, at Montreal, on the 11th September, 1770, to the Hon. William Grant, Receiver-General of the Province of Canada; there was no issue from this second marriage, and on the death of the third baron the barony reverted to his only daughter, Marie Charles Josephte Le Moyne de Longueil, who assumed the title of baroness after the death of her mother, who expired on the 25th February, 1782, at the age of 85 years. She was married in Quebec, on the 7th May, 1781, to Captain David Alexander Grant, of the 94th, by the Rev. D. Francis de Monmoulin, chaplain to the forces. Capt. Grant was a nephew of the Honorable William Grant; his son, the Honorable Charles William Grant, was fourth baron, a member of the Legislative Council of Canada, and seigneur of the barony of Longueil. He assumed the title of Baron of Longueil on the death of his mother, which event occured on the 17th February, 1841. He married Miss N. Coffin, a daughter of Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, and died at his residence, Alwing House, at Kingston, 5th July, 1848, aged 68. His remains were transferred for burial in his barony. The fifth baron who assumed the title married in 1849, a southern lady, and now resides at Alwing House, at Kingston. The house of Longueil is connected by marriage with the Baby, De Beaujeu, Le Moines, De Montenach, Delanaudière, De Gaspé, Delegorgendière, and several other old families in Canada.

" The race of Le Moyne de Longueil which had ceased to exist in Canada, still survives in France, in the descendants of the two sons of the Governor of Rochefort: Jean-Honoré and Henri-Honoré; one of the grand sons, Amédé Honoré-Ferdinand-Marie Le Moyne de Serigny, expired within the walls of his castle at Luret in 1843. Two other grand sons of this hero still survive: Pierre-Auguste Le Moyne, the Laird of a chateau in Perigord; Joseph-Louis-Auguste, at La Rochelle, an other member of this illustrious family, distinguished himself in the French expedition to Algiers in 1830. Charles Le Moyne de Longueil had two daughters, Catherine Jeanne, who became the spouse of *Pierre Payen, seigneur de Noyan, capitaine dans le département de la Marine*, and Marie-Anne who was united in wedlock on the 28th October, 1699 to M. Bouillet de la Chassagne, Governor of Montreal, Chs. Le Moyne, appears to have been closely related to Jean Le Moyne, the ancestor of the Le Moyne family of Quebec" (and of Chateau-Richer.) (*Histoire des Ursulines de Québec.*)

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THE HEROINE OF VERCHERES.

Whoever glances over the early annals of Canada, will be struck with the romantic incidents which at every turn open on the view : feats of endurance—of cool bravery ; christian heroism, in its grandest phases ; acts of savage treachery, of the darkest dye ; deeds of blood and Indian revenge most appalling ; adventurous escapes by forest, land, and flood, which would furnish material for fifty most fascinating romances. No greater error ever was than that of believing that few reliable records exist of the primitive times of Canada. Had we not the diaries of Jacques Cartier ; the *Routier* of Jean Alphonse de Xaintonge ; the *Voyages* of Champlain, Charlevoix, Du Creux, Bressani, Sagard, Hennepin, LaPotherie, &c., we still would have the *Relations*, and that admirable *Journal* of the Jesuits, written up, day by day, for so many years, containing such a minute record of every event which transpired in New France. The Jesuits *Journal* and the *Relations* are likely to remain the fountain-head not only of early Canadian history but frequently of American History. One can readily enter into the meaning of one of our late Governors, the Earl of Elgin, who, in one of his despatches to the Home Government, in speaking of the early days of the colony, described them as « the heroic times of Canada ; » the expression was as eloquent as it was beautiful. There is but little doubt that our descendants will be just as familiar with the beauties of Canadian history, as the great bulk of the present generation are ignorant of them. The gradual diffusion of knowledge ; the spirit of research and improvement to which everything tends in the Dominion, mark that period as not very far distant. D'Iberville, Mlle. De Verchères, Latour, Dollard des Ormeaux, Lambert Closse, may yet, some day or other, under the magic wand of a Canadian Scott, be invested with a halo of glory as bright as that which surrounds, in the eyes of Scotia's sons, a Flora McIvor, a Jeannie Deans, a Claverhouse, or a « Bonny Dundee. »

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However in order to fully understand the motives which prompted the acts of our respected French and English ancestors, the reader must constantly have before him the hostile doings and revolutions in the old world. But more on this theme hereafter.

Let us present to the readers view, one of the graceful figures while marked one of the proudest epochs of Canadian history, the era of Frontenac.

It will be remenbered that the Marquis of Tracy, in 1663, was escorted to Canada by one of the *crack* French corps of the day—the regiment of Carignan. Four companies (some 600 men) were shortly after disbanded in New France: the officers and privates were induced, by land grants and provisions, horses, and other marks of royal favour, to marry and settle in the new world. One of the officers, M. de Verchères, obtained in 1672, on the St. Lawrence, where now stands the parish of Verchères, a land grant of one league in depth, by one league in length. The following year, his domain received the accession of *Ile à la Prûne* and *Ile Longue*, which he had connected by another grant of one league in length. There, did the French officer build his dwelling, a kind of fort, in accordance with the custom of the day, to protect him against the attacks of the Iroquois. « These forts, » says Charlevoix, «were merely extensive enclosures, surrounded by palisades and redoubts. The church and the house of the *seigneur* were within the enclosure, which was sufficiently large to admit, on an emergency, the women, children, and the farm cattle. One or two sentries mounted guard day and night; and with small field pieces, kept in check the skulking enemy, warning the settlers to prepare, and hasten to the rescue. These precautions were sufficient to prevent attack,» —not in all cases, however, as we shall soon see.

Taking advantage of the absence of M. de Verchères, the Iroquois drew stealthily round the fort, and set to climbing over the palisades; on hearing which, Marie Magdeleine de Verchères, the youthful daughter of the laird seized a gun and fired it off. Alarmed, the marauders slunk away; but finding they were not pursued, they soon returned and

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spent two days, hopelessly wandering round the fort without daring to enter, as, ever and anon, a bullet would strike some of them down, at each attempt they made to escalade the wall. What increased their suprise, they could detect inside no living creature, except a woman ; but this female was so intrepid, so active, so ubiquitous, that she seemed to be everywhere at once. She never ceased to use her unerring fire-arms until the enemy had entirely disappeared. The dauntless defender of fort Verehères, was M'lle de Verchères : the brave deed was done in 1690.

Two years subsequently, the Iroquois, having returned in larger force, had chosen the moment when the settlers were engaged in the fields with their duties of husbandry, to pounce on them, bind them with ropes, and secure them. M'lle Verchères, then aged nearly fourteen, was sauntering on the banks of the river. Noticing one of the savages aiming at her, she eluded his murderous intent by rushing towards the fort at the top of her speed ; but, for swiftness of foot the savage was a match for her, notwithstanding that terror added wings to her flight, and with tomahawk upraised, he gradually closed on her as they were nearing the fort. Another bound, however, and she would be beyond his grip; he sprang and caught the kerchief which covered her throat seizing it from behind. Is it then all up with our resolute child ?—quick as thought, and while the exulting savage raises his hand to strike the fatal blow, the young heroine tears asunder the knot, which retained her garment, and bounding like a gazelle within the fort, closes it instanter on her relentless pursuer, who retains as an only trophy the French girl's kerchief.

To ARMS ! TO ARMS ! instantly resounds within the fort; and without paying any attentions to the groans of the women, who see from the fort their husbands carried away prisoners, she rushed to the bastion where stood the sentry, seizes a musket and a soldier's hat, and causes a great clatter of guns to be made, so as to make believe that the place is well defended by soldiers. She next loads a small field piece, and not having at hand a wad, uses a towel for that purpose, and fires off the piece on the ennemy. This unexpected assault

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inspired terror to the Indians, who saw their warriors, one after the other, struck down. Armed and disguised, and having but one soldier with her, she never ceased firing. Presently the alarm reached the neighbourhood of Montreal, when an intrepid officer, the Chevalier de Crisasi, brother of the Marquis de Crisasi, then Governor of Three Rivers, rushed to Verchères, at the head of a chosen band of men; but the savages had made good their retreat with their prisonners. After a three days' pursuit, the Chevalier found them with their captives securely entrenched in a wood on the borders of Lake Champlain.

The French officer prepared for action, and after a most bloody encounter the redskins were utterly routed—cut to pieces, except those who escaped; *but the prisoners were released.* The whole of New France resounded with the fame of M'lle Verchères's courage; she was awarded the name of the «Heroine of Verchères,» a title which posterity has ratified.

Another rare instance of courage on her part crowned her exploits, and was also the means of settling her in life. A French commander, M. de Lanaudière de la Perade, was pursuing the Iroquois in the neighbourhood, some historians say, of the river Richelieu, other say of the river St. Anne, when there sprang unexpectedly out of the underbrush myriads of these implacable enemies, who rushed on M. de la Perade unawares. He was just on the point of falling a victim in this ambuscade, when M'lle de Verchères, seizing a musket and heading some resolute men, rushed on the enemy, and succeeded in rescuing the brave officer. She had indeed made a conquest, or rather became the conquest of M. de la Perade, whose life she had thus saved. Henceforward, the heroine of Verchères shall be known by the name of Madame de Lanaudière de la Perade, her husband a wealthy *Seigneur*. Some years later, the fame of her daring acts reached the French king, Louis XIV, who instructed the Marquis of Beauharnais, the Governor of Canada, to obtain from herself a written report of her brave deeds. Her statement closes with most noble sentiments, denoting not only a lofty soul, but expressed

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in such dignified and courteous language as effectually won the admiration of the great monarch.

Madame de la Perade, née Verchères, died on the 7th of August, 1737, at St. Anne de la Perade, near Montreal.

She is one of the ancestors of the present Seigneur de L'Industrie near Montreal, the Hon Gaspard de Lanaudière, whose forefathers for two centuries, shone eitheir in the senate or on the battle-fields of Canada.

Mdlle Verchères' career exhibits another instance of the sentiments which inspired the first settlers of Canadian soil, and by her birth, by her life and death gives the lie direct to the wholesale slanders, with which some travellers like Baron Lahontan have attempted to vilify the pioneers of New-France.

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MAJOR ROBERT STOBO, (1)

1727-1760.

A REVIEW.

Arma, Virumque.

On the 3rd of July, A. D., 1754, one hundred and sixteen years ago, that is, in the eighth year of the struggle between the English and French in the New World, two hostages and prisoners of war might have been seen sorrowfully marching towards the gates of Fort Du Quesne, where now stands the thriving American city of Pittsburg. Not all the genius of Colonel George Washington, leading on his « self-willed and ungovernable » Virginians, had sufficed to save the English forces beleaguered in Fort Necessity. Terms of surrender were proposed by the French, and readily accepted by the disheartened British. On that memorable 3rd of July, 1754, the English garrison withdrew from the basin of the Ohio, and then, in the eloquent language of Bancroft, « In the whole valley of the Mississippi to its head springs in the Alleghanies, no standard floated but that of France. » These were glorious times, indeed, for the Bourbon lilies ; they were not to last forever.

Captain Jocob Van Braam, a Dutchman, was one of the hostages ; Captain Robert Stobo, a Scotchman, a favorite of Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, and first captain of a Virginian regiment just raised, was the other. To reviewing succinctly the chequered career of the latter, as disclosed to us in the Memoirs before us, we shall for the present confine our task.

(1) Memoirs of Major Robert Stobo, of the Virginia Regiment—by a Contemporary—92 Pages—Pittsburgh, 1854.

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Robert Stobo was born at Glasgow, A. D., 1727. His father, William Stobo, was a citizen of note and a successful Glasgow merchant. Of a delicate constitition, young Stobo, at an early age, we are told by his biographer, betrayed a turn for arms, « employing his play-hours at school in drum-beating, mustering and exercising his comrades with great alertness, »—a not unappropriate prelude to the warlike and hair-breadth adventures which awaited the dauntless captain on the green banks of the Ohio, and those of the St. Lawrence at Quebec.

The mode of campaigning of this Virginian officer was not without its attraction. He started with a retinue of « ten servants, » whom he had transformed into soldiers, « kept an open table in the wilderness, which was plentifully supplied with the game which the woods afforded, » such, no doubt, as wild turkeys, prairie hens and grouse, with occasionally the tail of a beaver, or tid bits of red deer venison. He was provided at « his first setting out with a whole butt of Madeira wine. »

With such a larder, such a cellar, who would not occasionally like to go campaigning as the captain of a Virginian regiment.

" In the *zeazon* of the year ? "

The force to which the famed George Washington had to capitulate at the Great Meadows, not far from the Appalachian Mountains, on the 3rd July, 1754, was a large party of French-Canadians and barbarians. As there are no French mentioned, according to the Memoirs, we are free to understand that the French constituted the « barbarians. » The party, however, was commanded by Coulon De Villiers, a captain, in the French King's troops. It was for the performance of the articles of this capitulation that Van Braam and Stobo, were delivered to the French Commander as hostages. This reverse induced Captain Stobo to present the lieutenant of his company with his sword, as he had then no further use for it ; he begged he would not spare it when opportunity offered to draw it in behalf of his country ; and which, notwithstanding that gentleman fell with the unfortunate General Braddock, was restored

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to its pristine owner long after he had escaped from Quebec, when detained there as a prisoner, the biographer adds, « and the Major (Stobo) now wears it with singular esteem. » Whether it be of Damascus steel, or an Andrea Ferrara, (1) the history of this famous blade, traced from the surrender of Fort Necessity, through the sickening horrors of the Fort William Henry massacre in 1757, back to England, then at Louisbourg, and, finally, during Wolfe's campaign at Quebec, when it was, according to Knox, restored to its lawful owner,—its history, we say, might adorn a tale.

We have to view our hero, now a hostage of war, in a totally different light. The gay, generous, convivial Captain, surrounded with veterans and friends, dining on wild turkey, venison, and Madeira, with possibly partridges and claret cup for supper, is eclipsed *in toto;* his biographer exhibits instead a gaunt form « in a dungeon, lying on a bag of straw, with a morsel of bread and a pan of cold water by his side,—the cold earthen floor for his table. No cheerful friend to pledge him in a glass or other guest came there, except a mouse ran past his meagre fare. » This « running mouse » we take, however, to have been introduced by Stobo's quaint biographer and friend as a meretricious ornament. A « hungry rat » we would not object to, as fitting to complete the *tableau* of dungeon horrors ; in an emergency, it might be made, failing other viands, to nibble at the prisoner's nether extremities. Be this as it may, we shall not quarrel with Stobo or his biographer, about that « running mouse, » provided it is not allowed to run any more.

It is curious to watch next the process of reasoning by which the biographer attempts to justify the manner in which his hero—an hostage and a prisoner *paroled* « to go and come as he pleased all about the country »—after spying out the nakedness of the land, sets to communicate intelligence to the enemy, « deeming himself entirely absolved from all obliga-

(1) Colonel John Sewell, late of the 49th, and who served under his old Colonel, the gallant Brock, at Queenstown, in 1812, has told us that he had seen a number of English swords of the era of the conquest, which were all Andrea Ferraras.

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tions of honor. » We thus find him preparing « a plan of Fort Du Quesne with all its approaches, » which he succeeded in having secretly conveyed to George Washington. The train of reasoning lent by the considerate biographer to his prisoner, would have gladdened the heart of an Escobar or a Torquemada. This plan and the letters, having fallen with General Braddock's papers into the hands of the French, will hereafter rise in judgment against the *paroled prisoner*. « Soon, » the writer observes, « the French removed their hostages from one fort to another, through the whole chain of them, from Fort Du Quesne down to Quebec, which is distant about three hundred leagues with the advantage to himself, that he had liberty to go and come as he pleased, all about the country. At first he was at a great loss from his not knowing the French tongue, to acquire which was his first study, in which pursuit he was generally assisted by the ladies, » who took great pleasure in hearing him again a child, and learning to pronounce his syllables. « His manner was still open, free and easy, which gained him ready access into all their company. » It would appear even, that a *reunion* was considered incomplete, without the handsome Captain, « in whose appearance there was something very engaging ; he had a dark brown complexion, a penetrating eye, an aquiline nose, round face, a good cheerful countenance, a very genteel person, rather slender than robust, and graceful in his whole deportment. » Amongst the delicate attentions of his amiable jailers, one notes the honor bestowed on him, when installed an Indian chief. The ceremony of installation was more painful than picturesque. It was performed with some sharp fish-bones, dipped in a liquid which leaves a blackness under the skin which never wears off, « applied on the leg above the garter, in form something like a diadem. » We are unfortunately left in the dark as to whether this handsome Scot, in order to display with advantage his insignia as a Knight of the Garter, took to wearing kilts or not. In order to carry out more effectually his plans, he set to studying French most earnestly. But an untoward event threatened to cut short his adventurous career. The French Government having obtained posses-

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sion of the letters and plans, Stobo had secretly conveyed to the enemy, issued a memorial, describing Stobo, as a spy in Fort Du Quesne, who had communicated valuable information to the British authorities. Upon this discovery, Stobo was committed a close prisoner at Quebec, and hardly used, we are told. His dungeon is most dismal and dark, but by degrees his eyesight became so sharp he could discern a « running mouse » on the floor. It is to be hoped this is the last of these running mice.

These credentials against him were remitted to Paris by the very first opportunity, and the next year, a commission was sent out to Vaudreuil, the Governor of Canada, to try the prisoner for his life. Some time, in 1756, he effected his escape from prison. A reward of 6,000 livres having been offered for his re-capture, dead or alive, thousands scoured the woods for him ; he was soon replaced in his confinement—a most dismal dungeon, from which on the 28th November, he was dragged before the Marquis of Vaudreuil. As president of the court-martial, the Marquis sentenced him to death for violating the law of nations by breach of faith and treasonable practices against the government which held him as a hostage ; the Governor referred to France to have the sentence confirmed ; the hapless prisoner with his arms well tightened down with cords, by way of consoling himself, used to say, that he hoped the day would come when he could twist off the noses of those who caused him such disgrace. His motto however was : *Fortuna favet fortibus ;* so he had soon contrived a plan of escape, which instead of landing him in Virginia, took him only to the Falls of Montmorency, where he was re-arrested on the 3rd May, 1757, and reconveyed to his prison. His new misfortune is bewailed by his biographer in affecting language. The evil day however cannot last for ever. There were then in Quebec,—there are still, ladies with marriageable daughters. Let us allow Stobo's words to speak out :

« There dwelt, by lucky fate, in this strong capital, a lady fair, of chaste renown, of manners sweet, and gentle soul. »

This lady fair thus addressed the proud Canadian Viceroy :

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—« Mighty Cousin, our good Canadian Court most sure were right when they condemned this haughty prisoner to lose his forfeited life to our Grant Monarch, (Louis XIV) whose great benevolence gives peace to mankind, his mighty arms give empire to the world. »

Now, dear reader, shall we confess it ? we have grave, very grave doubts that the court charmers, in Bigot's frolicsome days at Quebec, pleaded the cause of distressed cavaliers, in such « hifalutin » accents.

Be this as it may, Stobo, then very weak and ill by close confinement, was allowed to take up his quarters on the ramparts with the « sweet hostess and her yet sweeter daughters. » Amongst the English prisoners of Quebec, there was a Lieutenant Stevenson, of Roger's Rangers, and one Clark, a Scotchman, from Leith, a ship-carpenter by trade, with his wife and two small children ; he, to improve his prospects, had become a Roman Catholic. A plan of escape between them was agreed on, and carried out on 1st May, 1759. Major Stobo met the fugitives under a wind-mill, probably the old windmill on the grounds of the General Hospital Convent. Having stolen a birch canoe, the party paddled it all night, and, after incredible fatigue and danger, they passed Isle aux Coudres, Kamouraska, and landed below this spot, shooting two Indians in self-defence, whom Clark buried after having scalped them, saying to the Major : « Good sir, by your permission, these same two scalps, when I come to New-York, will sell for twenty-four good pounds : with this I'll be right merry, and my wife right beau. » They then murdered the Indian's faithful dog, because he howled, and buried him with his masters. It was shortly after this that they met the laird of the Kamouraska Isles, le Chevalier de la Durantaye, who said that the best Canadian blood ran in his veins, and that he was of kin with the mighty Duc de Mirapoix. Had the mighty Duke, however, at that moment seen his Canadian cousin steering the fouroared boat, loaded with wheat, he might have felt but a very qualified admiration for the majesty of his demeanor and his nautical *savoir faire*. Stobo took possession of the Chevalier's pinnace, and made the haughty laird, ***nolens volens***, row him

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with the rest of the crew, telling him to row away, and that, had the great Louis himself been in the boat at that moment, it would be his fate to row a British subject thus. « At these last mighty words, » says the Memoirs, « a stern resolution sat upon his countenance, which the Canadian beheld and with reluctance, temporized. » After a series of adventures, and dangers of every kind, the fugitives succeeded in capturing a French boat. Next, they surprised a French sloop, and, after a most hazardous voyage, they finally, in their prize, landed at Louisbourg to the general amazement. Stobo missed the English fleet ; but took passage two days after, in a vessel leaving for Quebec, where he safely arrived to tender his services to the immortal Wolfe, who gladly, availed himself of them. According to the Memoirs, Stobo, used daily to set out to reconnoitre with Wolfe ; in this patriotic duty, whilst standing with Wolfe on the deck of a frigate, opposite the Falls of Montmorency, some French shots were nigh carrying away his decorated and gartered legs.

We next find the Major on the 21st July, 1759, (1) piloting the expedition sent to Deschambault to seize, as prisoners, the Quebec ladies who had taken refuge there during the bombardment—« Mesdames Duchesnay and Decharnay ; Mlle. Couillard ; the Joly, Mailhiot and Magnan families. » Next day in the afternoon, *les belles captives*, who had been treated with every species of respect, were put on shore and released at Diamond Harbour. The English admiral, full of gallantry, ordered the bombardment of the city to be suspended, in order to afford the Quebec ladies time to seek places of safety.

Stobo next points out the spot, at Sillery, where Wolfe landed, and soon after was sent with despatches, *via* the St. Lawrence, to General Amherst ; but, during the trip, the vessel was overhauled and taken by a French privateer, the despatches having been previously consigned to the deep. Stobo might have swung at the yard-arm in this new predicament, had his French valet divulged his identity with the spy of Fort Du Quesne ; but fortune again stepped in to preserve

(1) See *Journal du Siège de Québec*, 1759 ; J. G. Panet : p. 18.

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the adventurous Scot. There were already too many prisoners on board of the French privateer. A day's provisions is allowed the English vessel, which soon landed Stobo at Halifax, from whence he joined General Amherst, « many a league across the country. » « He served under Amherst on his Lake Champlain expedition, and there he finished the campaign; which ended, he begs to go to Williamsburgh, the then capital of Virginia. »

It seems singular that no command of any importance appears to have been given to the brave Captain; but, possibly, the part played by the Major when under *parole* at Fort Du Quesne, was weighed by the Imperial authorities. There certainly seems to be a dash of the Benedict Arnold in this transaction. However, Stobo was publicly thanked by a Committee of the Assembly of Virginia, and was allowed his arrears of pay for the time of his captivity. On the 30th April, 1756, he had also been presented by the Assembly of Virginia with £300, in consideration of his services to the country and his sufferings in his confinement as a hostage in Quebec. On the 19th November, 1759, he was presented with £1,000 as « a reward for his zeal to his country and the recompense for the great hardships he has suffered during his confinement in the enemy's country. » On the 18th February, 1760, Major Stobo embarked from New York for England on board the packet with Colonel West and several other gentlemen. One would imagine that he had exhausted the vicissitudes of fortune. Not so. A French privateer boards them in the midst of the English channel. The Major again consigns to the deep his letters, all except one, which he forgot, in the pocket of his coat, under the arm pit. This escaped the general catastrophe; and will again restore him to notoriety; it is from General A. Monckton to Mr. Pitt. The passengers of the packet were assessed £2,500 to be allowed their liberty, and Stobo had to pay £125 towards the relief fund. The despatch forgotten in his coat, on delivery to the great Pitt, brought back a letter from Pitt to Amherst. With this testimonial, Stobo sailed for New York, 24th April, 1760, to rejoin the army engaged in the invasion of Canada; here end the Memoirs.

Though Stobo's conduct at Fort du Quesne and at Quebec,

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can never be defended nor palliated, all will agree that he exhibited during his eventful career, most indomitable fortitude, a boundless ingenuity, and great devotion to his country —the whole crowned with final success.

« It has been suggested, » say, the Memoirs « that Major Stobo was Smollet's original for Captain Lismahago, in the adventures of Humphrey Clinker. It is known by a letter from David Hume to Smollet, that Stobo was a friend of the latter author, and his remarkable adventures may have suggested that character. If so ; the copy is a great exaggeration. »

The Memoirs of Major Robert Stobo, printed at Pittsburgh in 1854, were taken from the copy in the British Museum, chiefly through the instrumentality of Mr. James McHenry, an enterprising Liverpool merchant. Mr. James McHenry is a son of Dr. McHenry, the Novelist and Poet, formerly of Pittsburgh.

Robert Stobo is a name which must find its place in our annals.

What a hero, for a Canadian Novel !

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CADIEUX, THE OLD VOYAGEUR.

Utawa's tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
Oh! grant us cool heavens and favouring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Moore.

Every country has its legends, its wild stories of love or revenge; its traditional accounts of heroes; of battles won or lost; of brave men saved from certain death by some unaccountable superhuman agency; of wicked ones summarily punished. Poets, chroniclers, and historians mould these memories into more or less attractive form, throw light or shade on the picture, as suits them; surround it with the halo of genius, or leave it a dreary record of the past. It were strange, indeed, if our own inland seas, (1) our wild lakes, our romantic forests—which for centuries resounded with the tread or echoed the warwhoop of the innumerable Indian tribes bent on exterminating one another, and equally hostile to the white man—should be an exception to the general rule. There is indeed an ample harvest awaiting the future Walter Scotts, the Washington Irvings, or the Coopers, whom Canada may produce.

(1) Lake Superior according to U. S. Surveys is 357 miles in extreme length; greatest breath, 159 miles; mean depth, 1,000 feet; elevation above sea level, 627 feet; area, 10,665 miles.

Lake Michigan: extreme length, 360 miles; extreme breath, 108 miles; mean depth, 900 feet; elevation, 587 feet; area, 6,675 miles.

Lake Huron: extreme length, 201 miles; extreme breath, 159 miles; mean depth, 300 feet; elevation, 574 feet; area, 6,675 miles.

Lake Erie: extreme length, 249 miles; extreme breath, 81 miles; mean depth, 200 feet; elevation 460 feet; area, 2,650 miles.

Lake Ontario: extreme length, 180 miles; extreme breath, 66 miles; mean depth, 500 feet; elevation 260 feet; area, 998 miles.

Total length of the five Lakes: 1,350 miles—total area, 28,863 miles.

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We shall in this paper select for our theme, one of those ancient traditions, carefully collated, and divested of many of its marvellous episodes.

Amongst the numerous songs which old *Voyageurs* and *Northwesters* were in the habit of singing a few years ago, after the toil of the day was over, and when the aroma of the weed rose in circles round the camp-fire, few had a wider range of celebrity than one generally known as the « Complainte de Cadieux ; » it portrayed in simple but vivid language the singular fate of an educated and roving Frenchman, of which class the Baron de Saint Castin is the truest type ; Cadieux was his name ; the banks of the Ottawa River, close to *Portage du Fort*, the theatre of his exploits and unhappy end. But I fancy I hear an inquisive lady friend ask : « Who was Cadieux ? What brought him out to Canada ? Was it to escape a *lettre de cachet*, or was he a *blasé* Court *roué*, or a disappointed lover, seeking oblivion or concealment in the fastness of a Canadian forest, like the old Hermit of the Island of St. Barnabé, of whom you have given us so glowing an account ? » Lady fair, I cannot say ; I can only translate for you, the history of the solitary tomb, which you can visit any day you like, near *Portage du Fort*, as Dr. Taché has related it.

Evidently, Cadieux must have united to bravery, and to a romantic mind, a poetical genius : he finds his place amongst that resolute band of intelligent pioneers, the Marsollets, Marguerïes, Hertels ; the Coutures, the Nicolets, &c., who were sometimes employed by government, sometimes by the missionaries, to interpret the various Indian dialects. Dr. Taché, to whom we are indebted for the narrative of Cadieux in his *Forestiers et Voyageurs*, tells us that he himself had frequently, in the course of his travels in the back-woods of Canada, heard detached stanzas of this mysterious wail of suffering and death ; until recently, the singular tradition, as embodied in poetry, had, as a whole, constantly eluded his grasp. Nor was he alone in his efforts to rescue it from oblivion ; an indefatigable searcher of the past, the venerable Abbé Ferland, had diligently set to work, making enquiry in every quarter, writing even to the Red River settlements for

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information. To the pleasing author of *Les Forestiers et Voyageurs*, was reserved the satisfaction of graphically recording the old tradition. Audubon himself, when he discovered the magnificent eagle to which he gave the name of the BIRD OF WASHINGTON, did not experience keener pleasure than Dr. Taché on receiving from the lips of his old Indian guide Morache, the whole *complainte* or song of Cadieux.

« In ascending, » says he, « the great River Ottawa, one has to stop at the rock of the high mountain, situate in the middle of the *portage* of the seven falls at the foot of the island of the *Grand Calumet:* it is there that lies Cadieux's tomb, surrounded to this day by a wooden railing. Each time the Company's canoes pass the little rock, an old *Voyageur* relates to his younger companions the fate of the brave interpreter.

« Cadieux was a roving interpreter, who had married a young Algonquin girl: he generally spent the summer hunting, and in winter he purchased furs for the traders. After a winter thus passed by Cadieux at the *portage*, where he and the other families had their wigwams, it had been decided in May, to wait for other Indian tribes who had furs for sale, and then all were to come down to Montreal. Profound peace existed in the settlement, when one day a young Indian, who had been roaming about, close to the rapids lower down than the *portage*, rushed back out of breath and shouted like a death knell amongst the affrighted occupants of the huts: NATTAOUÉ! NATTAOUÉ!! The Iroquois! the Iroquois!!

« There was in reality at that moment, lower than the rapids of the Seven Falls, a party of Iroquois warriors, waiting to pounce upon the canoes, one which generally descended at that season loaded with skins. One chance only of escape remained: to risk running the canoes through the rapids—a hopeless project, though it had ever been considered. Nor was this all: it would be necessary to station some parties in the woods in order, by firing, to draw off the attention of the Iroquois from the desperate attempt which would be made to shoot through the rapids and prevent pursuit. Cadieux, being the ablest and most resolute of the tribe, choose a young Algonquin warrior

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to second him in this perilous service : it was settled that once the interpreter and his comrade should have succeeded to inveigle the Iroquois in the woods, they would try a circuitous route, and attempt to join their own friends who were to send after them, should they be too long absent.

« Preparations having been made for a start, it was settled that Cadieux and the Algonquin warrior, well armed, should advance towards the Iroquois encampment, and that the sign for the canoes to break cover and venture on their fearful race, would be the firing of their guns. Soon the report of a fire-arm was heard in the distance ; it was followed by three or four others in quick succession ; on went the frail birch canoes, amidst the foam and rocks, skimming like sea birds, over the boiling caldron ; it was a race for dear life, the extraordinary and superhuman skill of the red skins alone, under Providence, saving them from death in a thousand forms.

« ' I saw nothing during our passage over the rapids, ' said Cadieux's wife, a pious women, ' but the form of a *tall lady in white* hovering over the canoes and showing us the way. ' They had invoked Sainte Anne, the patron saint of the mariner.

« The canoes escaped and safely arrived at the Lake of Two Mountains ; but Cadieux and his devoted follower—what had become of them ? This was ascertained some time after by the party sent to their rescue, and from the Iroquois themselves.

« Cadieux had quietly watched for the Iroquois at the *portage*, placing himself about an acre from his colleague, allowing the Iroquois scouts to penetrate to the centre of the *portage*, he waited until he heard the death yell of one of them, shot by his helpmate, and then marking his victim fired with unerring aim : the war whoop resounds, and the Iroquois fancying that they are attacked by a large party of warriors, separate and charge in different directions. It is supposed that the young Algonquin fell here in attempting to join Cadieux, as was agreed on. For three days the blood-thirsty aborigines scoured the woods to find out traces of the encampment, never thinking for a moment that the enemy had been fool-hardy enough to attempt descending through the rapids. For three days and

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three nights they searched for Cadieux—; these were sleepless nights for the white man! Baffled, they retraced their steps and returned to their canoes. Several days had elapsed, and as no tidings of Cadieux came, a party was formed and sent to his relief; traces of the Iroquois were unmistakeable, and indications also of the presence of Cadieux in the vicinity. At the *Portage des Sept Chutes*, they noticed a small hut of branches which, apparently, had been abandoned; they passed on, after examining it and continued their route, thinking that perhaps Cadieux might have been compelled to ascend the Ottawa and take refuge with the Indians of the island. Two days later—it was the thirteenth after the skirmish—they noticed, with surprise, on their return, on repassing what had previously appeared to them an abandonned hut, a small cross. It stood, on the surface, at the head of a freshly made grave; in it, was deposited the corpse, still fresh of Cadieux, half covered with green branches. His hands were clasped over his chest, on which rested a large sheet of birch bark. The general opinion was, on reading the writing scribbled on the bark, and from other attendant circumstances, that exhaustion, hunger, and anxiety had produced on the unfortunate interpreter that kind of mental aberation or hallucination which the French Canadians call, *la folie des bois;* one of its peculiarities, being the propensity its victims have of walking in the woods, unintentionally in a circle without making any progress. Cadieux had, probably lived on wild fruit, never daring to light a fire, for fear of betraying his place of concealment to his merciless foes. He had grown weaker daily; when the relief party had passed the hut two days previously, he had, it would seem, recognized them as friends, but the sudden joy at the prospect of a speedy deliverance was so great that he fell to the earth speechless and inanimate; that when they passed him, seeing the last hope vanish, and feeling his strength fail, he had scribbled his adieux to the living and then prepared his last resting place; this done, and the cross erected, he laid himself down to sleep the long slumber covering his body as best he could with spruce boughs. Cadieux was a *Voyageur*, a poet, and a warrior.

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What he had written on the birch bark was his dirge, his funereal chaunt. Before lying himself down to rest, he, whose imagination had for so long, revelled in nature's grand scenery, and who could write *songs for voyageurs*, feeling a return of the sacred fire, embodied in verse his own dirge.

« This lay, by its simplicity, is very attractive; it is much in the style of the old Norman «Laments » imported in the colony by the first settlers, with a dash of forest life superadded. The dying bard addresses himself to the objects which surround him, telling them, of his regret for quitting life ; then, physical pain wrings from him a groan of anguish which is followed by a sorrowful thought at the loss of those nearest and dearest to his heart. Anon, he expresses his apprehension on witnessing smoke rise near his hut not far distant—then, tells of the intense joy he experienced on recognizing the features of friends in the party sent out to rescue him—of his utter inability to shout out where he is—and of the pang which their final departure cost him. Cadieux next sees a wolf and a raven prowling round his emaciated frame ; the ardor of the hunter and of the backwoodsman fires his eye for a second. He threatens to shoot one ; to the other, he cries avaunt ! go and feast on the bodies of the Iroquois I have slain near by. He then charges the song sparrow (Le Rossignol) to convey his adieux to his wife and his ' well-beloved children, ' finally winds up by an invocation to the Virgin Mary The piece of bark on which Cadieux's death-song was written was brought by the relief party to the post of the Lake of Two Mountains. The *Voyageurs* have set it to a plaintive melody, well suited to a lay intended to portray the arduous life of a hunter and Indian warrior. It runs thus :—

Petit rocher de la Haute montagne,
Je viens finir ici cette campagne !
Ah ! doux échos, entendez mes soupirs ;
En languissant, je vais bientôt mourir.

Petits oiseaux, vos douces harmonies,
Quand vous chantez, me rattachent à la vie :
Ah ! si j'avais des ailes comme vous,
Je s'rais heureux avant qu'il fut deux jours !

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Seul en ces bois, que j'ai eu de soucis !
Pensant toujours à mes si chers amis ;
Je demandais : Hélas ! sont-ils noyés ?
Les Iroquois les auraient-ils tués ?

Un de ces jours que m'étant éloigné,
En revenant je vis une fumée ;
Je me suis dit : " Ah ! grand Dieu qu'est ceci ?
Les Iroquois m'ont-ils pris mon logis ? "

Je me suis mis un peu à l'embassade,
Afin de voir si c'était embuscade ;
Alors je vis trois visages français,
M'ont mis le cœur d'une trop grande joie !

Mes genoux plient, ma faible voix s'arrête ;
Je tombe. . . . . Hélas ! à partir ils s'apprêtent :
Je reste seul. . . . . Pas un qui me console,
Quand la mort vient par un si grand désole !

Un loup hurlant vient près de ma cabane,
Voir si mon feu n'avait plus de boucane ;
Je lui ai dit : Retire-toi d'ici ;
Car, par ma foi, je percerai ton habit !

Un noir corbeau, volant à l'aventure,
Vient se percher tout près de ma toiture ;
Je lui ai dit : Mangeur de chaire humaine,
Va-t'en chercher autre viande que mienne ;

Va-t'en là-bas, dans ces bois et marais,
Tu trouveras plusieurs corps Iroquois :
Tu trouveras des chairs, aussi des os ;
Va-t'en plus loin, laisse-moi en repos !

Rossignolet, va dire à ma maîtresse, (1)
A mes enfants qu'un adieu je leur laisse,
Que j'ai gardé mon amour et ma foi,
Et désormais faut renoncer à moi !

C'est donc ici que le mond' m'abandonne,
Mais j'ai secours en vous, Sauveur des hommes !
Très-Sainte Vierge, ah ! m'abandonnez pas,
Permettez-moi d'mourir entre vos bras !

(1) This word, in old Canadian songs, is used for wife or betrothed.

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A SELECT TEA PARTY AT THE GENERAL HOSPITAL CONVENT IN 1759.

Tea-drinking in moderation is conducive to health ; who dare gain-say ? To some it is exhilarating—to others calming in its effects. Nay, according to Waller—it opes to inspiration, the portals of the soul :

> The mind's friend, tea, does our fancy aid,
> Repress those vapours which our head invade.

It counteracts the effects of alcohol—prevents gout and (1) calculus. What a blessing thou art, celestial beverage of the celestials, taken at all times : as Gay has it :—

> At noon (the lady's matin hour)
> I sip tea's delicious flower.

Nor is tea-drinking, as some incorrigible topers basely pretend, necessarily associated in one's mind with scandal—vinegar-faced old crones—spinsters of an uncertain age.

Pretty Peg Woffington, mixing for Garrick and Dr. Johnson a cup of the celestial beverage, does not, in the least degree, appear before the mind's eye as a « scandal-monger. » « I remember, » says the old buffer, « drinking tea with him (Garrick) long ago, when Peg Woffington made it, and he grumbled at her for making it too strong. »

« In 1660, » writes old Pepys, « I did send for a cup of tea (a china drink) of which I had never drank before. » Seven years later, the herb had found its way into his own house. « Home, and there find my wife making of tea, a drink for her cold and defluxions. » Good Mrs. Pepys serving up her

(1) That Excellent, and by all Physicians approved *China* Drink called by the *Chineans* Teha, by other nations Tay *alias* Tee, is sold at the *Sultaness Head, Cophee House*, in *Sweeting's* rents, by the *Royal Exchange London.*

(*Mercurius Politicus*, September 30th, 1658.)

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first « dish » of Bohea—there is a subject for a painter! But let us hie from the busy banks of the Thames and attend one of the first tea-parties, of which we have a record, on the banks of the St. Lawrence; if we do not hear much about tea, we shall at least mix with several of the *elite* of the period. Follow Capt. John Knox, then, into the spacious refectory of the General Hospital Convent, on the 11th October, 1759. This is an eventful, very eventful year, for all Canada—nay, for North America in general. The worthy British officer, you know, holds an important command, in the victorious army—; he has devoted two quartos to chronicle his North American campaigns; in which, reader, you will find details ample and true, of that momentous era of our history.

The General Hospital Convent was founded as an hospital for the sick, by Bishop St. Valier, in 1690. The grounds on which this ancient pile is situate cover an extensive area on the shores of the meandering St. Charles, about two miles from the city of Quebec, in a westerly direction. They belonged to the Recollet Fathers, who exchanged them for a lot, in the Upper Town, of Quebec, in 1690; whereon they built a church and monastery: both these buildings were utterly destroyed by fire in 1796. Their site is now occupied by the English cathedral and the *Place d'Armes*, or ring. The French king had, previous to 1759, endowed this institution with a bounteous salary for the support of physicians, surgeons, directors, clerks, stewards, inspectors, as also officers of the troops labouring under any infirmity. The mother abbess, that year, was Mère Sainte Claude, the fiery and haughty sister of Chevalier de Ramsey, during the siege, commander and governor of Quebec. Mère Sainte Claude, though a humble and devoted nun, could not forget the noble blood which coursed in her veins. Her partiality to the French, during their fallen fortunes, called forth about that period the wrath of General Murray, the English governor of the city. The testy general, in a fit of temper, in order to rebuke effectually her interference in mundane matters, vowed he would confer on her the first vacant sergeant's commission and put her on active duty, for which her stature,

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bearing and martial tastes, in his opinion, eminently fitted her. Crowded with the sick and the dying (1) during the summer of 1759. The General Hospital was a great place of rendez-vous for the high officials of Quebec—civil, military, and ecclesiastical. It stood nearly in a line with the bridge of boats, over the St. Charles, with which Montcalm communicated with the city and with his camp and army, at Beauport.

There is something eminently touching, shall I say, dramatic, in the simple words in which the nun, who wrote the siege narrative, chronicles the arrival of the English guard, during that « night which greatly added to our fears, » when these delicate, unprotected women « prostrated themselves at the foot of the altar to implore Divine mercy. »

« The consternation which prevailed was suddenly interrupted by loud and repeated knocks at our doors. Two young nuns who were carrying broth to the sick, unavoidably happened to be near when the door was opened. The palor and fright which overcame them touched the officer; he prevented the guard from entering; he demanded the superiors and desired them to assure us of protection : he said that part of the English army would return and take possession of the house, apprehending that our army (the French), which was not distant, might return and attack them in their entrenchments. » This was, no doubt, the Captain and guard which Brigadier Townshend had posted there on the 14th of September, 1759.

The General Hospital was also the theatre during the struggle, of Bishop Pontbriand's devoted and incessant ministrations to the sick and dying. The Bishop, with his chapter, had retired early in the summer of 1759, to Charlesbourg, opposite Quebec. We shall now allow gallant Captain John Knox to tell

(1) We were in the midst of the dead and the dying, who were brought to us by hundreds, many of them our close connections; it was necessary to smother our grief to relieve them. Loaded with the inmates of three convents, and all the inhabitants of the neighbouring suburbs, which the approach of the enemy caused to fly in this direction, you may judge of our terror and confusion. The enemy, master of the field, and within a few paces of our house, exposed to the fury of the soldiers, we had reason to dread the worst.

(*Narrative of the Siege of* 1759, *by a Nun of the General Hospital, Quebec.*)

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how matters went on at the General Hospital, on the 16th October, and how he enjoyed the select tea-party he attended there. « I was sent on a week's command, this day, to the convent of the Augustines, or General Hospital ; my orders were ' to prevent soldiers and others from plundering or marauding in that neighbourhood ; to protect the house, with all its inhabitants, gardens, and enclosures from insult ; to examine all persons that arrive from the country ; to give immediate notice to the garrison, if any number of men should appear in arms, either by detaching a sergeant, or firing three distinct muskets ; ' and if not instantly answered, must be repeated, nor to suffer any luggage, horse or cart loaded to depart the hospital without a positive order or passport ; to seize all fire-arms, ammunition, or whatever may be useful to the enemy, which may happen to be in the environs of the guard, and finally to grant permits to surgeons, mates or domestics belonging to the convent, when they are necessitated to pass towards the town on their lawful occasions. » (1) I lived there, at the French king's table, with an agreeable, polite society of officers, directors and commissaries ; some of the gentlemen were married, and their ladies honoured us with their company ; they were generally cheerful, except when we discoursed upon the late revolution, and the affairs of the campaign ; then they seemingly gave way to grief uttered by profound sighs, and followed by an *O mon Dieu!* The officers soon perceived that though I did not express myself with great facility in their language, I perfectly understood them, and therefore they agreed to converse in Latin ; which, though far from being consistent with their boasted *politesse*, did not affect me so as to be offended ; for I was more upon an equality with them in that tongue, especially as they spoke it with less fluency than their own. They generally concluded with some rapturous sentences, delivered theatrically, such as :

Per mare, per terras, per tot discrimina rerum
Nos patriam fugimus, nos dulcia linquimus arva :

—at length, after racking my memory for a distich, or a line

(1) Knox's Journal, Vol. II., p. 171.

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applicable to the times, I interrupted them with this citation from Virgile :

O Melibœ, Deus nobis hæc otia fecit !

which so surprised them, that, having stared at each other for some moments, one of them approached me and asked if I could speak Latin. Thus ended the Latin speeches. We dined every day between eleven and twelve, and afterwards were respectfully served with a cup of *laced* coffee ; our dinners were generally indifferent, but our suppers (what they call *grand repas*, or best meal) were plentiful and elegant. I was at a loss the first day, as every person was obliged to use his own knife, and wine, there being only a spoon and a four-pronged fork laid with each napkin and plate ; however, in the evening my servant attended me with some excellent port, a goblet, knife and fork ; the latter being different from theirs, particularly the knives' being round, and not sharp-pointed, together with the superior strength of my wine (which they by no means disliked) to their poor sour stuff, afforded us a copious subject for agreeable conversation, with variety of opinions aud remarks upon the different customs of countries. Each person here produces an ordinary clasped knife from his pocket which serves him for every use ; when they have dined or supped, they wipe and return it : the one I had, before I was provided with my own, was lent me by the Frenchman who stood at my chair, and it gave my meat a strong flavour of tobacco. * * * * The hour for supper was between six and seven in the evening. As we dined so early, I gave myself no trouble about breakfast ; but after being there two or three days, one of the nuns delivered me a polite *billet* from Madame St. Claude, the Mother-abbess, requesting my company to partake of an English breakfast as she called it, to which the bearer added : « If you are ready, sir, I will do myself the honour to show you the way. » I instantly followed my conductress to a spacious apartment, where I found the lady with several of the sisters employed at needle-work. A table was placed in the middle of the room, on which stood two large silver coffee-pots, one quart and one-pint mug, a plentiful loaf of bread, a plate of butter and a

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knife ; on another plate, lay five or six slices of bread, not less than an inch thick each and half the circumference of the loaf, covered with a profusion of butter. Upon my entering, I paid my compliments to the eldest of the ladies (in which I happened to be right; she being the Gouvernante) and then to the others ; two chairs were immediately set to the table and Madame St. Claude desiring I would take my place, we both sat down. She then pointed to the coffee-pots telling me one contained tea, the other milk ; but, perceiving it was not to my taste, for the tea was black as ink, she assured me there was half a pint in the pot, and it had been well boiled with the water. I told her that it was rather too good for me, and that I should make a good repast of bread and milk. Hereupon I was not a little incommoded with apologies, and I remember she observes, ' that they are not accustomed to such diet, for that they never drink tea, except in cases of indisposition, to work as an emetic, when it is always boiled in water to render it as strong as possible.' * * * * I fared exceedingly well upon the other provision that was made for me, and spent nearly two hours most agreeably in « the society of this ancient lady and her virginal sisters. »

All this at Quebec, on the 11th of October, 1759.

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THE LOST OF THE "AUGUSTE."

FRENCH REFUGEES.

It was on the 22nd February, 1762; night's silent shades had long since closed round the grist mill of St. Jean Port Joly, County of L'Islet; the clock had just struck nine, when a tall man, in tattered garments, walked in and begged for a night's rest. Captain d'Haberville, as he was wont to do, when unoccupied, was seated in a corner of the room, his head depressed, evidently a prey to sombre thoughts. It requires considerable resolution to reconcile with poverty he, who was previously cradled in ease and luxury, especially when a numerous family depends on that man; still greater courage is needed to bear up with fate when misfortune cannot be traced to improvidence, expensive habits, prodigality, bad conduct, but is simply the result of uncontrolable events. The man whose folly causes his own downfall, whilst smarting under remorse, if he is reflective, soon discovers the expediency of speedily submitting to circumstances.

Captain d'Haberville felt no remorse; in the solitude of his heart, he would occasionally repeat to himself: « I cannot think I deserved such a heavy blow. O heaven! grant me strength; give me courage, since it has pleased you to smite me down. »

The voice of the stranger had caused the captain a thrilling emotion. Why? he did not know. Pausing a second, he said:

« My friend, you are welcome to stay here over night; you will also have your supper. My miller will provide you with a resting place in the mill. »

« Thanks, » replied the stranger, « but I am very exhausted; pray, give me a glass of spirits. »

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D'Haberville, feeling little inclined to divide with the unknown the scanty supply of brandy he kept on the premises, in case of sickness, said he had none.

« If you only knew who I am, d'Haberville, » listlessly rejoined the stranger, « you would give me the last drop of brandy you have in your house. »

The captain felt indignant at being thus familiarly addressed by a mere vagrant ; still there was something in the man's accent which convulsed him with emotion, and the indignant rebuke ready to escape, died on his lips.

At this moment Blanche, his daughter, entering the room, with a lighted candle, the whole family were struck with unutterable horror ; motionless, there stood in their presence a veritable skeleton, in height a giant, a hideous giant, whose bones seemed ready to burst through the skin. An emaciated countenance ; bloodless veins, from whence vampires seemed to have sucked the stream of life ; leaden pale eyes, like those of Banquo's ghost, *without speculation*, such was what remained of the Chevalier LaCorne de Saint Luc, one of the richest and most distinguished men in the colony, under French rule. One moment more and Captain d'Haberville flew into his arms.

« What, you here, my dear De Saint Luc ; why, the sight of my bitterest foe would cause me less horror ! Speak, speak, I beseech you. Tell us how our relatives, our dear friends have exchanged the deck of the *Auguste* for the insatiable deep, whilst you, the sole survivor, are now here to announce the harrowing tale. »

The unbroken silence of De Saint Luc, his downcast, sorrowful countenance, revealed more than words could utter.

« Accursed, then, be the tyrant » (1), roared out d'Haber-

(1) We give above a thrilling chapter of the "Canadians of old." Not the least interesting part of Mr. DeGaspé's work are the notes. "I have," says he, "attempted in this book to portray the misfortunes which the conquest brought on the greater portion of the Canadian *noblesse*, whose descendants, now forgotten, languish on the very soil which was once defended and soaked with the blood of their ancestors. Let those who say they were deficient in ability or energy, remember that their education and habits having been totally military, it was not easy to exchange them for new occupations.

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ville, » accursed be the man who, through hatred of the French, has been the means of wilfully consigning to a watery grave so many brave hearts, by compelling them to depart in the most stormy season of the year, in an old, unseaworthy vessel. »

« Instead of venting curses on your enemies, » said de Saint Luc, in a harsh tone, « thank heaven, that General Murray has granted you and yours, a reprieve of two years to dispose of your property and to return to France. »

The Chevalier then related all that had happened since the *Auguste* had sailed from Quebec, on the 15th October ; how, after a succession of storms, shipwreck, on the 15th November, had finally consigned to the depths of the ocean, the passengers and the crew, except six sailors ; how, the seven survivors had to dig graves for the unfortunate exiles, on the shores of Cape Briton, where the ship was stranded,—in all *one hundred and fourteen corpses ;* how, in the depth of winter, half clad and starving, he had travelled some sixteen hundred miles on snowshoes, after successively tiring out several Indian guides.

The reader will have recognized in this extract a translation of a passage from that charming volume, *Les Anciens Canadiens*, published, in 1863, by our respected townsman, P. A. DeGaspé, Esq., Seigneur of St. Jean Port Joly : himself, not a bad personification of the courteous, well-bred, feudal dignitary of former times. The loss of the ship which was conveying back to France, the expatriated Canadians, and the melancholy death of so many distinguished inhabitants, whom Governor Murray, it is said, had compelled to sail in the *Auguste*, naturally created considerable excitement amongst the friends and relatives of the victims, and contributed powerfully to render

" The old families who remained in Canada after the conquest, used to say that General James Murray, through hatred of the French, had insisted on their immediate expulsion ; that he had them put on board of an old condemned vessel, and that before they sailed he was constantly repeating, with an oath, " It is impossible to distinguish the victors from the vanquished when you see these damned Frenchmen pass, wearing their uniforms and swords." Such was the tradition in my youth. Happily, these times are far away and forgotten. "—(P. A. DeG.)

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the English governor, odious to the colonists. Amongst the victims, were Madame de Meziere,—a grand aunt of Mr. De Gaspé, and a daughter of the Baron de Longueil—; she perished with her child.

Mr. DeGaspé also furnishes a lively account of the interview of the Chevalier de la Corne with the governor of the colony, in the Château St. Louis. (1) How Governor Murray was

(1) The compilers of *Hawkin's Picture of Quebec*, the late gifted Andrew Stuart and the late Dr. J. C. Fisher, thus graphically describe the Château St. Louis :—" Few circumstances of discussion and enquiry are more interesting than the history and fate of ancient buildings, especially if we direct our attention to the fortunes and vicissitudes of those who were connected with them. The temper, genius and pursuits of an historical era are frequently delineated in the features of remarkable edifices : nor can any one contemplate them without experiencing curiosity concerning those who first formed the plan, and afterwards created and tenanted the structure. These observations apply particularly to the subject of this chapter.

The history of the ancient Castle of St. Lewis, or Fort of Quebec, for above two centuries, the seat of government in the province, affords subjects of great and stirring interest during its several periods. The hall of the old Fort, during the weakness of the colony, was often a scene of terror and despair at the inroads of the persevering and ferocious Iroquois ; who, having passed or overthrown all the outposts, more than once threatened the fort itself, and massacred some friendly Indians within sight of its walls. There, too, in intervals of peace, were laid those benevolent plans for the religious instruction and conversion of the savages, which at one time distinguished the policy of the ancient Governors. At a later era, when, under the protection of the French Kings, the Province had acquired the rudiments of military strength and power, the Castle of St. Lewis was remarkable as having been the site whence the French Governors exercised an immense sovereignty, extending from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, along the shores of that noble river, its magnificent lakes,—and down the course of the Mississippi, to its outlet at New Orleans. The banner which first streamed from the battlements of Quebec, was displayed from a chain of forts, which protected the settlements throughout this vast extent of country : keeping the English Colonies in constant alarm, and securing the fidelity of the Indian nations. During this period, the council chamber of the castle was the scene of many a midnight vigil,—many a long deliberation and deep-laid project,—to free the continent from the intrusion of the ancient rival of France, and assert throughout, the supremacy of the Gallic lily. At another era, subsequent to the surrender of Quebec to the British arms, and until the recognition of the independance of the United States, the extent of empire, of the government of which the Castle of Quebec was the principal seat, comprehended the whole American continent, north of Mexico ! It is astonishing to reflect for a moment, to how small, and, as to size, comparatively insignificant an island in the Atlantic ocean, this gigantic territory was once subject !

Here also was rendered to the representative of the French King, with all its ancient forms, the fealty and homage of the noblesse, and military retainers, who held possessions in the province under the Crown—a feudal ceremony, suited to

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moved to pity by the sight De Saint Luc's emaciated form presented. How he gradually softened towards the portion of the *old noblesse* which remained in the country, and eventually became the friend of the chevalier. This interview of De Saint Luc (1) and Captain d'Haberville is not an imaginary occurrence : it retraces what really did take place between Mr. De Gaspé's grandfather, Ignace Aubert DeGaspé, at one time a captain in the French navy, and the chevalier, as related to Mr. DeGaspé, some fifty years ago, by his aunt, Madame Bailly de Messein, who was about fifteen years of age when this occured.

We are thus brought face to face with those fierce spirits of the *ancien régime*, who, like the Sewells, Ogdens, Smiths, Robinsons, Jarvisses, and other United Empire Loyalists, later on, had preferred renouncing fortune, position, and

early times, which imposed a real and substantial obligation on those who performed it, not to be violated without forfeiture and dishonor. The King of Great Britain having succeeded to the rights of the French crown, this ceremony is still (in 1834) maintained.

Fealty and homage is rendered at this day by the Seigniors to the Governor, as the representative of the Sovereign in the following form : His Excellency being in full dress and seated in a state chair, surrounded by his staff, and attended by the Attorney General, the Seignior, in an evening dress and wearing a sword, is introduced into his presence by the Inspector General of the Royal Domain and Clerk of the Land Roll, and having delivered up his sword, and kneeling upon one knee before the Governor, places his right hand between his, and repeats the ancient oath of fidelity ; after which a solemn act is drawn up in a register, kept for that purpose, which is signed by the Governor and Seignior, and countersigned by the proper officers.

In England, it is also still performed by the Peers at the coronation of our Kings, in Westminster Abbey, although the ceremony is much curtailed of its former impressive observances.

The Castle of St. Lewis was in early times rather a strong hold of defence, than an embellished ornament of royalty. Seated on a tremendous precipice,—

On a rock whose haughty brow
Frown'd o'er St. Lawrences foaming tide—

and looking defiance to the utmost boldness of the assailant, nature lent her aid to the security of the position. The cliff on which it stood rises nearly two hundred feet in perpendicular height above the river. The Castle thus commanded on every side a most extensive prospect, and until the occupation of the higher ground to the south-west, afterwards called Cape Diamond, must have been the principal object among the buildings of the city.

(1) We follow in history and in old memoirs the subsequent career of the Chevalier de la Corne, and find him serving under General Burgoyne. There is a spirited letter still extant of the Chevalier to the General, in which he tells him hard truths, which will appear elsewhere.

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friends, to accepting a foreign yoke. It would be curious to follow up the destinies of the Canadian exiles : some, implicated in the Bigot frauds, returned to the mother country, to rot in the Bastile ; others, such as the DeLerys, culled laurels and titles in the wars of the Republic and of the first Empire (1) Possibly some of their grandchildren, now counts or barons under the new *régime,* (1863) enjoy the distinguished honor of an *entrée* to the *cercle impérial,* together with the privilege of mingling « *En Salambo,* » in the mazy waltz under the approving eye and bewitching smile of the *Grandes Dames de la Cour,* whilst others again remained in the colony and are now allied by marriage to some of England's best blood. (2)

(1) Some formed part of the distinguished Canadians who, on the 8th June, 1775, offered their services to Major Preston, at Montreal, to retake and hold Fort St. John, from the Americans, and effectually did so, on the 10th June, placing it into, the hands of a detachment of the 7th Reg. or Royal Fusileers, under Capt. Kineer. They were the Chevalier de Belestre, de Longueil, de Lotbinière, de Rouville, de Boucherville, de la Corne, de Labruère, de St. Ours, Perthuis, Hervieux, Gamelin, de Montigny, d'Eschambault and others. For this service, General Carleton publicly thanked them. In September of the same year, this party, with the assistance of a number of Quebec and Three Rivers volunteers, viz : Messrs. de Montesson, Duchesnay, de Rigouville, de Salaberry, de Tonancour, Beaubien, Demusseau, Moquin, Lamarque, Faucher and others, started for St. Johns, near Montreal, to relieve a detachment of the 7th and 26th regiments, then in charge of the fort, and who expected a siege, but after being beleaguered, the fort surrendered on 2nd November to General Montgomery. The Canadians and the soldiers were carried away prisoners of war—Congress refusing to exchange the Canadians, " *they being too much attached to the English government and too influential in their own country.* " Two, Messrs. Demontesson and de Rigouville, died prisoners of war; de la Corne, Perthuis and Beaubien, had been killed during the siege; de Lotbinière had an arm shot off; de Salaberry was twice wounded.

" Amongst those who garrissoned Fort St. John, was the unfortunate but brave Major André, of the 26th or Cameronian Regiment. " The fort was beseiged by a strong American force, under the gallant General Montgomery, and during November of 1775, Preston defended himself vigorously, amid severe snow storms, till he was compelled to capitulate, but upon honourable terms, " nearly 700 men surrendered ; but they were allowed their baggage and effects, the officers to retain their swords, the arms of the soldiers to be put in arm-chests and restored to them when the troubles were over. André, with all the other prisoners, was sent up the Lakes by the way of Ticonderoga inland ; but he soon after effected an exchange, though Major Preston would seem to have returned home. He was subsequently hanged as a spy, by orders of Washington's Court Marshal at Tappan, in the State of New York, on the 2nd Oct., 1780, when only in his twenty-ninth year. " (Army and Navy, Review for Feby. 1864, p. 32.)

(2) " A Montréal, le 26 août 1863, demoiselle Marie-Charlotte Lennox, fille de feu John Lennox, écuyer, major du premier bataillon du 60me régiment de Sa

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We are not, however, prepared to assert whether the departure of these proud aristocrats, tainted by the impure exhalations of the French court of the day, to whom Magna Charta and the institutions of a free people were unknown—we are not, we repeat, ready to say whether their voluntary exile was not a blessing instead of a loss, to the country. For the sake of the family honor, we hope and trust our ancestors were all they are cracked up. (1)

Let us thank that old hand which has seen seventy-eight summers and which, its owner says, « must soon be colder even than Canada's winters, » for having assisted in thus raising the veil on times little known, and graphically delineated the doings and sayings of the Murrays, (2) the Carletons,

Majesté, et de dame Marie-Maguerite la Corne de Chapt de Saint-Luc, son épouse. Cette demoiselle était, comme l'indiquent ces noms, d'une origine extrêmement distinguée, tant du côté paternel par lequel elle se rattachait à la noblesse anglaise, que du côté de sa mère qui descendait des meilleures familles de la noblesse canadienne-française.

Le Major Lennox, son père, était en effet fils de Lord Alexander Lennox et Comte Lennox et de Marche, et les familles historiques de Boucher de Boucherville, de Laperrière, de Contrecœur, de Lavaltrie, de Lanaudière, etc., étaient les alliées de M. la Corne de Chapt de Saint-Luc, l'ancêtre maternel de Mlle. Lennox. Devenue veuve, Madame Lennox, dont le souvenir n'est pas encore perdu dans la bonne société de Montreal et de tout le Canada, épousa en secondes noces feu M. le Commandeur Jacques Viger, premier Maire de Montréal, et si bien connu dans la littérature canadienne comme archéologue. "

Il est extrêmement pénible pour nous d'avoir à enregister la perte de quelque rejeton de ces nobles familles qui ont jeté tant de gloire sur notre pays, et qui font aujourd'hui la richesse de notre histoire.

(*Courrier du Canada*, 23 août 1863.)

(1) Mr. Senecal, one of the contributors to the *Revue Canadienne*, writes as follows to Mr. F. X. Garneau, of Quebec :—In a letter which M. le Comte de Montalembert did me the honor to write me on the subject of the *Revue Canadienne*, the following passage occurs : " I was particularly struck with a work entitled *Une Conclusion d'Histoire*, by Mr. Garneau. I shall willingly say with that patriotic writter " let the Canadians be faithful to themselves! " and I shall add : Let them console themselves for the separation, by the fortune of war, from the mother-country, with the reflection that this separation gave them rights and liberties which France knew not how to practice, to preserve, nor to regret. "

(2) Is there not some inaccuracy in the opinion here conveyed of the conduct and character of Brigadier General Murray ? It is possible that, like many others, the General may, on his arrival in Canada, have been misled in judging of the French Canadians ; but the State Papers he addressed to the imperial authorities in 1766, show what a favorable opinion he then entertained of the fidelity and honor of the Canadian *noblesse*.

Mr. De la Corne himself in his Journal states that on his arriving at Quebec

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the Haldimands, as well as those of the de Lanaudières, the la Cornes, the Babys, the Longueils, the Dunieres, &c., may

"Le General Murray nous y reçut avec toute la politesse imaginable; il n'épargna rien pour nous rendre la traversée agréable; nous fûmes comblés de promesses et d'effets de sa part.....je proposai au Général Murray de louer un bâtiment pour mon propre compte, ce qu'il me refusa par un motif de générosité."

These national antipathies, which fortunately are fast disappearing, formerly manifested themselves, sometimes very ludicrously. In the stormy days of the Ninety-two Resolutions, when the eloquent leader of the Commons of Canada Louis Joseph Papineau, was nightly carried home in triumph to his hotel, on the shoulders of an enthusiastic crowd, there were also in parliament Marchildons and Larwills, men of original views, but better acquainted with the plough or the anvil than with the amenities of social intercourse, and ever ready to fancy themselves slighted. It is related that an M. P. P., named Beaudoin, having receivep a card to a Château ball, made it his business to attend; the evening was sultry, and ice-cream in corresponding demand. The rustic legislator, whose palate had never come in contact with the frigid delicacy, soon came to the conclusion that what every one asked for, must be very desirable. "Waiter," said he, "*apportez moi, comment appelez-vous ça, ice-creme?*" "Yes sir," replied lacquey; and instanter, the Canadian Solon was provided with an ample plate of ice-cream, from which he transferred to his unsuspecting palate a large spoonful. But, O horror! his teeth immediately chattered from cold, as if he had a fit of ague. Boiling over with patriotic rage, he roared to the scared waiter, "*Pendard! si c'eut été pour un Anglais, tu l'aurais fait chauffer!*" "You abominable rascal! had you intended this for an Englishman, you would have taken the chill off!" The company from His Excellency downwards, were convulsed with laughter.

Some of my readers may not be conversant with the origin of the picturesque French expression, respecting *Roastbeef underdone.* "*Du bœuf qui beugle encore,*" the following may throw light on it. The ancestor of a respected Senator, Mr. Badelart, was one day dining at the Château St. Louis. His birth and education, were such that he could not behave otherwise than like a polite Frenchman.

Whether His Excellency wished to enjoy a quiet joke, or whether he wanted to treat his guest to the most juicy tid-bit on the dish, he had set aside for *monsieur*, a slice of very *rare* beef—which he warmly recommended. "*Mangez donc; mangez donc, mon ami*" said His Excellency, *c'est exquis.*"

Monsieur Badelart, who appears to have been but one degree less polite than the politest man in Lower Canada, the late Judge A. N. Morin, who on leaving the bench one sunny day, is said to have begged the pardon of the Chief Justice, his colleague, *for having trodden on his shaddow*, replied. "*Oui, oui, milord,*" *le bœuf est exquis: c'est un plat de roi. Il fait honneur au Canada, et à votre cuisinier,*" and then bending towards his neighbor with a pained expression of countenance, he groaned, then whispered in his ear. *Il beugle encore!*

The following humourous occurrence dates from that pastoral period previous to the insurrection of 1837-8. Let us hear Mr. H. Fabre: "Thirty odd years ago, when Parliament sat during the summer, the Gulf members came up to Quebec in schooners, and lodged in them all through the session. At about the same period, a *traineau* loaded with trunks and parcels arrived at the Parliament House, one fine day, just previous to the opening of the session,

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it be spared some time longer, and furnish us with more of those life-like sketches of « *Ancient Canadians.* »

(*Written in* 1863.)

and from it descended a stout countryman and his wife, who carefully examined the twenty-four windows of the buildings, and finally decided to rap at the door, which was immediately opened by one of the messengers. The countryman thereupon presented his compliments, stated that he was the member elect for the county of Berthier; that he had come with his wife to take his seat; and that he had brought his winter's provisions with him. He was consequently fully provided, but only wanted a cooking stove, and hoped that there would be one in his room. The messenger immediately saw through the primitive simplicity of his visitor, and gradually " drew him " out. He ascertained that the member for Berthier expected to find a room already prepared for him in the Parliament House, in which he and his wife could live throughout the winter, and subsist upon the provisions he had brought from his native village. The messenger grinned, you may be certain, and was finally forced to avow that there was no bed-rooms in the Parliament House for members. " The member for Berthier " thereupon gave his horse a smart lash with the whip and indignantly and forever, turned his back upon the Legislative Halls of the Province. "

To which let us add : *si non vero, e bene trovato.*

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" LE CHIEN D'OR. "

THE HISTORY OF AN OLD HOUSE.

Je suis un chien qui ronge l'os,
En le rongeant je prends mon repos,
Un jour viendra qui n'est pas venu,
Que je mordrai qui m'aura mordu.

1736.

On the site, were now looms out so majestically the glittering new Post Office, stood in 1871, an antiquated and massive stone structure ; a capacious building of an unpretending, nay an austere style of architecture, used since 1845 as the city Post Office. It did not in the remotest degree remind you of a palace, but seemed eminently adapted for a Haunted House. The legendary ivy which had mantled round it from its birth, with the lapse of time had overshadowed its walls with a most luxuriant growth.

Structures, hoary with years, get to assume a grave, an impressive aspect ; in their old walls, possibly may nestle the germ of more than one curious legend. Some of them are rich in that peculiar attraction—the halo of mystery, the echo of a forgotten past.

To their ruins, the shadowy dust of ages adheres ; that dust, when disturbed, resembles in some shape, the destiny of things human. What detaches itself reverts to mystery, and oblivion ; dissolves itself into impalpable air.

Undoubtedly, the house of the Golden Dog was one of the most remarkable of the many historical houses of Quebec. The dissimilarity of the periods it recalled ; the events which had marked the now distant era of French Dominion, as well as the painful and dark memories surviving, of (France) one of our former mother-countries : all contributed to lend to the

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house of the Golden Dog, a certain picturesque grace. Its very site was historical. It stood on the northern portion of the *Grande Place* or *Esplanade du Fort*, the southwestern part of which now constitutes the *Place d'Armes* or *Ring*. The street which it lined—Buade street—took its name from *Louis de Buade*, the sturdy old Count de Frontenac, who in 1690, inhabited the adjoining Castle St. Louis, far away from court intrigues. Scandal had associated his name, in youth with one of the peerless beauties of the French Court, Madame de Montespan, and his old age, with desertion on behalf of his proud, heartless and beautiful spouse, Anne de la Grange-Trianon! (1)

On the *Grande Place*, in 1658, the few doomed Hurons, who had escaped the dreadful butchery of 1649, on Lake Simcoe, had asked and obtained, leave to encamp, so that the guns of the Fort should protect them against the tomahawk of their merciless foes—the Iroquois. Then came a deed of blood of much later date. The assassination of Philibert by de Repentigny; it carries us also back to the epoch when our fore-fathers flourished under the lily-spangled banner of the Bourbons. It opened out vistas, as well suited to the pen of the novelist, as they were pregnant of research for the antiquarian. The romance, as composed by Auguste Soulard, esquire, and published in the *Répertoire National*, was a graceful and fanciful

(1) Curious stories according to Saint Simon, Margry, &c., circulated in France, respecting a *liaison* of the Count, when young with the Royal favorite, Madame de Montespan, when she was known as Mdlle. de Mortemart. Le Frontenac was sent out to Canada; in exile, some said, as the French King did not like to have near him, a successful rival in love. Louis XIV be it remembered, was not only *le Grand Monarque*, but at one time, was considered the handsomest man in France. Was it surprising he should be vain of his looks and *bonnes fortunes!* The Countess de Frontenac, had refused to accompany her liege Lord, who braved out his destiny in sombre grandeur, at the Château St. Louis, until death released him in 1698. "His body was enterred in the Recollet Church near the *Place d'Armes*; on the 6th Sept., 1796, this building became the prey of fire and some of the leaden coffins of the great folks it contained, having been melted by the flames, in one, within a small leaden box, was found, the heart of the Count. According to a tradition, says Frère Louis, the proud Countess, refused to receive this heart, which was sent to her in France, after her husband's death saying: that she did not wish to own dead, a heart which when alive belonged to an other. It was consequently sent back to Canada, and placed in the Count's coffin. (*Abbé Casgrain.*)

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effusion (1) This witty Barrister cut off so prematurely in the heyday of his success, especially as a *littérateur*, still lives agreeably in the memory of his *confrères*. There are few unacquainted with his *novelette*, whilst his critic, Mr. Jacques Viger, has exhibited remarkable acumen and a deep ac-

(1) We shall merely give the conclusion :

Nicolas Jacquin Philibert, was a Quebec merchant, somehow or other he had incurred the displeasure of the Intendant Bigot, perhaps for refusing to aid him in his peculations and extortions. The Intendant, in order to annoy Philibert, had billeted troops on him, and ordered a French lieutenant by name Pierre Legardeur, Sieur de Repentigny, to quarter on the Quebec merchant. This incensed M. Philibert very much, and when the lieutenant attempted to enter the house with the order, Philibert objected, saying he would have the order recalled, to which de Repentigny replied, " You are a fool. " A blow from a walking stick, was the answer. The officer then drew his sword, and inflicted on his opponent a wound, of which he died on the 21st January, 1748. The deadly thrust is supposed to have been given on the very steps of the Chien d'Or building, which he occupied. De Repentigny, in order to elude a criminal prosecution, escaped from Quebec, and retired to Nova Scotia, then called *Acadie*, where he applied to Louis XV for his pardon. Letters of reprieve and pardon were sent out from Paris, and de Repentigny returned to Quebec in 1749 with these letters, in order to meet any opposition which the widow Philibert might urge, when he should apply to the Superior Council of the colony to have them registered. Mrs. Philibert having been indemnified by pecuniary compensation for the loss of her husband, did not oppose the registration of De Repentigny's letters of indemnity. The French lieutenant remained in the colony, and had been promoted to a captaincy in 1760, at the time when he was serving under the Chevalier de Lévis. Everything seemed to presage to de Repentigny forgetfulness of the past, and a promising future : every one seemed to have forgotten Philibert's untimely end, and how the family's respected Chief had been cut off in the prime of manhood, and its prospects blighted forever, by the dastardly act of one of the Intendant's minions. All seemed to have forgotten these facts ; all, save one person, and this was a young man who had just seen twenty-three summers ; his name was Pierre Nicholas Philibert. Severe in his demeanor, studious and reserved in his habits, young Philibert had grown up to manhood, the chief support and consolation of his widowed mother. At times, several had remarked on his austere but beautiful face, a sombre expression, which would immediately melt into a subdued sadness, the real cause of which few seemed to suspect. Beloved, as he certainly was, by all who knew him, it was a mournful day for the forlorn widow, when, followed by some friends, she escorted her eldest son to the Lower Town wharf, on his way to old France to obtain a commission in the army. Whether he succeeded or not, does not appear.

Ten months after his departure, Madame Philibert one morning received a letter ; it came from Europe. On breaking the seal, the first words which met her eye were, as follows :—

" My Dearest Mother,—We are avenged ; my father's murderer is no more. "

The two had met at Pondicherry, in the East Indies. De Repentigny had fallen under a sword wound which young Philibert had inflicted on him in a duel.

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quaintance with dates : the only point worthy of remark, is that the grave critic appears to have taken the novel for history and critised it accordingly. (1)

As appears by the corner stone recently fonnd at the *Chien d'Or*, it was Nicholas Jacquin Philibert who caused this house to be erected, the 20th August, 1735. This corner stone is a singular relic. Under the date 1735 can be see the two capital letters P and H ; the space between the letters is taken up with a Greek or a St. Andrews cross, engraved in the stone and colored in red.

On the stone was found a lead plate with the following inscription :

NICOLAS IAQVIN
DIT PHILIBER
M'A POSE LE 2o AOVST
1735.

—

There were traces of the impression of coins on the lead, but these coins have not been found : either the masons engaged in the laying of the stone abstracted them, or some of those later since, engaged in repairing or altering the building may have done so. The lead plate, with the corner stone, are now deposited in the office of Mr. P. Gauvreau, Inspector of Public Works, Parliament House. On the stone where the date—1736—stands, under the inscription of the Golden Dog, can be seen traces of letters, with a cement adhereing, imitating the grey colour of the stone. It has been found impossible to reunite and reform the inscription, which must originally have been placed on this stone. According to Mr. J. Viger, the 21st of January, 1748, Nicholas Jacquin dit Philibert quarrelled with Pierre Legardeur, Sieur de Repentigny, respecting a military order billetting him on Philibert. From words came blows, and de Repentigny wounded his adversary mortally.

(1) There were also apparent traces of fire, on the walls when they were recently removed.

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In those fighting days of adventures and duels, when deeds of war, audacity or valour, made or unmade men, the blood of a fellow-creature was easily atoned for, especially if the transgressor bore a noble name and stood well at Court.

De Repentigny received the year following a pardon from King Louis XV, and returned from Acadia, whither he had retired. Philibert before dying had forgiven his murderer. The name of this same Pierre Legardeur, Sieur de Repentigny occurs amongst those officers serving under Chevalier de Lévi, at the battle of St. Foye, on 28th April, 1760. In *Hawkin's Historical Picture of Quebec*, published in 1834, occurs a plausible explanation of the enigmatical verses inscribed on the stone *basso-relievo* of the *Chien d'Or*. Mr. Begon, Intendant in New France, formerly a merchant in Bordeaux, had arrived in Quebec in 1712. Philibert quarrelled with him touching some claims which he had preferred against Government. Failing to make them good, Philibert caused the following words to be engraved over the front of his residence, beneath the likeness of a Dog Gnawing a Bone :

Je Svis Vn Chien Qvi Ronge Lo,
en le rongeant je prend mon Repos,
Vn tems viendra qvi n'est pas venv,
qve je morderay qvi m'avra mordv.
1736.

The artist, says Mr. Huot, who carved this dog was not a master in the art. We can safely pronounce him anything but a Praxitiles. Possibly he might have experienced surprise, had it then been predicted to him that his work would descend to posterity. The dog in the attitude of gnawing his bone, seems to have much too placid a countenance. Philibert more than likely found the emblematic *chien* much deficient in sullen fierceness, when the sculptor had given him the finishing touch.

If we are to credit some vague traditions, it was Philibert's widow, Marie Anne Guerin, the wife he had wedded on the 23rd Nov., 1733—who caused the sculptured stone and inscription to be affixed to the front of the house.

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Some fanciful writers have gone still further and have stated that a son of Philibert had gone to Europe to fight a duel with his father's murderer and that he had been killed by de Repentigny. If any such duel took place, it could not have been prior to 1760, since at that date de Repentigny was still in New France.

It seems impossible to unearth the truth, from under these old traditions. Here rests a store most ample of materials for the novelist.

Time lends to legendary lore, a most fragrant aroma, spreads flowers over tombs and gleams of poetry over common-place things long since forgotten. Alexandre Dumas who weaved a beautiful romance about the Tower of Nesle, could have found here the groundwork for an exciting tale, wherein that war-like period—the eighteenth century—with its dark deeds of blood and revenge, would have stood out in bold relief. If, on one hand, Philibert is a victim which moves us to pity ; on the other, it seems incomprehensible that de Repentigny should have drawn his sword about such an insignificant quarrel. Was it merely an ordinary instance of soldierlike brutality ? Was it a deed of personal revenge, or else, was de Repentigny merely the instrument, the sycophant of a mightier man ? What ever we choose to suppose, that drop of blood, lights up with sinister glare, the gloom of years which overshadows the old structure. So much for romance.

From 1775 to 1800, the *Chien d'Or* went under the name of « Freemason's Hall. » In 1775, Widow Prentice, whose late husband, Miles Prentice was of the Masonic craft, and a sergeant in Wolfe's army, kept there a celebrated *Coffee House*, frequented by the swells of the period. This is the same Miles Prentice who, as Prevost Marshal, was charged with arresting that dauntless agitator, the Huguenot DuCalvet, who patriotically claimed for his fellow subjects the *whole* of the privileges of British subjects. Ducalvet was confined in a cell in the Recollet Convent, then used as a prison for political offenders —(the Recollet Convent, burnt in 1796, stood partly where the English Cathedral, built in 1804, now stands) Miles Prentice had either a daughter or a niece of wondrous beauty,

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and in the bloom of youth. The immortal Nelson, then the youthful Commander of the *Albemarle*, a frigate of 26 guns, conveyed some merchantmen to Quebec in 1782, and was one of the *habitués* of Prentice's Hotel. He was so smitten with the Quebec « muffin, » that he offered her marriage, and firmly declared he would leave the service rather than be separated from his charmer.

Read in Southey, (1) and Lamartine's Biographies of the Naval Hero, the lively concern experienced by his Quebec friend A. Davidson, (some say Lymburner), when Nelson made known his rash resolve.

Had love prevailed, and marriage followed, with a retirement from the navy, would Nelson's destiny have been the same? Would he have immortalised his name at Aboukir and Trafalgar? Would he have been known to succeeding ages as the bulwark of England on the ocean? Would Napoleon's supremacy on land have extended to the sea?—for the most trivial incident makes or unmakes great men.

We read in the old numbers of the Quebec *Gazette*, and later on, in 1790, in the Quebec *Herald*, (2) with what zest our patriotic fathers, the Volunteer and Militia officers of 1775, used to celebrate each year the glorious anniversary of 31st Dec., 1775, when a handful of British and French Canadians with a few regulars repulsed Arnold at Sault-au-Matelot street, and Montgomery at Pres de Ville. They styled themselves the

(1) Robert Southey thus describes this curious incident in the life of his hero: "At Quebec, Nelson became acquainted with Alexander Davidson, by whose interference he was prevented from making what would be called an imprudent marriage. The *Albemarle* was about to leave the station, her captain had taken leave of friends, and was gone down the river to the place of anchorage, when the next morning, as Davidson was walking on the beach, to his surprise he saw Nelson coming back in his boat. Upon inquiring the cause of his re-appearance, Nelson took his arm, to walk towards the town. and told him he found it utterly impossible to leave Quebec without again seeing the woman whose society had contributed so much to his happiness there, and offering her his hand. 'If you do, said his friends, your utter ruin must follow.' 'Then, let it follow' cried Nelson, 'for I am resolved to do it'—'and I,' replied Davidson, 'am resolved you shall not.' Nelson, however, upon this occasion was less resolute than his friend, and suffered himself to be led back to the boat.—(*Life of Lord Nelson, by Rob. Southey L. L. D.*)

(2) Knox's Journal, vol. II, p. 149.

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Veterans' and held their annual dinner at the Merchants Coffee House. We are inclined to believe Prentice's Hotel, where Nelson and Montgomery had lounged, had also amongst its *habitués*, its fair share of veteran and military swells of the period.

Our old friend Mr. DeGaspé used to tell of a most singular suicide which took place in a room on the first story of the venerable Hall. A highly respectable and well-to-do merchant of Three Rivers of the name of Badeau, spending a few days in the city, had put up at the *Chien d'Or*. Whether it was during those gloomy November days—that season specially set aside by Englishmen to cut their throats—we cannot say. One morning the Trifluvian was found stone dead, hung by the neck to a large nail affixed to the wall;—

> And there he hung till he was dead,
> As any nail in town,
> For, though distress had cut him up;
> It could not cut him down.

The ominous nail, when the building was recently pulled down, was saved as a relic and is still in the possession of W. Sheppard, esquire, Post Office Inspector. The true cause of his death remains to this day unexplained. Here, resided also at the beginning of the century, Henry Blackstone, Coroner of Quebec, the talented son of that great english jurist, Sir William Blackstone.

Subsequently, we find the old house occupied as an auction-mart, next as a place of worship; afterwards, rented for the office of the *Mercury* newspaper and by the Quebec Provident and Savings Bank. Dr. Marsden and Dr. Rees, both held surgeries there. The *Mechanic Institute*, had their rooms in the second flat, whilst the basement, was used as a *Confectioner's* stand, by Henry Eaton, the son of the celebrated pedestrian. It had formed part of the Pozer estate, and the old millionaire, George Pozer, having resolved not to comply with the new municipal regulations and remove the stone steps which encroached on the street, stood protracted litigation on this point; he spent six months, attending the sittings of

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Parliament, in Kingston, to seek Legislative redress; there, he caught the cold which eventually carried him off—but his valued steps were doomed; they were removed.

In 1853, Government purchased it, for £4,000 from Geo. Alford, esquire, for a Post Office. Over the chief entrance, as of yore, we still see the mysterious golden dog crunching his bone, just over the bust of the founder of the city, Samuel de Champlain, and the busy crowd flowing daily past, to or from Mountain Hill, continues to gaze inquiringly at the emblematical dog, just as Captain John Knox, (1) gazed and wondered, at the inscription when, on the 18th September, 1759, de Ramsey's capitulation opened the city gates to British valor. Who will solve the mystery of the Golden Dog?

(1) Thursday last being the 31st of December, the VETERANS held their annual dinner at the Merchant's Coffee House, all of whom that health would permit were present, to the number of about 30. Songs, toasts, &c., of course. Information likewise adds, the worthy veterans have established themselves as a society; the officers appointed, we learn, are four stewards and a secretary; and that they conclude in future to meet twice a year.—*Quebec Herald*, 4th January, 1790.

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TID-BITS OF FEUDAL CUSTOMS AND RIGHTS.

(*Written in* 1863.)

Amongst the innumerable feudal burthens and medieval cobwebs which time or legislation have successively swept away in European communities, there existed a lordly privilege satyrised by Sterne, and of rather doubtful propriety. Traces of it were to be found, not only, in the realms of good Kings Evenus and Malcolm, in Scotland, and in the Welsh Chronicles, but also in France, Germany, England, Italy, Belgium, &c. It was one of those rights which one would be more apt to look for under the heading of *Droits Honorifiques*, than under that, of *Droits Utiles*. French writers designate it as *Droit de Jambage*, *Prélibation*, &c., and as I do not care to be too explicit in describing it, it will suffice to say that it had for its object, as many pretend, to confer on the lord of the manor the same rights which some royal Lotharios in France claimed in those marriage contracts « où le Roi a signé. » No *data* have yet been found whereby to establish that it ever existed in the colony : the chances are, that had its introduction taken place, the Canadian *Seigneur* would have fared as badly as those Piedmontese nobles, who, for a like attempt were, according to Guyot, (1) summarily hooted out of the kingdom. (2) That this right—high prerogative, if you prefer —which might have suited old King Solomon, appears in

(1) Guyot goes on to say that in times gone by, the clergy claimed an indemnity for commuting this feudal custom. Despeisses also mentions a singular case. If we accept their authority, how thankful we must feel to know that feudalism is dead and buried for ever. What a scandal it would be through the civilised world, if even the bare possibility could exist that the Archbishop of Canterbury, for instance, might claim so many " fat capons " at Michaelmas for refusing to avail himself of such a right !

(2) See Boëthius. *Scotorum Historiæ*, George Buchanan ; *Rerum Scoticorum Historia.*

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charters and grants, there can be no doubt: and although we do not see that the Seigniorial Tenure Commissioners paid much attention to it, when they recently sifted the matter, taking in consideration the manner in which existing rights have been dealt with, we may make ourselves quite easy that, if it did exist, the $800,000 provided in the budget of 1862, to indemnify seigniorial rights will be properly applied and distributed.

This right, it has been pretended, is inserted in the land patent of the representatives of a very illustrious Canadian house; I firmly believe, however, that never, even in his palmiest days, did this *Seigneur* think of availing himself of it. Anomalous as the right may appear, was it a whit less intolerable than several of the manifold exactions which (1) free-born

(1) I can scarcely forbear a smile when I hear the word mentioned, from its being connected with a very ludicrous recent incident. A sporting gentleman owning the fishing limits of the Jacques Cartier river, in order to secure efficient preservation of the inmates, imported an English game-keeper. The sturdy old Saxon rejoiced in the name of John Crisp. Mr. Crisp was indeed a character he was a hard hitter, a pugnacious soul,—the type of the sturdy race which the Norman duke had mercilessly crushed under his iron heel at Hastings: John came in this country with the feelings not of an equal, but of a conqueror, and concluded that as such, he would be exposed to the ill will and vengeance of the discendants of Frenchmen; he depicted to himself, the peaceful *habitant*, as a blood-thirsty savage, the sworn enemy to his race. Distended with english prejudices, nothing in Canada was as it ought to be. Even the ale was poisonous: he vowed that without his usual supply of London Stout, he would pine and die. Squire Crisp had to be watched each week. Mr. Crisp, to use his expression would "cook the goose Saturday and drink the gravy on Sunday"—which meant that he made himself very drunk at his Saturday dinner and carried the spree over the Sunday. His disordered imagination gave way to dispondency and finally to [illegible] *remens*. One thing however he took kindly to, that was the *wine of the country*, O. P. Whiskey. One of his hallucinations, was that Canada being an old Norman Colony, and the Norman race in the ascendant, a Saxon must necessarily be oppressed.

The absence of the "London Stout" so depressed the spirit of John, that he had to resort to the *wine of the country*, to keep them up, but all in vain; he unstrung his nerves and under the incipient d...t..., he once rose in the middle of the night and discharged his fowling piece, at two gate posts near his dwelling, swearing lustily at them, and calling them "D .....d French Canadians." At last he became quite dangerous, and his loyalty to the Queen was one morning abruptly interrupted by one of his English masters, with the help of some *habitant* clapping handcuffs on him, and picketing him for an hour before his tent, with a rope, until he could be removed. His imprecations then became sublime. "To think," he would exclaim, "of a free born Briton, picketed before a tent, with manacles

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Britons quietly endured at home, and abroad in their colonies, where they imported their institutions? Take Massachusetts and the other New England states, for instances; what would a citizen of the model republic now say, were it attempted to resuscitate the ancient order of things? What would be the feelings of a Nova Scotian, were his legislators to revive the tenure under which were originally granted the broad acres on which he prides himself to-day? On the other hand, what a glorious field for law-suits, what green pasturage for Chancery lawyers the revival of these old land charters would open! Why! it would be a perfect California for us, gentlemen of the long robe.

I shall now submit in a condensed form, an extract from an English royal charter; it is a most dainty tid-bit, which I can commend to the admirers of legal lore. Every one has heard of Nova Scotia knights; indeed, if I am well informed, we have one at present (1863) within the precincts of this city, (Sir J. D. H. Hay. 4) Few are aware of the marvellous array of rights and privileges contained in the charter creating them, granted in 1621 by James I. of England, and confirmed and re-enacted by Charles I., in 1625, in favor of Sir William Alexander de Menntrie, subsequently made Earl of Sterling. This precious document, written in Latin, covers twenty-four quarto pages. After enumerating the titles of the earl's lands in Nova Scotia, &c., it descends into the most minutes particulars concerning the rights vested in him over his vassals and tenants in his extensive domain, which comprised Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Cape Breton, St. John, Newfoundland, and even the Gaspé district. This royal grant divided Nova Scotia into one hundred and fifty fiefs or seigniories, and conferred on the mighty chieftain (who, by the bye, was also a

on his arms, like a felon, in a Canadian wilderness." Colonial habits did not suit Mr. John Crisp, and after a short time, the Atlantic steamer re-conveyed him to the land of the free.

(4) Sir James D. Hamilton Hay, for many years an attache of the Adjutant-General's branch of the Militia Department, died 30th July in the 73rd year of his age. He will be succeeded in the baronetcy by his son, Mr. H. C. Hay, of the Customs Department.

(*Ottawa Times, July*, 1873.)

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poet) the power to knight any one who would become the purchaser of any of his lots, which he valued each at two hundred pounds sterling. How pleasant it must have been for the land speculator, on signing his deed of sale, to have the auspicious words tingling in his ears : « Rise, Sir N. Fortunatus, » &c., or other words to the same effect. It has often been my lot to hear intelligent Britons commiserate most feelingly on the intolerable hardships which French charters imposed on the *benighted* French Canadians, but I have not yet had the good fortune to light on a French land patent embodying a greater number of exactions, restrictions and privileges in favor of the lord of the manor than the following charter, sanctioned by two English monarchs :—

« We also grant the possession of houses, buildings erected and to be erected, gardens, valleys, woods, swamps, roads, cross roads, ponds, streams, meadows, pasture lands, mills, the exclusive right to grind corn, the shooting of birds and wild animals, the right to fish, the right to turf and turf lands, coal and coal pits, rabbits and warrens, doves and dove cots, workshops, forges, heaths, wheat fields, forests, merchantable timber, small trees, quarries, limestone, courts of justice and their dependencies, the right to remit sentences, the right of receiving gifts in marriages, the right to erect gallows and gibbets, the right of *cul de fosse*, the right of franche court, of sokman, of sak, of thole, of thane, of infangthief, of outhangthief, (1) of outwark, of wavi, of week, of venysone, of pit and gallous, » &c., &c., &c. The Lord have mercy on the poor vassal or tenant who had to comply with all these exactions! it must have been doubtful to him whether his *soul* as well as his body did not belong to the earl, his omnipotent master.

So much for English charters. I shall now, in order to illustrate one of the peculiar institutions of the country, and for the benefit of non-legal readers, insert, as a sample, a *donation entre vifs*, in plain English, a deed of annuity, which I shall translate from a city paper, the *Courrier du Canada*. This form of donation was formerly and is still used by some

(1) This reminds one of the prerogatives of the Baron of Bradwardine.

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country notaries. It is unnecessary to remark what a fruitful source of litigation its contradictory stipulations must have furnished.

Before giving this legal gem, I shall, as a preliminary, relate in a few words what occurred to a wealthy Englishman who had acquired a large tract of land in the country parts of Canada, and who wanted more. Nothing was requisite to round off his estate but a small farm, owned by a very ancient Canadian lady; sell, she would not; but she agreed to dispossess herself if her rich neighbour would allow her an annuity of about £50; this amount was not to be paid in money; it was to be represented by the ordinary conditions of a *donation entre vifs*, the preparing of which was left to the village notary, (1) as is usual in such cases. When the French document was read, John Bull could make neither head nor tail of it, and instructed the notary to have a literal translation made; it was not quite Addisonian English, but it could be understood; the choleric Englishman restrained himself until the notary

(1) The *Boston Post*, notices a custom as existing in Canada, of which certainly little is ever heard, if it does exist:

RUNNING THE IGNOLEE.

Canada is the refuge of French antiquities driven from their native land by a relentless and radical civilization, among which, is the custom of "running the Ignolee," which originated twenty-five hundred years ago. Though this ceremony, which is druidical, would hardly be expected to wear so well in a land that professes to be Christian, it nevertheless was this year as sacredly observed among the French Canadians of the rural districts as two hundred years ago. Only a few years since it was allowed in Montreal, but the late influx of outside influence has smothered it there. Freya, the wife of Odin, the Saxon God, made all things swear not to harm Balder, the Sun, except the mistletoe, a plant so diminutive that she didn't think it worth noticing. Lake, god of evil, found out his weak point, however, and tearing up the mistletoe gave it to Oder, the blind god, who with it fatally pierced Balder. That was the fable, and it was to prevent Lake from slaying Balder that the Druids solemnly sought the oak trees and gathered the mistletoe from their boughs with the joyous cry, "Au guil'an neuf!" of which "La Ignolee" or "Guillannee is a corruption, meaning the mistletoe—the New Year. A company of young men now meet and serenade every house with a fanfaronade of tin horns and horse-fiddles. After greeting the host and hostess, the singers and instrumentalists beg a piece of ham with tail attached, called a "chignee," threatening in the event of a refusal, to take the oldest child of the family to the forest and roast it under the oak tree, where the dove and cuckoo sing. Druidism was introduced into Gaul seven hundred years before the birth of Christ, and its still vigorous rites show that a heathen plant may flourish in Christian soil.

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public arrived at that stipulation in the deed, whereby the donee (the Englishman) was required to « bind himself to harness the donor's (the old lady's) horse and drive her to the parish church, » when, quietly rising from his chair, he collared the notary and kicked him out.

AN OLD FRENCH DONATION.

« Amongst other things, the donor reserves for his use, an immortal horse, a cow which will never die, a ewe which renews herself forever, at the will of the donor; twenty minots of royal and merchantable wheat, good measure, made into flour, together with the bran, to be deposited in the garret of the donor and nowhere else ; a reasonable (1) pig weighing 200 lbs., without legs or head, but with its fat, and if any should be wanting, it shall be taken from another reasonable pig of the donee, where the fat is the thickest and where there are no bones ; also 15 lbs. of herbs salted, at proper season, and placed in a suitable cask ; also each year the young of the cow and of the ewe, whether they have any young or not. The horse, cow and ewe will be renewed when it is necessary, according to the wish and will of the donor, expressed or not expressed. The donee will wait at all times on the donor, in sickness and in health, whether the donor asks him to do so or not ; will go and fetch the priest and the physician *in extremis*—will drive them back, even should the donor die. The horse will be harnessed becomingly to a suitable vehicle with cushions and furs, in winter as well as in summer ; the donee will be bound to drive the donor to church on Sundays ; the donor shall also have a quarter of beef, or cow meat which the donee will kill himself, also a dead lamb, with its dependencies, just as if it were alive. The donor also reserves a bed ; but when he dies, he leaves the enjoyment thereof to the donee who will be bound to keep it neat and clean. » The

(1) " Un cochon raisonnable. " Very warm discussions used to ensue between donor and donee ; one insisted on a fat pig ; the other resolutely resisted the introduction of this clause, from the great expense and trouble to fatten the grunter ; the notary would then propose, by way of compromise, to insert a " reasonable pig. "

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phraseology of French Donations has been modernized, we subjoin an instance in point. (1)

(1) FIERI FACIAS.

Circuit Court—District of Joliette.

District of Joliette, to wit : No. 820. } PIERRE VENNE, farmer of the parish of St. Jacques, in the county of Montcalm, in the district of Joliette, Plaintiff; vs. EUSEBE BEAUCHAMP, farmer, of the parish of St. Alexis, district aforesaid, Defendant, and Messrs. Godin & Desrochers, plaintiff's attorneys.

A farm situate and being in the parish of St. Alexis aforesaid, containing three arpents and a half in front by twenty-two arpents in depth; bounded in front by the fief Bayeul, in rear by Placide Pinault, on one side by Solomon Chaput, and on the other by the heirs of the late Louis Riopel—with a house, barn and other buildings thereon erected.

Said farm being subject to the clauses, conditions and charges hereinafter mentioned, in favor of Dame Marie Anne Bourgeois, widow of the late Joseph Beauchamp, in his life time, farmer of the parish of St. Alexis aforesaid, the annual and life rent, *pension viagère*, each year, composed of what follows : Ten bushels of wheat, the half of a fat pig, said half not to weigh less than a hundred pounds, with the lard (*panne*), a lamb at her choice out of the purchaser's flock every year, a cow at the choice of the said Dame Marie Anne Bourgeois, the first that shall have calved, to be returned when she runs dry, and to be kept during the winter and pastured by the purchaser, replaced by another in the event of her death, sickness or illness such as to deprive the said Dame Marie Anne Bourgeois of the benefit of her; a half bushel of good peas for soup; four pounds of rice, three pounds of tea, twelve pounds of candles to the said Dame Marie Anne Bourgeois, a half pound ground pepper, a quarter of a pound of cinnamon and of allspice, a half pound of soda, four pounds of spring wool, as long as the said Dame Marie Anne Bourgeois, will be able to work the same herself, six ells of home-made linen, eight bushels of good sound potatoes fit to eat; fifteen cords of cord-wood, good and sound, whereof five cords must be of hard wood and ten cords of soft wood, split and put into the said Dame Marie Anne Bourgeois house, as required by her, three loads of dry wood for the oven, split into smalt pieces, a horse harnessed and unharnessed, with suitable vehicles for the different seasons of the year, with robes and cushions sufficient, and even to have her driven by a prudent person when she may desire, and to go wherever she may feel inclined and to take with her whomsoever she may wish to bring ;twenty-five pounds of maple sugar, a gallon of good maple syrup, seven and a half pounds of butter, six pounds of Canadian soap, three chickens, six dozen of eggs, three quarters of a bushel (*minot*) of salt; a good cloak of suitable stuff, well lined, a printed calico dress, a cobourg dress at her choice, two pairs of calfskin boots, every year, two pocket handkerchiefs a year, a bonnet *en gros de Naples*, two *mantlets*, two aprons, two woollen neck handkerchiefs, one cotton neck handkerchief every year, muslin caps (*calines de mallemolle*) every year, two cotton chemises.

The said articles to be of suitable quality and delivered to the said Dame Marie Anne Bourgeois, as demanded and required by her, the said rent payable at Michaelmas, of every year, and at the dead of the said Dame Marie Anne Bourgeois, the said rent shall be entirely extinct and amortized; and the arrears

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As I do not whish the reader to be carried away with the erroneous idea of the French Canadian notaries have the monopoly of bad grammar and barbarous phraseology, I shall close this hasty sketch with a curious but litteral quotation from a high English authority on the Law of Contracts ; it will serve to illustrate what extraordinary gibberish the learned ancestors of Englishmen used to convey their ideas in, and exceeds in quaintness the clauses of a *Donation entre vifs*. (1)

« Si jeo vend chivall que ad null oculus, la null action gist, auterment lou il ad un counterfeit, fau et bright eye ! » This being interpreted, means : « If I sell a horse that has lost an eye, no action lies against me for so doing ; but if I sell him with a false and counterfeit eye, then an action lieth. »

thereof shall belong to the said purchaser without his being held to account therefor to any person.

To be sold, subject as aforesaid, at the church door of the parish of St. Alexis, district aforesaid, on WEDNESDAY, the TWENTIETH day of FEBRUARY, at ELEVEN o'clock in the forenoon. The said writ returnable on the twenty-fourth day of February next.

B. H. LEPROHON,
Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office,
Joliette, 16th October, 1871.

(*Quebec Official Gazette*), 21st October, 1871.

(1) Southerne vs. Howe, Addison on Contracts ; American Edition, page 54, the note.

It would take me too long to show how, under this apparently incongruous terms, a great deal of sound meaning was conveyed.

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"LE DROIT DE GRENOUILLAGE,"

AND OTHER RIGHTS.

(*Written in* 1863.)

"Et le dit Sieur, en sa qualité de gentilhomme, a déclaré ne savoir signer."

In noting the march of civilisation in this, our young country, the patriot and the historian, amidst some causes of regret, will find more than one subject of legitimate pride. Canada, it cannot be denied, in the race of progress, open to all nations has in more cases than one, assumed a proud place, over some very boastful communities of the Old and the proudest of the New World.

Long before 1829, at the time when an important portion of the subjects of Britain, as Roman Catholics, were groaning under disabilities and penal statutes, an Irishman in Canada might be a man and a citizen, though he had the misfortune of being a R. C. The laws of Canada made no difference.

Thus again, the Colony had peaceably obliterated as early as 1803, the foul stain of domestic slavery— ; it took sixty years more, for our enlightened neighbors amidst scene of blood and fratricidal war to stamp out from their *free* constitution this plague spot.

Thus again, in 1832, a Canadian Parliament had decreed that a Jew was a man and a citizen, not only as a financier but civilly—this latter fact, all the hoary wisdom of Great Britain had not until lately, been able to discover ; and a Jew was a pariah in the Council Chamber of the nation—though he might be a Lord Mayor of London.

The early French, and afterwards the early English, allowed tis true, to grow on the tree of our nationality, branches, which with time assumed proportions altogether too vast and which

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cast a darksome shade all around : the Feudal Tenure and the Clergy Reserves.

The good-sense of the people guided by wise political leaders such as Lafontaine, Baldwin, Drummond, rid the country of this incubus in 1854.

Let us not, however, be too sweeping in our condemnation of the Seigniorial Tenure. Though burthensome to a country fully developed, some of its obligations were highly beneficial to a sparsely populated country—a poor community such as that of New France, at its birth. Who else, amongst the poor peasantry, but the *seigneur*, the Laird, could have built the *banal* mill for the parish?

This obligation was quite in favor of the *censitaire*.

Some of these rights, which came in the country with the Gallic Lily were curious in their rise ; curious, in their fall.

We are led to the present inquiry by the perusal of a cleverly written book, compiled by Louis Veuillot, *ex-rédacteur* of the *Univers*, a Paris newspaper recently suppressed by Napoléon III, the elect of thirty-two millions of free men, either because his people were not sufficiently advanced to have a free press, or that a free press was a *malum per se*.

But says the utilitarian practically, what have we in Canada to do with Louis Veuillot or his book ? Nothing, certainly, more than this : it contains, over and above, a most interesting controversy waged by the champion of the ultramontane party in France and the late Attorney General and present President of the Cour de Cassation, Mr. Dupin, on this occasion, the mouth-piece of the French Liberal party—a new confirmation of an opinion frequently set forth here, viz : *that the Feudal Tenure, in its mildest form only, was introduced into Canada*, although France, England and Germany for centuries groaned under it, in its most obnoxious features.

According to Veuillot those feudal barons, whom we depict to ourselves so intent on oppressing and so ready for trivial offences, to roast and quarter their unfortunate serfs, were in very many cases the very reverse of cruel ; nay, some were humane and considerate to a degree. He tells of some being quite satisfied with the gift of a pig, a goose, a sheep, for the

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right to pasture the whole flock on the domain of the landlord; sometimes their eccentric humors betrayed them into strange fancies. He shows us a *seigneur* in France, to whose manor the peasantry drove each year, in a vehicle drawn by four horses, a lark; in another locality, an egg was substituted. We are also told that at Boulogne the Benedictine monks of Saint Proculus exacted from those who had lease-hold property under them, the *steam* of a boiled capon; the operation was performed thus: on a fixed day in each year, the tenant drew near the table of the *seigneur*, bearing the boiled chicken between two dishes, when the upper dish was removed to allow the fumes to escape; this done he would remove the dish and the chicken. (1) He had acquitted his feudal service.

(1) We find several instances of tenures equally singular in England:—"A farm at Brookhouse, in Langsett, in the parish of Peniston, and county of York, pays yearly to Godfrey Bosville, Esq., a snow ball in midsummer and a red rose at Christmas."

William de Albemarle holds the manner of Loston "by the service of finding for his lord the king, two arrows and a loaf of *oat* bread, when he should hunt in the forest of Dartmore.

Solomon Attefield held land at Reperland and Atherton, in the county of Kent, upon condition "that as often as our lord the king would cross the sea, the said Solomon and heirs ought to go with him to hold his head on the sea if it was needful."

John Compes had the manor of Finchingfield given him by King Edward III, for the service of turning the spit at his coronation."

Geoffry Frumband held sixty acres of land in Wingfield, in the county of Suffolk, by the service of paying to our lord the king *two white doves*, yearly.

John de Roches holds the manor of Winterslow, in Wiltshire, by the service that when the king should abide at Clarendon, he should go into the butlery of the King's Palace there, and draw out of what vessel he chooses, as much wine as should be needful for making *a pitcher of claret*, which he should make at the king's expense; and that he should serve the king with a cup, and should have the vessel whence he took the wine, with all the wine then in it, together with the cup whence the king should drink the claret.

The town of Yarmouth is, by charter, bound to send the sheriff of Norwick *a hundred herrings*, which are to be baked in *twenty-four pies or paties*, and delivered to the lord of the manor of East Carlton, who is to convey them to the king.

At the coronation of James II., the lord of the manor of Heydon, in Essex, claimed to hold the *basin and ewer* to the king by virtue of one moiety, and the *towel* by virtue of the other moiety of the same manner, whenever the king washed before dinner, but the claim was allowed only as to the towel.

Sir Walter Scott gives the following anecdote relative to James V. of Scotland: "Another adventure, which had nearly cost James his life, is said to have taken place at the village of Cramond, near Edinburgh, where he had rendered his addresses acceptable to a pretty girl of the lower rank. Four or five persons,

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Now we do not wish to speak ill of Benedictine or any other monks, but we do state, without fear of contradiction, even by M. Veuillot, that at that remote period there existed many abbés, whose appetite was not satisfied merely from inhaling the steam of a boiled chicken.

Some of these feudal land owners, however, were right good fellows. It is recorded that before the year 1450, the peasantry of Vaulx, in Normandy, residing within five miles of the Abbey of the Holy Trinity of Caën, were annually treated, on the *fête* of the Holy Trinity, to a substantial repast within the walls of the monastery. The *carte de cuisine* stood thus: « They were first to wash their hands (not altogether a superfluous preliminary for laboring men); then all sat down, a cloth was spread before them; to each, was served out, a small loaf of bread weighing from twenty to twenty-two ounces, a square piece of pork six inches long, after which came a slice of grilled ham (*une ribelette de lart routy sur le greil*), a panikin of bread and milk, and cider and cervoesie *ad libitum* during a four hour's sitting. With such royal cheer and such considerate masters, it is not at all surprising to hear

whether relations or lovers of his mistress is uncertain, beset the disguised monarch, as he returned from his rendez-vous. Naturally gallant, and an admirable master of his weapon, the king took post on the high and narrow bridge over the Almond river, and defended himself bravely with his sword. A peasant, who was thrashing in a neighboring barn, come out upon the noise, and whether moved by compassion or by natural gallantry, took the weaker side, and laid about with his flail so effectually, as to disperse the assailants, well thrashed, even according to the letter. He then conducted the king into his barn, where his guest requested a basin and towel, to remove the stains of the broil. This being procured with difficulty, James employed himself in learning what was the summit of the deliverer's earthly wishes, and found that they were bounded by the desire of possessing, in property, the farm of Braehead, upon which he laboured as a bondsman. The lands chanced to belong to the crown, and James directed him to come to the Palace of Holly-Rood, and enquire for the guedeman (*i. e.* farmer) of Ballangeich, a name by which he was known in his excursions, and which answered to *Il Bondocani* of Haroun Alraschild. He presented himself accordingly, and found with due astonishment that he had saved his monarch's life, and that he was to be gratified with a crown-charter of the lands of Braehead, under the service of presenting an ewer, basin, and towel, for the king to wash his hands, when he shall happen to pass the Bridge of Cramond. In 1822, when George IV, came to Scotland, the descendant of this John Howison of Braehead, who still possesses the estate which was given to his ancestors, appeared at a solemn festival, and offered his Majesty water from a silver ewer." This gave rise to the old song "We'il gae nae mair a roving."

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a king of France—Louis X.—in 1315, after publishing edicts to liberate his subjects from the feudal servitude, complain that some of his people, being *ill advised*, preferred to remain as they were, to becoming free. A learned writer, Delisle, from these and other instances, concludes that several of the customs which now appear to us as the most obnoxious, were the very ones which in the feudal times were considered the lightest, as their performance was attended with no trouble. And to this class belonged the famous *Droit de Grenouillage*, the subject of Messrs. Dupin and Michelet's irreverent mirth. These writers had perversely furbished up some old worm eaten charters on whose authority they taxed the landed aristocracy of the middle ages with being in the habit of compelling their serfs to turn out on the wedding night of the lord of the manor, to beat the frog ponds, in order that his lordship's rest on such an auspicious occasion, might not be disturbed by the noisy croakings of the frogs ; and what was worse in the eyes of Veuillot, certain jolly friars, such as the Abbé de Luxeuil and the Abbé de Prüm, stood also charged with having required the performance of this sardanapalian service, not of course on their wedding night, (for none but bad *Abbés* married in those times), but whenever they resided in their domains, as the following lines showed :—

« Pâ ! Pâ ! rainotte, Pâ ! (silence, frogs, silence !)

« Voici monsieur l'abbé que Dieu gâ. (Near you rests, monsieur l'abbé, whom may heaven watch over.) »

Not only were the peasants compelled to beat the frog ponds, but during the operation, in order to keep themselves awake, they were expected to croak out (in a subdued voice, we should imagine) this cabalistic formula. The performance of the croaking service was confined to those vassals whose land had on that condition been freed from *servitude*. A large portion of the volume before us is taken up in discussing this custom, of which few instances can be found ; amongst others, the case of a drowsy German emperor is adduced, who having to sojourn over night in the village of Freinsenn, was threatened with being kept awake by the concerts of frogs ; fortunately for his Highness, the peasantry mustered in time and com-

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pelled Aristophanes ; noisy heroes to knock under, on which the mighty emperor freed his considerate vassals. Although it is said that at one time it was considered a special seigniorial privilege for a baronial benedict to sleep soundly on his wedding night, nothing exists to show that this is the real cause why Mynheer Deutchman had so highly prized his uninterrupted nap ; the probability is that he felt tired after travelling and wanted more than « forty winks. » (1)

Mr. Veuillot thinks that this *Droit de Grenouillage* was not a whit more humiliating than the obligation the ordinary seignior was under, to poor out drink for his superior, and his superior did not consider himself degraded for having to hold the shirt of his royal master when dressing. Counts and barons stood protracted law suits to enforce their rights to do homage to those above them, and these struggled as hard to get rid of an homage too expensive for them to keep up. When the Count of Cahors, who was also a bishop, approached his chief city, the Baron of Cessac was wont to precede him to a certain spot, indicated in old titles, where he was bound to meet him. Once there, he would dismount, and having saluted the prelate with his hat off, his right leg bare and wearing a slipper, he would take the bishop's mule by the bridle and

(1) Pity it is, the *Droit de Grenouillage* should be obsolete, especially in such a locality as Lake Beauport, where bull-frogs of fabulous size occasionally make the night sleepless with their *boomings*. The reader is reminded not to confound these plethoric individuals with the ordinary piping frog, *rana pipiens*, whose shrill squeak ceases about the 21st of June of each year, and who caused the cockney's mistake : " My dear parients, " wrote young hopeful to his relatives, in Cockneydom, the day after his arrival in Quebec, " Canada is a strange place : the country is swarming with papists. Gentleman leave, on their residences out of the city, a great deal of fine fire and furniture wood *uncut*. There is one peculiarity which struck me : the birds are not numerons, but some have a singularly loud song, and sing all night. Of this class is the Canadian nightingale, whose shrill note kept me awake all last night. I hope, however, to get accustomed to it in time. I am spending a day or two at a place called Lake Beauport. Your dutiful son. "

The most grotesque French *patois*, I ever heard was uttered on the Gaspé coast where Jersymen most congregate : " *Chumnum, ves tu me bailler cte brioche que vlà*, " once was adressed to me by a dashing young fisherman, asking me for the loan of a pocket knife—The veriest London clipper of *he*, could not beat that I thought—" I would like to know if a *h* and a *ho* and a *har* and a *hes* does not spell *orse*. I am blowed what does."

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thus lead it towards the cathedral, from thence to the episcopal palace, where he would wait on the bishop during dinner time; this performed he would retire, taking with him the bishop's mule and *silver plate*. This ceremony took place as late as 1604, for the Bishop Etienne de Poppian; it resulted in a law suit, which was adjudicated on by the parliament of Toulouse. The complaint preferred by the Baron de Cessac was that the silver plate used on this occasion was not suitable to the *status* of the parties concerned, nor in accordance with the terms of his charter. The court condemned the count to provide the baron with a gilt set of silver plate, or else its legitimate value *à dire d'experts*, due regard being had to the quality of the individuals and to the grandeur of the occasion. The *experts* decided that the value of the plate was 3,123 livres. Etienne de Poppian's successor, Pierre de Habert, tried to enter the city in 1627 without notifying the Baron de Cessac; the latter summoned him; the bishop pleaded that he was not liable; that it was optional with the seignior to require the presence of his vassal at any ceremony whatever; that the attendance herein alluded to, was particularly humbling for the vassal, for which reason he had dispensed him with it. The Baron de Cessac replied that it was a special prerogative of his to be allowed to attend on the count on his entry in his chief town, quoting various old Roman customs and Latin texts in support of his position. The bishop lost his suit in that court and in the Court of Appeals, and by decree (*arrêt*) of the 16th July, 1630, the baron was maintained in his cherished homage toward the count. Mr. Veuillot having shown pretty conclusively that all feudal rights and services were not necessarily oppressive and odious, discusses with his usual eloquence another feudal custom, which, if well authenticated, is undoubtedly one of the gravest charges against the morality of those times. This custom is known to old French writers as the *Droit de Jambage*; the apologist of the middle ages calls it simply *Droit du Seigneur*; he summons to his aid all his erudition, all his ingenuity, to explain off the *arrêts* and

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passages invoked by Messrs. Dupin and Michelet, with what degree of success the reader of his book can judge for himself.

Want of space compells us, albeit reluctantly, to adjourn this inquiry into the institutions of times gone by. We may again revert to it hereafter, but before concluding, we must, on the authority of Mr. Veuillot, and we do so with pleasure, deny the correctness of a charge frequently made respecting the penmanship of our ancestors, as embodied in the words prefacing this sketch, and said to be found at the end of several old deeds and charters :—« Le dit Sieur, en sa qualité de gentilhomme, a déclaré ne savoir signer. » A careful examination of many thousand deeds and charters enabled him to assert the contrary, most positively.

Since writing the foregoing, a friend has placed in our hands the pungent and elaborate reply which Mr. Veuillot's book has elicited from a French *savant*, under the heading, «*Refutation du Livre de M. Veuillot sur le Droit du Seigneur.* Par Jules Delpit» (1), a most wonderful repository of feudal lore.

In such a fiery controversy as the one raging between the two writers, and on which we merely look as disinterested outsiders, it would be presomptuous for us to decide who is right. Veuillot, as a pamphlet writer, a publicist, and the organ of what is denominated the clerical party in France, is undoubtedly a great name—a tower of strength to his party. On the other hand, the confident tone, biting irony, and formidable array of erudition, law quotations, old charters, *arrêts*, produced by his adversary, challenge enquiry and investigation. Jules Delpit asserts positively that the *Droit du Seigneur*, in its worst acceptation, existed in several European kingdoms, quotes *seventy-two* instances. We are quite satisfied, in approaching this subject, which to us, is of no actual moment, to inscribe over both combatants—

Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites.

(1) Jules Delpit, t'is said, is the *nom de plume*, under which the celebrated Mr. Dupin, with the aid of a very learned brother, replies to Mr. Veuillot.

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A REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

1758.

M. Luc de Chapt de la Corne Saint-Luc.

If there be an era in the primitive times of Canada, in which the martial spirit of its inhabitants shone forth more brightly than at others, of a verity it is that war-like period which immediately preceded the cession of the country by the French Crown, known to our historians as the « Seven years' war. » No where in the annals of the past, did the Canadian militia and volunteers exhibit greater endurance,—more perseverance,—more stout and successful resistance on many a hard-fought battle field. Though after all, it must have mattered little what the French commanders did achieve, having at their disposal merely a handful of regulars, aided by the new militia of the country and their Indian allies. France also had in those days its Goldwin Smiths : the colony was voted a bore ; and niggardly reinforcements sent out when the whim of the moment prompted—perhaps, not at all. Pitt had vowed to plant the flag of England on the summit of Cape Diamond. A gigantic army for those times, 50,000 men—including regulars, New England militia and savages—were to invade Canada at three points : the St. Lawrence,—the lakes,—the interior, under the guidance of Wolfe, Amherst, Haviland, Johnston.

Ardent admirers of General Levi, the victor of Murray, have ventured to assert that had this general, who had never suffered defeat, been present at the first battle of the Plains of Abraham, the fate of the colony would have been different ; however great the military genius of the hero of St. Foy may have been, and none are more ready than ourselves to render it due hommage, at best, he could in the face of the overwhelming forces sent merely have retarded the fall. At the time to which we allude (1758), with much larger armies in the field, a new system of warfare had, to a certain extent, superseded

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the old desultory mode of attack; the midnight raid and murderous assault of former times—with Indian allies as guides and sharp-shooters—still continued for both combatants to be a military necessity in bush fighting; but the large armies of Europeans, to whom the savages acted as pioneers and auxiliaries, in a measure served as a check on the atrocious and peculiar system of fighting of the latter, although a memorable exception to the rule occured in the Fort George tragedy; this outrage, however, was chiefly traceable to the effects of the ardent spirits purloined by the redskins from the English camp. Could we reasonably hold European commanders—English as well as French—responsible for the nameless horrors perpetrated on our soil by their Indian allies, one would be inclined to believe our European forefathers had left their humanity at home to act the savage on our shores. Take for instance the great Lachine massacre. On the 25th April, 1689, during a profound peace, 1500 savages stealthily surround, before day-break, the habitations at Lachine, nine miles from Montreal; the unsuspecting inmates are soon secured, slaughtered, in a few minutes a lurid conflagration alone marks the spot where once stood a smiling, happy village; men, women and children are sacrified indiscriminately. Some are burnt; others, disembowelled; mothers made to roast their live infants over the fire and to turn the spit; everywhere, groans, tortures, despair. Two hundred victims butchered in cold blood, all this accomplished in less than an hour. « Ils poussèrent, dit Charlevoix, la fureur même à des excès dont on ne les avait pas cru capables. Ils ouvraient le sein des femmes enceintes, pour arracher le fruit qu'elles portaient; ils mirent des enfants tous vivants à la broche et contraignirent les mères de les tourner pour les faire rôtir. Ils inventèrent quantités d'autres supplices inouïs et deux cents personnes de tout âge et de tout sexe périrent ainsi en moins d'une heure dans les plus affreux tourments. »

These scenes, Charlevoix relates, were repeated within one league of the city; only when these infuriated demons were satiated with human gore, did they retire with two hundred prisoners whom they afterwards burnt. The island

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of Montreal remained in their possession until the fall following. In October, an Indian ally of the French, whom they had tortured and mutilated, escaped and apprised the French that the Indians intended returning in the winter to have a repetition of these sickening horrors at the town of Three Rivers, after which Quebec was to be visited on the same errand; that, when they would have extirpated the French settlers to the last man, they would meet in the following spring an English fleet at Quebec, (no doubt Phipps' ships which did appear before Quebec in October, 1690.) Providence frustrated their dire designs. Of course, such doings were not confined to the allies of the New-Englanders. The savages in league with the French carried fire and the sword amidst the peaceful dwellers of the adjoining English provinces; Schenectady as well as Lachine has its bloody records. Our early history teems with such incidents. Happily the extension of the colony in 1758, and the rapidly-increasing power of the whites were calculated to render these scenes less frequent.

Apart from the several European commanders who acquired fame during the seven years' war, some of the settlers or *habitants* (1) of Canada became famous in battle. It is one of the most remarkable soldiers of that day we purpose sketching here—Mons. Luc de la Corne Saint-Luc, previously introduced to our notice in Mr. De Gaspé's book, *The Canadians of Old*, and in the *Maple Leaves*, as one of the few survivors in the shipwreck of the *Auguste*, in 1761, on its voyage to France with the French refugees. The career of de la Corne also commends itself to our attention from its analogy to that of other Canadians of later days: he fought as bravely under the flag of St. George, when it became that of his country, as he had done previously when the lily-spangled banner of the French monarch waived over the home of his youth. Being no utopian, la Corne cheerfully accepted the new *régime* under which his hitherto distracted country was destined to enjoy peace, liberty and progress. Being a man of rank, talent and

(1) *Habitants*: here is a word whose meaning has been singularly perverted. *Habitant* meant formerly the permanent settler, who came to *habiter le pays*, in contradistinction to the military and civil functionaries who were transient. The richest merchant might be a *habitant*: that is, a permanent resident.

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courage, high civil and military honors were soon within his reach. We purpose in this paper viewing the Chevalier de la Corne as a type of the *Canadians of Old*, the representative man of that thrilling era of 1758—Carillon and its glories—when every Canadian peasant was a soldier, the stirring times of 1759 when octogenarians flocked to the loved standard of France and boys begged to be allowed to shoulder the musket, when the parishes were so drained of their able-bodied men that the duties of husbandry devolved *entirely on the women and children.* History makes mention of two la Cornes. De la Corne La Colombière, who commanded in Acadia, and fought with success against the English in 1756; he returned to France at the time of the conquest and became the friend and companion of the famous naval commander, de Suffren, in his sea voyages. The other, the subject of this notice, la Corne de Saint-Luc, « a Chevalier de Saint Louis, » was a most influential personage both amongst the Canadians and amongst the Indian tribes, under French and under English rule; one of his first feats was the capture of Fort Clinton in 1747. He also, at the head of the Canadians and Indians, distinguished himself at the battle of Carillon (Ticonderoga), in 1758, where Abercrombie was defeated by Montcalm and Lévis; la Corne captured from the English general one hundred and fifty waggons of war stores. After serving through the hard-fought engagements of the campaign, we find him subsequently at the Battle of the Plains of Abraham; we thence follow him to Montreal, and see him under General Lévis at the head of his old friends, the Canadians and the Indians; in April following he was wounded at Murray's defeat on the St. Foye heights, and took a prominent part in the last victory of the French in Canada; a battle which permitted them, on leaving the country, to shake hands with their brave antagonists, the English. (1) In 1761, he decided to return with his brother, his children

(1) How singular are the fortunes of war! Wolfe, Amherst, and several other English officers, who, under the " butcher " Cumberland and under Ligonier had been disastrously defeated by Marshal Saxe, at Fontenoy and Laufeldt, met on the Plains of Abraham their old rivals, with Scotch Jacobites fighting on both sides. A few months later and the second battle of the Plains—a brilliant though bootless victory—again asserted the martial qualities of the French legions.

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and nephews to France, and, having *plenty* of ready money (some £6,000), he was on the eve of purchasing a vessel at Quebec, in September of that year for that purpose, when the generosity of General Murray made this unnecessary, and the *Auguste* was fitted up at Government expense. In this ill-starred ship, la Corne and one hundred and twenty of the chief persons in the colony, including several ladies, officers and soldiers, sailed on the 17th October, 1761. The chevalier has left an interesting Journal kept by himself, of the appalling disaster which befell the *Auguste* on the coast of Cape Breton, where the ship was stranded on the 15th November, 1761. This narrative (1), which has recently been published, is affecting from its truthfulness and simplicity ; no boasting, no flourishes of rhetoric in this short record of death and human suffering. On reading of the seven survivors,—out of one hundred and twenty-one souls,—slowly wending their way over the fog and snow-clad sea shore of *Isle Royale*, occasionally one dropping down benumbed, fatigued and exhausted, to sleep the long sleep of death, one is reminded of another gallant band who nearly a century later on, a few degrees closer to the pole, could be seen equally forlorn ; they too dropped down and died as they walked along the ice-clad strand ; « some were buried and some were not, » as the old Esquimaux woman stated to McClintock's party—the latter band was Sir John Franklin's devoted but despairing followers. We shall condense la Corne's narrative of the shipwreck. The ship struck on the 15th November ; la Corne and his six surviving companions, including the captain, were washed ashore in a boat, more dead than alive ; the 16th was employed in digging graves ; none of his children, none of the ladies had been saved ; the young, the fair, the highborn strewing in hideous confusion a rock-bound coast amidst fragments of the wreck,—in all one hundred and fourteen corpses. Such were the dismal objects which met the gaze of la Corne and of his fellow-sufferers on the morning of the 16th November. Amidst the roar of the sea and of the tempest, the last rites were per-

(1) Journal du Naufrage de l'*Auguste* par M. Luc de la Corne Saint-Luc en 1761—Côté et Cie., Québec.

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formed by the sorrowing parent, and on the 17th, with a feeling common to all they hurried from a spot in which everything reminded them of death, « *plurima mortis imago*, » and took to the woods, not knowing where they were; on the 17th a snow storm added to their misery; three of the party here gave out through fatigue, but la Corne, who all along appears as the leading spirit, urged them on, and with success; on the 25th, his Journal mentions, as a godsend, the discovery of some deserted huts;—in them, they found two dead men; on the 26th two more of the party gave out, and were reluctantly left behind with some provisions. Twelve inches of snow had fallen that day.

On the 3rd December, after a tedious tramp through the forest, not knowing where they were, they struck on the sea coast and discovered an old boat, unseaworthy; the captain of the *Auguste* set to work to caulk her, and matters seemed likely to assume a more hopeful aspect, when a fresh snow-storm nearly caused the destruction of the whole party. « Our provisions running short, » adds la Corne, « we had to live on wild berries and sea-weed. On the 4th, the storm having abated, we found our boat imbeded in the snow, but when we came to launch her, our captain, who until then had held out, declared he could go no further on account of the pains and ulcers he labored under; the three others mostly as bad, sided with him, and being alone, I was compelled, although suffering much less, to remain with them. I did not like to desert them, and we trusted to Providence, when two Indians made their appearance. Our men hailed them with loud cries and lamentations; in which I could catch the words ' have mercy on us. ' I was then smoking, a quiet spectator of this sorrowful scene. Our men mentioned my name, and the Indians greeted me warmly. I had on several occasions rendered service to these tribes. I learned that we were ninety miles from Louisbourg (Cap Breton). They told me they were ready to conduct me to St. Pierre. I had our men crossed over a river which was there, and I left with the Indians, for their wig-wam about three leagues distant. They gave me dried meat, and on the 5th, I returned to my friends. »

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Thence, we follow the hardy adventurer to Saint Pierre, to Labrador Bay, and finally we find him, in spite of all remontrance, starting in a birch canoe, in that inclement season, with two young men whom he had tempted to this fool-hardy enterprise, by offering them twenty-five louis d'or ; they afterwards landed at Cheda-Bouctou, and after encountering great privation, fatigue, and divers perilous adventures, he arrived at Fort Cumberland, formerly Fort Beauséjour, when after a short rest he continued his journey on foot, having worn out his strength and his snow shoes. The Témiscouata portage brought him subsequently to the lower parishes, then to Kamouraska ; and the night he spent at the Manor of Saint Jean-Port-Joly is graphically described in the *Canadians of Old*. He arrived at Quebec, on the 23rd February, laid an account of his shipwreck before General Murray, and left for Montreal to see General Gage. This iron-framed man closes his Journal by stating that the fatigues, dangers and starvation he was exposed to, were very great—that the circuitous road he followed led him to believe he must have walked at least 1650 miles in the severest season in the year, and unprovided with any succour. « I used to see my guides and companions, the Indians and Acadians, giving out after eight days' marching, and often, less. During all this time, I enjoyed excellent health, had no dread of the consequences, and fortunately withstood this excessive fatigue ; had I had guides as vigorous as myself, I would have saved one hundred and thirty pounds which it cost me, and I would have arrived earlier. » General Jeff. Amherst, then at New-York, wrote to the chevalier a feeling letter, dated 28th March, 1762, condoling with him on this melancholy shipwreck.

We have no hesitation in saying that this feat of human endurance, this journeying during a Canadian winter through forests,—over bays in a frail bark canoe and over a wilderness of snow on snow shoes, close on seventeen hundred miles, is almost without a parallel in modern times, and that we would be very unwilling to accept it as true, were it less authentically recorded.

The loss of family and friends, as previously stated, seems

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to have changed entirely the future plans of the chevalier ; he bid adieu to *La Belle France,* and made up his mind to live in Canada,—a British subject. We fail for a few years to trace clearly what occupations were followed by this singularly hardy man ; probably, with his compeers, the Rocheblave, De Rouville, St. Ours, Deschambault, De Belestre, De Lotbinière, he took part in politics. At the arrival of General Burgoyne, la Corne again, although close on seventy years of age, headed the militia and the Indian tribes, which Sir Guy Carleton sent to assist the newly arrived general. La Corne was present at several engagements during the war of independence, and probably would have rendered important services to the English general, but Burgoyne neither understood, nor took any pains, to understand the character of his Indian allies. Matters went on tolerably well, so long as the English commander met with success, but with reverses, discontent got to such a pitch in a short time, that the Indian tribes and the small number of Canadians, soon absolutely refused to be led on by a general about as fit to handle this arm of the service as Baron Dieskeau under French Rule, had shown himself twenty years before. The disgraceful capitulation of the English army at Saratoga to General Gates, was the crowning feat. In vain Burgoyne (1), on his return to England, and from his seat in Parliament, supported by a host of powerful friends, tried to explain off the shame he had brought on his brave army, by accusing others ; his violent, artful charges called forth a spirited letter from the Chevalier de la Corne, which appeared at

(1) John Burgoyne, an English general officer and dramatist, connected with this country in the former capacity, was the natural son of Lord Bingley, and entered early in the army. In 1762 he commanded a force sent into Portugal for the defence of that kingdom against the Spaniards. He also distinguished himself in the first American war by the taking of Ticonderoga, but was at last obliged to surrender with his army to General Gates at Saratoga. For this act he was much censured and condemned by all the English people. He was elected into the English Parliament for Preston, in Lancashire, but refusing to return to America pursuant to his convention, was ignominiously dismissed the service. He endeavored to exonerate himself, but without avail, in some pamphlets he published in defence of his conduct. As an author, he is more distinguished for his three dramas of the *Maid of the Oaks, Bon Ton,* and *The Heiress,* all in the line of what is usually called genteel comedy, they forming light and pleasing specimens. (*Morgan's Celebrated Canadians.*)

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the time in the English papers ; it being, doubtless, new to many English readers, a translation of this letter may prove acceptable :—

LE CHEVALIER DE SAINT.-LUC TO GENERAL BURGOYNE.

QUEBEC, 23rd October, 1778.

« SIR—I cannot say whether this letter will reach you ; if it should, it is written to express my surprise at your lack of memory, concerning myself and also concerning my companions-in-arms, the Canadians and the Indians.

« I am at a loss to guess your motive, unless it be to bury my name, with your own, in obscurity—an achievement beyond your power. I was known long before you had attained the position which furnished you the opportunity of ruining one of the finest armies which my country ever saw.

« You say, sir, that I was unable to afford you any information. I am glad you should be the means of informing the public that you never sought advice from me. Allow me, however, to tell you that I have served under general officers who honored me with their confidence ; men worthy of the position,—able to maintain their dignity,—distinguished by their abilities.

« You also charge me with having withdrawn from the army. You will permit me to inform you, sir, that those who, like myself, left it, did not, more than you, dread the perils of war. Fifty years' service will dispose of this charge. You, sir, better than any, know who made me leave the army ; it was yourself.

« The 16th August, 1777, the day of the Bennington affair, you sent me, through Major Campbell, an order to hold myself in readiness to start on the morning of the 17th with the Canadians and Indians, ahead of General Fraser's brigade, to post onrselves at Stillwater. But that same day M. de Lanaudière (1) informed you of the defeat of Lieut.-Col. Baüm's detachment, and of that of Lieut.-Col. Breyman, who had

(1) Luc de La Corne was with Guy Carleton and de la Naudière in the ship coming down to Quebec, in Nov. 1775, the *Gaspé*.—(*Sanguinet.*)

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advanced to support the latter. He apprised you that these two detachments had lost at least seven hundred men. You appeared to put little faith in his statements, and you told me the loss did not amount to one hundred and fifty men, although the real figure, showed that the first report was exact. Counter orders were then issued to the whole army which had intended to march on that day, and the next day we were made to cross North River, and, with General Fraser's brigade, to camp at Battenkill. The Indians, startled by your grand manœuvres, to which they were not accustomed, had noticed that you had sent no force either to collect the remnants of the *corps* dispersed at Bennington (some of whom, to my knowledge, returned to your camp five days after), or to succour the wounded, of which a portion were dying. This conduct of yours, sir, did not convey a very high idea of the care you would take of those who might fight under you. The indifference you exhibited to the fate of the Indians concerned in the Bennington encounter, to the extent of one hundred and fifty, had disgusted them very much ; a good number of them had fallen there, together with the irgreat chief, and out of the sixty-one Canadians, forty-one only had escaped.

« Bear in mind, sir, so that you may not form an erroneous opinion of this matter, what passed in council, when you represented our loss as trifling. I told you, on behalf of the Indians, whose interpreter you had made me, that they were very deserving. They said many things which it would have been useless to repeat ; amongst others, that they wished to speak their sentiments to you in plain terms. I warned you of what would be the final result. Finally, sir, their discontent became such that they left on the spot, although you refused to allow them provisions, shoes and an interpreter.

Two days subsequently, you had seen your error ; Brigadier Fraser had anticipated what would be the consequences of your acts towards the Indians. You then sent for me, and I had the honor to meet you in the tent of the brigadier, when you asked me to return to Canada, the bearer of despatches to General Carleton, to induce His Excellency to treat the Indians kindly and send them back to you. I did so, and I would have

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rejoined the army, if the communication had not been cut off. After that, of what use could I have been, I, whom you had represented as good for nothing, and as one of the Indians who had left the army. Ah ! sir, having ceased to be a general, do not at least cease to be a gentleman ! On the latter point, I am your equal. You bear the rank of a general, and I may not be your equal in talent, but I am your equal in birth, and claim to be treated as a gentleman.

« Be that as it may, sir, notwithstanding my advanced age (67 years), I am ready to cross the sea to justify myself before the King, my master, and before my country, of the unfounded charges you have heaped on me, but I am quite indifferent as to what you, personally, may think of me. »

A Legislative Councillor of Canada, in 1784, we find this sturdy old soldier at the ripe age of 74, equally ready in camp and in council,—manfully battling for the rights of his countrymen to enjoy all the privileges of British subjects, and siding against the old family compact,—remonstrating loudly but respectfully, and holding forth in the resolutions he proposed, in favor of the constitution of 1774. When the stern old Roman died does not appear ; he seems to have attained a very great age.

In a measure, are we not justified in saying of him what Clarendon wrote of Hampden, « that he was of an industry and a vigilance not to be tired out or wearied by the most laborious, and of parts not to imposed on by the most subtle and sharp,—of a personal courage equal to his best parts. » ?

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U. E. LOYALISTS.

« OUTLINE OF A FEW CONSPICUOUS U. E. LOYALISTS, WHO FLED TO NOVA SCOTIA AND UPPER CANADA AFTER THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION (1783), WITH PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF EARLY SETTLERS. »—*Parliamentary Manuscripts collected by Geo. Coventry, Esq.*

(*Reviewed in* 1864.)

The foregoing is a subject about which, I am loth to say, the bulk of the French Canadians, notwithstanding their knowledge of Canadian history, know very little ; in fact, those who have the courage to be candid, will promptly admit that in their minds a haze of uncertainty has hovered for a long time over the exact meaning of the word « U. E. Loyalist, » nor do they clearly understand what is meant by « Nova Scotia Knights. » They can readily tell you how many trips Jacques Cartier or Champlain made to New France ; of the thrashing General Levi gave General Murray on the Ste. Foye heights, in 1760 ; of the harrowing tale of the shipwrecked French refugees on Cape Breton in 1761 ; of the arbitrary banishment of the Acadians; but be cautious how you parade before their eyes the mystic combination « U. E. Loyalists ; » else, many will fancy you are attempting to enlist their sympathy in favor of some new Masonic order, mayhap an Orange lodge, or perchance some secret political organization, possibly like the Knights of the Golden Circle, or the D. M. D. (1) With all due deference to their historical lore, I see no cogent reason why the 10,000 English refugees who, Mr. Coventry tells us, « were the founders of the present prosperity of Upper Canada, » should be more ignored in the annals of this, our common country, than were the French refugees who returned to the parent state a century back. At their removal, honors

(1) Defenders of the Monroe Doctrine.

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were lavished on both classes by their respective sovereigns, and several of them have left their mark in history.

Before proceeding further in this inquiry, let us award our meed of praise to the enlightened statesmen who have been instrumental in rescuing from oblivion the memories of the brave and honorable men who, at the close of the American revolutionary struggle, made the western portion of Canada their home. To the late Hon. William Hamilton Merritt and to the Hon. James Morris, the descendants of these worthies owe a debt of gratitude for having procured the support and sanction of the legislature to the measures they devised in order to compile the important parliamentary papers and manuscripts now styled « The Simcoe Papers and Manuscripts relating to the U. E. Loyalists ; » and if I should venture to say that what has been collected can only be considered as a first instalment, it is not with the view of disparaging the labours of Mr. Coventry, the gentlemen employed by Parliament to transcriber these documents. Far from that, I merely wish to record my opinion, that compared to the rich mines of historical facts and data procured at government expense in France, in the United States and elsewhere, relating chiefly to Lower Canada, the Coventry Manuscripts appear but the forerunners of a comprehensive compilation necessary for a full history of that progressive western portion of the Canadas. Any one viewing what material the *Archives de la Guerre*, the *Archives de la Marine*, the *Albany State Documents*, the parish Registers of Lower Canada, and the old census tables of France have furnished to Mr. Faribault, Mr. Garneau, Mr. Bibaud, Mr. Tanguay and others, for the history of Lower Canada, will confess that our portion of the country has been dealt with most liberally. It is not every day, be it remembered, that a Lower Canadian is warranted in saying that Lower Canada has in one respect had a larger portion of the loaves and fishes than its sister province !

To prevent disappointment, let us, at the onset state, for the benefit of the 20,000 descendants of the famous 10,000 « founders of western prosperity, » that it is not in this short sketch, penned by a French Canadian in a leisure hour, that

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they are to look for the whole pedigree and domestic history of their worthy grandfathers.

Should the nephews of U. E. Loyalists be as kindly treated by the government of the day, *when Canada will be received as a Sovereign State, in the great Republic, some time about the year* 1964, as their fathers were by the house of Hanover in the last century, they will, indeed, be accounted a fortunate race.

Let us now hear Mr. Coventry, without adopting all his conclusions :

« Upper Canada may be said to have been founded by American Loyalists, who were driven from their country at the Revolutionary War. The whole country was a wilderness, as the French, who were the previous occupiers, had taken no pains to clear or colonize it. (1) 'Tis true that at Detroit, where they had a fort, they induced a few individuals to settle around, and also on the Canadian shore, the descendants of whom remain there to the present day. After the British flag triumphed, they remained unmolested, as well as those who chose to remain in the Lower Province.

« The great work, therefore, of subduing the forests and of bringing the rich tracts of land under cultivation, was left to the indomitable courage, energy, and perseverance of the settlers, protected and encouraged by the mother country.

« The principal object of the line of division of Canada, as established by Mr. Pitt's Act, was to place them, as a body, by themselves, and to allow them to be governed by laws more congenial than those which were deemed requisite for the French, on the St. Lawrence.

« This decision arose from the tenor of the Treaty of Capitulation at Montreal, which was on so liberal a scale that when finally ratified at Fontainebleau, the French (the Canadians, Mr. Coventry means) were to enjoy, unmolested, their own

(1) It is only necessary to refer to the chronicles of the past to ascertain whether or not the French took pains to colonize Few France.—*J. M. L.*

" If, says Warren, the French did not take particular pains to colonize Canada, they did not however by legislative enactment declare the cultivation of the soil a felony, as the English did in New-Found-Land. From M. H. Warren's *Lecture on the Fisheries*, p. 8.

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religion, their own laws, their civil rights, to retire when they pleased, and to dispose of their estates to British subjects.

« Of course they came under the general rules laid down by the British Government and Governor ; nor were they entitled to grants of land, which were so freely given to Loyalists and soldiers who had so bravely fought under the British flag. They continued to pursue their old-fashioned way of living, and for many years gave no political trouble.

« Previous to Mr. Pitt's Act coming into operation in 1791, many large grants of land were made, but the names of the parties were not registered in the Crown Land Department, nor were the locations known, as it frequently happened that such grants were sold and not taken up until many years afterwards. Consequently our information is very meagre relative to the progress of the colony whilst under military rule.

« There were no official surveys of lands until 1792, when about 20,000 acres were surveyed in York, Scarboro' and Cramahe. Old settlers, from the taking of Fort Niagara in 1759 to the above period, located where they pleased, with the grant of « Land Warrants, » which held good in after years by proof of possession and clearance.

« Some of the old settlers in the Niagara district have told me that the property they now hold has not been registered to this day ;—they hold possessien by prescriptive right, having been on their farms for upwards of eighty years.

« As our enquiry is confined to Upper Canada, we need not enter upon the surveys of the Lower Province ; suffice it to say, that after the Treaty of Fontainebleau, in 1763, the Crown was desirous to establish the boundary of the Roman Catholic grants. Consequently 5,000 acres were awarded to the Seminary Domain, and the outskirts of the city of Quebec parcelled out to the British settlers who remained with the government. Up to the year 1780, about 80,000 acres were surveyed by order of the British governors, part of which the government retained, and the remainder was given to the military. The rise and progress of a newly-settled country is at all times an interesting topic. Nothing affords so much entertaining information to young people as the adventures of

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Robinson Crusoe, the result of De Foe's fruitful imagination ; and the pleasing picture of Paul and Virginia, by Bernadin de St. Pierre, in the Mauritius, will be handed down to succeeding generations ; the result, however, of such utopean lives is of no practical use to families in the present organized state of society.

« Settlers in a Canadian wilderness had to bear the burthen and heat of the day ; had to exist by the sweat of their brow ; to undergo wonderful privations and to pass through realities which would scarcely be credited in a work of fiction. Still a century has passed and proved the truth of the assertions of Macaulay, that the British Colonies have become far mightier and wealthier than the realms which Cortez and Pizarro had added to the dominions of Charles the Fifth.

« The history of the country, therefore, during the last century, is eminently the history of physical, of moral and intellectual improvement.

« The history of the settlers ; the progress of agriculture, of horticulture, of the useful and ornamental ; the change in the habits and manners of the people ; the exchange of the spinning wheel for imported finery ; the daily luxury and comforts of the inhabitants, contrasted with the privations of their ancestors, will all form subjects of interesting moment in the results of our inquiries.

« The people having their daily duties to perform, with a constant succession of work from sunrise to sunset, were cut off from all intercourse with the world, and for months together never saw a white man's footstep around their dwellings. A solitary Indian occasionally crossed their grounds with whom they traded for skins and deer. They might almost literally be said to have existed in a state of nature ; old associations were their thoughts and the reflection that they were laying the foundation of prosperity for their children. The Bible they carried with them, formed their principal solace and consolation ; and their endeavors were blessed. The superstition so characteristic of the aborigines seemed to form no part of their existence. Their minds were constantly occupied with some useful work ; as the shades of evening drew around

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them, they retired, and in such sound 'sleep that a monarch would have envied. At that period, there was but one road through the country ; a sort of military highway leading from Toronto to Montreal, and an Indian path leading to Penetanguishine, where a fort was erected and garrisoned by a few soldiers. Between these two points, messages were sent backwards and forwards with unerring certainty by Indian guides, similar to David's and Solomon's running footmen.

« There was no money except that which Government dispensed for the pay of the troops.

« Those who were fortunate enough to have located in the vicinity of an encampment, or a fort, were liberally paid for their produce, and the cash was speedily put away in an old stocking, or locked up for posterity to gloat the eye upon.

« Thieves were unknown, and crime of any description was a rare occurrence.

« The Government was as liberal as the most fastidious could desire. It gave them land, tools, materials for building, the means of subsisting for two or three years, and to each of their children, as they became of age, two hundred acres of land. Families at the present day speak with pride, pleasure and thankfulness of the liberality of the British Government in affording them assistance in the wilderness ; they continued staunch and loyal to their sovereign, ever ready in any emergency to preserve untarnished the honor of the country. ' THANK GOD, I AM A TRUE BRITON ' was instilled into their mind from infancy. Intimately connected with the rise and progress of Upper Canada, there is an important class of settlers who demands our especial attention. I allude to the U. E. Loyalists.

« Those extraordinary men underwent the severest trials and privations for their determined loyalty to the House of Hanover.

« No one can have the slightest conception of the misery that civil war entails until after the perusal of Mr. Sabine's History ; every refined cruelty of which the human mind is susceptible was practised on those upholders of the cause of a limited monarchy.

« Doubtless, retaliation was, in a measure, the order of the

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day; so that scenes were daily witnessed as harrowing to a philanthropist as during the reign of terror in France, under Robespierre and Danton.

« The lives that were sacrificed during the seven years' struggle for independence, can never be ascertained; so that, rather than prolong the war, and to spare the further effusion of blood, the Minister adopted the humane principle of completing a treaty that was by no means satisfactory to the greater portion of enlightened politicians.

« Those who are interested in the history of nations, should by all means, obtain Mr. Sabine's useful and interesting work; but as it is now scarce, I shall subjoin a few notices of extraordinary characters who figure in the revolutionary struggle, who afterwards took refuge in Canada and Nova Scotia, who acted as pioneers in clearing the wilderness, and by perseverance and industry reared families whose descendants have since shone conspicious in the annals of the country. As Upper Canada had few actual settlers previous to the termination of American hostilities, nor any accommodation for the reception of refugees, we have to trace the stream of loyalists who made their escape to the shores of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, were they arrived in British ships by thousands, and afterwards branched out in divers directions, as they obtained grants of land in various sections of the colony.

« Some few came over by way of Niagara, under the auspices of Sir William Johnson, and afterwards under the administration of General Simcoe. Their history is extremely interesting, shewing the wonderful vicissitudes of human life, and may as beacons, help on those grumblers of the present day, who have not the same manliness, fortitude and presence of mind to meet the casualities incidental to the changes that at times, take place under every form of government.

« The loyalists officers, at the close of the war, retired on half-pay.

« This stipend they received during life, and they also received grants of land according to their rank.

« Many were appointed to responsible and lucrative civil offices, and some even administered the Government of the

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colony in which they resided : General Simcoe, for instance, who commanded the Queen's Rangers in the Revolutionary war. Nothing in the history of those extraordinary men is so remarkable as their longevity. Several lived to enjoy their pay for upwards of half a century ; so common among them were the ages of eighty and eighty-five, ninety and even ninety-five, that the saying became proverbial—' Loyalist half-pay officers never die. ' So courteous and liberal was the British Government, that even after the death of those old officers, many widows and orphans were recipients of various sums, amounting to between £20,000 and £30,000 per annum, (aye and as much as £50,000.)

« We have previously remarked that those who are curious to know the fate of from 7,000 to 10,000 loyalists should consult Mr. Sabine's valuable work.

« In our selection we shall notice a few conspicuous families who fled from the States at a very early period of Upper Canadian history. »

It is with those prefatory remarks that Mr. Coventry ushers in the bright galaxy of loyal men whose allegiance to the House of Hanover was so substantially (1) rewarded, whose orphans and widows, received as much as £50,000 per annum from the British Exchequer. Good olden time, Mr. Coventry ! Happy age that was ! Let us not, however, dwell on the sunny picture too long, lest it should call forth an invidious comparison between the treatment experienced by Governor Simcoe's and Sir William Johnston's friends, and that meted out to the patriotic reformers of abuses, in 1838-9, in Eastern and in Western Canada. They, too, were the sons of men who had stood up for Britain's flag in 1775 and 1812 ; but « let the dead past bury its dead. » The U. E. Loyalists were brave, let us honor them ; they sacrificed their comforts, their worldly means, to the shrine of consistency, and consistency is a jewel ; let us cherish their memory !

(1) The wealth and position of the colonists, who sacrificed their possessions in the Republican States, to adhere to the monarchy, may be estimated by the fact, that claims for the loss of property were allowed, by the Imperial Government, to 3,000 heads of families—the total of whose indemnity (apart from land grants) reached to about *ten millions sterling !* (*Adolphus Hist. of England*, Vol. III, p. 529.)

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But how shall we becomingly recount the odyssey of their sufferings in the wilds of Western Canada? How shall we depict their valor in war? Let Chrysler's Farm, let Lundy's Lane, let Queenston Heights; (1) let the battle fields of 1812-13-14 unfold their honored banners.

The Coventry Manuscripts contain sketches of the following U. E. Loyalists and early settlers of Upper Canada:

The Smiths, Gambles, Andersons, Jones, Lymans, Robinsons, Baldwins, Sir James McCaulay, Hon. John Wilson, John Strachan, Capt. James Dittrick, Roger Bates, Mrs. White, Joseph Brant, Thomas Horner, Hon. M. DeBoucherville, (2) Hon. John Stewart, Hon. W. Morris, Mohawk Chief Martin, Hon. Samuel Crane, Nicholas Browse, Jacob DeWitt, Hon. George Crookshank, Sir Joseph Brook, Hon. James Crooks, George Brouse, M.P.P.; Dr. Schoefield, Hon. John Molson, Hon. John McDonald, Thomas Merritt, Jacob Bowman, Hon. Henry Ruttan, Hon. John Elmsley, Chief Justice; Hon. Peter Russell, Administrator; Hon. Henry Allcock, Chief Justice; W. Weeks, M.P.P.; John White, Attorney-General; Mrs. Secord, of Chippewa; Col Clark, Port Dalhousie; Hon. W. Hamilton Merritt; Philemon Wright, the pioneer of the Ottawa; Rev. John Stuart, Frontenac; Tecumseh; Mrs. Clench, of Niagara; Mrs. John Gibson, of Grantham; John Kilburn; James Richardson, of Glover Hill; also a statement of the sufferings of the clergy at the American revolution. » These papers seem particularly interesting.

Out of such a rich casket of historical gems, who will dare to select? Here is a lively sketch of an Indian warrior, Tecumseh—the genuine product of an American forest: as such eminently fitted for the *Maple Leaves*. Here again are traits of devotion and disinterestedness, scraps of family history, feats of personal prowess, incidents of the battlefield; how shall I

(1) Accounts of these battles will be found in the Third Series of "*Maple Leaves*," published in 1864.

(2) Hon. Mr. DeBoucherville is a lineal descendant of the old Governor of Three Rivers, and founder of the village of DeBoucherville.

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crowd them in the narrow limits of this record of Canadian worth and Canadian gallantry? Yes, how? I acknowledge the idea distresses me much; enough at any rate for to day. But before closing, listen to the quaint gossip of a very worthy and ancient dame of some seventy-nine summers, Mrs. White. (1) « The Bay of Quinté was covered with ducks, of which we could obtain any quantity from the Indians. As to fish, they could be had by fishing with a scoup. I have often speared large salmon with a pitch fork. » « Now and then provisions ran very scanty; we fared no better than Frenchmen, there being plenty of bullfrogs. »

Good gracious! to think that after all the U. E. Loyalists were—veritable frog-eaters! « Eating bullfrogs a sumptuous fare! » Oh, Mrs. White! Mrs. White! However, there was just as excellent a reason for eating bullfrogs in Upper Canada in 1788, as there was for eating horse flesh (2) in Lower Canada some thirty years previously: *there was nothing else to eat.* (3) Let us continue. « This, » says Mrs.

(1) Reminiscences of Mrs. White, of White's Mills, near Cobourg.

(2) Montcalm had had 1500 horses slaughtered for the inhabitants of Canada in 1758.

(3) Dr. Canniff, of Toronto, in an interesting work furnishes details, on the settlement of Upper Canada, fully corroborating what is here stated:

" Sometimes, says he, the grain was crushed with an axe upon a flat stone. Many prepared a wooden mortar, by cutting a block of suitable length, about four feet, out of the trunk of a large tree, oak or maple. Sometimes it was the stump of a tree. In this, a cavity was formed, generally by heating a piece of iron, and placing it upon the end. In some quarters, a cannon ball from the garrison was used. By placing this, red hot, upon the wood, a hollow of sufficient depth could be made. These mortars, sometimes called ' Hominy Blocks ' and sometimes ' Plumping Mills, ' varied in size; sometimes holding only a few quarts, sometimes a bushel, or even more. The pestle or pounder, was made of the hardest wood, six or eight feet long, and eight inches in diameter at the bottom end; the top, sufficiently small to be spanned by the hand. The pestle was sometimes called the stamper; and the stump or block, with the pestle, was called the stump-mortar. Generally, it was by the unaided hand that the grinding was done; but after a time, a sweep pole was arranged, similar to a well pole, and a hard weighty substance being attached to the pole, much less strength was required to crush the grain; at the same time, a large quantity could be at once done. The work was generally done by two men. The grain thus pounded was generally Indian Corn, and occasionally wild rice. To crush wheat required much more labour, and a small mortar. The bran was separated from the flour by a horse hair sieve, one of which generally served a whole community, as they were possessed only by a few. This rude method continued for many years, especially

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White, « was the time of the famine, I think, in 1788; we were obliged to dig up our seed potatoes, after planting them, to eat. We never thought of these privations, but were always happy

in those township remote from the flouring mills. Frequently, an individual would possess an old mortar that would be used by a whole neighborhood. Mr. Diamond, of Belleville, a native of Fredericksburg, remembers, when a boy, to have accompanied his father 'to mill.' The mill was one of these larger mortars, which would contain a bushel of grain when being ground, but which would hold, even measure, two bushels. The grain was crushed by a sweep with a weight attached, of ten or twelve pounds.

"The year of the famine is spoken of sometimes as the 'scarce year,' sometimes as the 'hungry year,' or the 'hard summer.' The extreme distress seems to have commenced in the year 1787. With some, it lasted a part of a year; with others a year, and with others upwards of a year. The height of the distress was during the spring and early summer of 1788. But plenty to all, did not come till the summer of 1789. The writer has in his possession accounts of many instances of extreme suffering, during the famine, and for years after, through the ten townships. A few will here be given, as briefly as may be possible.

"One, who settled in the sixth township (who was subsequently a member of Parliament for twenty years), with wife and children, endured great suffering. Their flour being exhausted, he sent money to Quebec for some more flour, but his money was sent back; there was none to be had. The wife tried, as an experiment, to make bread out of some wheat bran, which was bought at a dollar a bushel. She failed to make bread, but it was eaten as a stir-about. Upon this, with Indian Cabbage, or 'Cale,' 'a plant with a large leaf,' also wild potatoes or ground nuts, the family lived for many a week. In the spring they procured some potatoes to plant, but the potato eye alone was planted, the other portion being reserved for food. One of the daughters, in her extreme hunger, digged up for days some of the potatoe rind and ate it. One day, her father caught her at it, and seized hold of her arm to punish her, for forgetting the requirements of the future, but he found her arms so emaciated that his heart melted in pity for the starving child. Others used to eat a plant called butter-nut, and another pig-weed. Children would steal out at night with stolen potatoes, and roast them at the burning log heap, and consider them a great treat. One individual has left the record that she used to allay the pangs of hunger by eating a little salt. But the majority of the settlers had no salt; and game and fish, when it could be caught, was eaten without that condiment. Even at a later date, salt was a scarce and dear article, as the following will show:—'Sydney, 20th November, 1792—Received from Mr. John Ferguson, one barrel of salt, for which I am to pay nine dollars.' (Signed), John German. Often when fish or game was caught, it was forthwith roasted without waiting to go home to have it dressed. As spring advanced, and the buds of the trees began to swell, they were gathered and eaten. Roots were digged out of the ground; the bark of certain trees was stripped off and consumed as food. One family lived for a fortnight on beech leaves. Everything that was supposed to be capable of alleviating the pangs of hunger, whether it yielded nutriment or not, was unhesitatingly used; and in the fifth township some were killed by eating poisonous roots. Beef bones were, in one neighbourhood, not only boiled and boiled again, but actually carried from house to house, to give a little taste to boiled bran, until there remained no taste in the boiling water. In the fourth township, upon the sunny side of a hill, was an early field of

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and cheerful. No unsettled minds; no political strife about church government, or squabling municipal councils. We left everything to our faithful Governor (1). I have often heard my father

grain, and to this they came, from far and near, to eat the milk-like heads of grain, so soon as they had sufficiently grown, which were boiled and eaten. The daughter of the man who owned the field, gladly gave to all, still remains with us, then she was in the freshness of her girlhood; now, she is in the autumn of a green old age, nearly a hundred. She remembers to have seen them cutting the young succulent grain, to use her own words, 'as thick as stumps.' This young grain was a common dish, all along the Bay, until it became ripe. One family lived several months solely on boiled oats. One day, a man came to the door of a house in Adolphustown, with a bag, and a piece of 'calamink,' to exchange for flour. But the flour was low, and the future doubtful, and none could be spared. The man turned away with tears of anguish rolling down his face. The kind woman gave him a few pounds of flour; he begged to be allowed to add some bran lying on the floor, which was permitted, and he went his way.

(1) "Let us do justice to the memory of a really great man; that first Governor (Simcoe) was no mere soldier. While his military designs entitled him to rank with Wolfe and Brock, as the preserver of Canada to the Crown of Great Britain, his large views of civil policy went far beyond all the men—civilians by profession—who have been entrusted with the supreme direction of affairs in this country. I was glad to see that at the great pioneer festival held at London a few weeks ago, the name of General Simcoe was not forgotten, for it is a name that must always remain inscribed on the corner stone of the history of Western Canada. I do not know a more interesting or instructive picture of any Canadian Governor, not even that which Peter Kalm gave, in 1745, of the renowned Marquis de la Gallissonière, than is given by the Duke de la Rochefoucault Liencourt, of Lieut.-Governor Simcoe, in his travels in North America in the year 1795. The French Duke found Upper Canada 'a new country, or rather,' he says, 'a country about to be formed;' and the Governor, 'a man of independent fortune,' whose only incitement to accept the office was the hope of thereby rendering a great service to his native land. 'Governor Simcoe,' he says, 'was of opinion that not only would Upper Canada be found quite able to sustain all her own inhabitants, but that she might become a granary to England'—a statesmen's hope which has been fully realized! De la Rochefoucault describes an incident of his rule, which came under his own notice. 'We met,' he says (speaking of an excursion he made with the Governor beyond Niagara), 'an American family, who, with some oxen, cows and sheep, were coming to Canada.' 'We come, said they to the Governor'—whom they did not know—'to see whether he will give us land.' 'Aye, aye,' the Governor replied, 'you have tired of the Federal government; you like no longer to have so many kings, you wish again for your old father:' (it is thus the Governor calls the British monarch when he speaks with Americans); 'you are perfectly right; come along, we love such good royalists as you are; we will give you land.' Such, sir, was the spirit of the founder of Upper Canada—such was the beneficient policy which breathed into that soulless wilderness, the breath of life: and lo! your country became a living spirit. 'Come along! we like such good royalists as you are; we will give you land!' This was the policy of Governor Simcoe, three-quarters of a century ago—a policy which rebukes and puts to shame the narrow, illusory and vexatious quac-

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and my mother say that they had no cause of complaint in any shape, and were always thankful to the Government for its kind assistance in the hour of need. Of an evening, my father would make shoes of deer skin for the children, and my mother, make home-spun dressess. We had no doctors, no lawyers, no state clergy. We had prayers at home, and put our trust in Providence. An old woman in the next clearance was chief physician to the surrounding country, as it gradually settled. A tree fell one day and hurt mother's back very much ; we sent for the old woman, who came, steeped some wheat, made lye and applied it very hot in a flannel ; in a very short time she was as well as ever. Flax was cultivated in those halcyon days. One year we grew 700 cwt. ; we spun and wove it into wearing apparel and table linen. It lasted a long time. A handy fellow came along and made us our chamber looms, so that we might work away. We had no occasion for imported finery ; —if we had, we could not have procured any. As the girls grew up and settlers came round, a wedding occasionally took place. There was but one minister, a Presbyterian, named Robert McDonald, a kind, warm-hearted man, who came on horseback through the woods from Kingston, and when he saw smoke from a house he straight made up to the residence, where he was always welcome. He had a most powerful voice ; when he became excited, he could be heard a mile off. All who were inclined to marry, he spliced, with many a kind word to the young folks—, « that they were sure to prosper by industry and perseverance. » He married Mr. White and myself.

« When the other girls would smirk and look pleasant at him, and think him a great benefactor, he would chuck them under the chin and say—, 't will soon be your turn. ' »

Further on Mrs. White speaks of steamboats and railroads, with much greater respect, however, than the late Mr. Marchildon, M.P.P.. and winds up this picture of a Canadian Arcadia, by saying— «Give me the spinning wheel days, when

kery which obstructs the settlement of our remaining land at this moment, and stands sentry for barbarism in the North-West. "—Hon. T. D. McGee's *Letter to Dr. Parker, in* 1863.

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girls were proud to wear a home-spun dress of their own spinning and weaving, not dreaming of high-heeled boots, thin shoes, hoops and crinoline, and salt-cellar bonnets. »

We shall add : Grecian Bends—Saratoga waterfalls and Chignons :

THE « U. E. » LOYALISTS.

" A Volunteer " writes (*The Morning Chronicle*) as follows, viz :—

" Among the many communications which have graced your journal, and for which we are indebted to the facile pen of our respected townsman, J. M. Le Moine, there are few who possess so great an interest for us Anglo-Saxons, born on the soil, as the subject matter of Mr. LeMoine's letter of yesterday. Our fathers, through good and through evil report, stood firm in their allegiance to the British flag, and shed their blood in many a well-fought field. Is there no history of the Provincial corps, raised in the different revolted states, which fought by the side of the British regulars ? Are there no returns on file in the War Office, showing when and were these different corps were raised ; how they were commanded and officered, and what battles they fought ? What officers survived the war, and chose Lower Canada as their home ? Have we no Napier, to write in full the history of the U. E. Loyalists. ?

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FRASER'S HIGHLANDERS

BEFORE QUEBEC IN 1759.

The return to Quebec, on the 21st July, 1867, of the celebrated 78th—who were so lavish of their blood in securing the supremacy of Britain in North America, during the war of 1759, must necessarily evoke from the past many memories. A short sketch of the career of the corps during those fighting times, is likely, we believe, to possess interest not only for the Regt. itself, but also for the public at large. The 78th, originally formed in 1757 (1) was disbanded (1764) after the

(1) List of officers of Fraser's Highlanders, commissions dated, 5th January, 1757 :

Lieut.-Col. Commandant.—Honorable Simon Fraser, died Lieutenant-General in 1782.

Majors.—James Clephane ; John Campbell, of Dunoon, afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding the Campbell Highlanders in Germany.

Captains.—John MacPherson, brother of Clunie ; John Campbell, of Ballimore ; Simon Fraser, of Inverlochy, killed on the Heights of Abraham in 1759 ; Donald Macdonald, brother of Clanronald, killed at Sillery 1760 ; John Macdonell, of Lochgarry, afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel of the 76th, or Macdonald's Regiment, died in 1789, Colonel ; Alexander Cameron, of Dungallon ; Thomas Ross, of Culrossie, killed on the Heights of Abraham ; Alexander Fraser, of Culduthel ; Sir Henry Seton, of Abercorn, Baronet ; James Fraser, of Belladrum ; Simon Fraser, *Captain-Lieutenant*, died a Lieutenant-General in 1812.

Lieutenants.—Alexander MacLeod, Hugh Cameron, Ronald Macdonald, of Keppoch ; Charles Macdonell, of Glengarry, killed at St. John's ; Roderick Macneill, of Bara, killed on the Heights of Abraham ; William Macdonell ; Archibald Campbell, son of Glenlyon ; John Fraser, of Balnain ; Hector Macdonald, brother to Boisdale, killed in 1759 ; Allan Stewart, son of Innernaheill ; John Fraser ; Alexander Macdonell, son of Borrisdale, killed on the Heights of Abraham ; Alexander Fraser, killed at Louisbourg ; Alexander Campbell, of Aross ; John Douglass ; John Nairn ; Arthur Rose, of the family of Kilravoch ; Alexander Fraser ; John Macdonell, of Leeks, died at Berwick, 1818 ; Cosmo Gordon, killed at Sillery in 1760 ; David Baillie, killed at Louisbourg ; Charles Stewart, son of Colonel John Roy Stewart ; Ewen Cameron, of the family of Glenevis ; Allan Cameron ; John Cuthbert, killed at Louisbourg ; Simon Fraser, Archibald Macalister, of the family of Loup ; James Murray, killed at Louisbourg ; Donald Cameron, son of Fassafearn, died on half pay, 1817.

Ensigns : John Chisholm ; John Fraser, of Errogie ; Simon Fraser ; James Mac-

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capture of Quebec, several of its officers obtaining grants of large tracts of country, Seigniories, owned to this day by their descendants;—A great portion of the soldiers intermarryed and settled permanently in the colony. The countless clan of Fraser's all over the Province, retraces back to that source. The Warrens, McNicolls, Nairns, Campbells, Macdonalds, Harveys, MacLeans, Blackburns, MacNeils, Camerons, of Murray Bay, Isle aux Coudres, Rivière du Loup, Montmagny, have also to go back to Fraser's Highlanders for their progenitors. The regiment was again raised in Scotland, to meet the exigencies of the American rebellion, in 1778, by the restored Earl of Seaforth, from his estates, in gratitude for the favors conferred upon him by his Sovereign. About a thousand men were then enlisted in Rosshire, from among the MacKenzies and the Macraes, and the latter clansmen formed so large a portion of the corps that it became known, by their name. There is a singular story told respecting the enrolment of the regiment, illustrative of the wild independence of these mountaineers. It is called the « Affair of the wild Macraws. » Want of space prevents its insertion. This fine body of men were again disbanded, we are told, after the close of Napoleon the I's, great continental wars. It had served with distinction in many part of the world, notably in India, in 1781. Has it not also won imperishable laurels during the late India mutiny, (1858) under the gallant Havelock at Cawnpore and elsewhere ? Its colors bear glorious names. Let us, however, restrict our review of the doings of the regiment to its feats on Canadian soil. The following is collated from the most reliable historical sources, for the period in question :

« About ten years after the battle of Culloden, which terminated the unlucky rising of 1745, Mr. Pitt, observing with a liberal and statesmanlike eye, the spirit of loyalty towards those who placed confidence in them, which was the distin-

kenzie; Malcolm Fraser, afterwards Captain 84th Regiment, or Royal Emigrants; Donald Macneill, Henry Munro; Hugh Fraser, afterwards Captain 84th Regt.; Alexander Gregorson, Ardtornish; James Henderson; Robert Menzies; John Campbell.

Chaplain, Reverend Robert MacPerson; Adjutant, Hugh Fraser; Quartermaster, John Fraser; Surgeon, John McLean.

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guishing characteristic of the Highland clans, resolved to employ them in the foreign service of Great Britain, under the command of officers chosen from the most esteemed Scotish families. He knew the chiefs could be depended upon where their faith was engaged ; and he was aware of the devotion with which the clansman followed the fortunes of his chieftain. The experiment succeeded to the fullest extent ; Mr. Pitt had the merit of drawing into the British service a hardy and intrepid race of men who served the Crown with fidelity—who fought with valor, and who conquered for England in every part of the world. Following up this enlightened policy in 1757, the Honorable Simon Fraser, who had himself been engaged in the rebellion, and whose father, Lord Lovat, had been beheaded for high treason, on Tower Hill, was appointed Lieutenant Colonel Commandant of a Battalion, to be raised upon the forfeited estates of his own family, then vested in the Crown. Without estate, money, or influence, beyond the hereditary attachment of his clan, the Master of Lovat found himself in a few weeks at the head of eight hundred men, entirely recruited by himself. His kinsmen, officers of the regiment and the gentlemen of the country around, added seven hundred more. The battalion was thus formed of thirteen companies of one hundred and five men each, numbering in all one thousand four hundred and sixty men, including sixty-five sergeants, and thirty pipers and drummers—a splendid body of men, who afterwards carried the military reputation of the nation to the hightest pitch. In all their movements they were attended by their chaplain, the Reverend Robert MacPherson, who was called by them *Caipal Mor*, from his large stature. They wore the full Highland dress, with musket and broadsword. Many of the soldiers added, at their own expense, the dirk, and the purse of Otter's skin. The bonnet was raised or cocked on one side, with a slight bend inclining down to the right ear, over which were suspended two or more black feathers. Eagle's or Hawk's feathers were worn by the officers. During six years in North America, Fraser's Highlanders continued to wear the kilt both winter and summer. They, in fact, refused to wear any other dress,

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and these men were more healthy than other regiments which wore breeches and warm clothing. »

During the winter of 1759-60, a portion of Fraser's Highlanders were quartered in the Ursulines Convent. Whether the absence of breeches, on the brawney mountaineers was in the eyes of the good ladies a breach of decorum, or whether christian charity impelled them to clothe the naked—especially during the January frosts, is hard to determine at the present time : certain it is, that the Nuns generously begged of Governor Murray, to be allowed to provide raiment for the barelegged sons of Caledonia.

It is a singular fact that Scotchmen were, during this war, occupying high offices in (1) both armies. General Levi's *aide-de-camp* was the Chevalier Johnstone. The French had also a Scotch officer in charge of one of the Sillery outposts, of the name of Douglass.

Fraser's Highlanders highly distinguished themselves at the capture of Louisbourg, in 1758 ; at the battle of Montmorency, 31st July, 1759; and that, of St. Foye or Sillery, 28th April, 1760 ; a fitting tribute was rendered to their bravery on this occasion by the eloquent Mr. P. Chauveau, at the inauguration, in 1855, of the statue of Bellona, sent out by Prince Napoleon to crown the monument of the celebrated battle-field.

At the battle of the Plains, the loss of *Fraser's Highlanders* amounted to three officers, one sergeant, and fourteen rank and file, killed; ten officers, seven sergeants, and one hundred and thirty-one rank and file, wounded. The disproportion in the number of the killed to that of the wounded must be ascribed to the irregular and unsteady fire of the enemy, which was put a stop to, on the charge of the British. Of the conduct of the Regiment on that eventful 13th Sept., an eye witness, Malcolm Fraser, then a Lieutenant in this corps, has left an excellent (2) narrative. From which we give the following extracts : « After pursuing the French to the very gates of the

(1) Several of the Highlanders enlisted to fight the French in America, in order to retaliate for the want of succour sent them by France, in 1745.

(2) Manuscripts published under the auspices of the LITERARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY of Quebec, in 1867-8.

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town, our Regiment was ordered to form, fronting the town on the ground whereon the French formed first ; at this time, the rest of the army came up in good order. General Murray having then put himself at the head of our Regiment, ordered them to fall to the left and march through the bush of wood towards the General Hospital, where they got a great gun or two to play upon us from the town, which, however, did no damage, but we had a few men killed and officers wounded by some skulking fellows, with small arms, from the bushes and behind the houses in the suburbs of St. Louis and St. John. »

We shall interrupt this quotation of Lieutenant Fraser's journal, to insert some details, very recently furnished to us, by our respected townsman, John Fraser, esquire, whose memory is still excellent, despite advancing years. « In my youth, » says Mr. Fraser, « I boarded with a very aged militiaman, who had fought at the battle of the Plains ; his name was Joseph Trahan. In 1759, Trahan was aged eighteen years. Frequently has this old gossip talked to me about the incidents of the fight. « I can well recollect, old Trahan used to say, how Montcalm looked before the engagement. He was riding a dark or black horse in front of our lines, bearing his sword high in the air, in the attitude of encouraging the men to do their duty. He wore a uniform with large sleeves, and the one covering the arm he held in the air, had fallen back, disclosing the white linen of his risband. When he was wounded, a rumor spread that he was killed ; a panic ensued, and the soldiers rushed promiscuously from the *Buttes a Nepveu* (near where the *Asyle Champetre*,—now Mr. Dinning's house—stands), towards the *Côteau Sainte Geneviève*, thence towards the St. Charles, over the meadow (on which St. Roch has since been built.) I can remember the Scotch Highlanders flying wildly after us, with streaming plaids, bonnets and large swords—like so many infuriated demons, over the brow of the hill. In their course, was a wood, in which we had some Indians and sharpshooters, who bowled over the *Sauvages d'Ecosse* in fine style. Their partly naked bodies fell on their face, and their kilts in disorder left exposed a portion of their thighs, at which our fugitives on passing by, would make

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lunges with their swords, cutting large slices out of the fleshiest portion of their persons. I was amongst the fugitives and received in the calf of the leg a spent bullet, which stretched me to the ground. I thought it was all over with me ; but presently, I rose up, and continued to run towards the General Hospital, in order to gain the Beauport camp over the bridge of boats. On my way, I came to a bake house, in which the baker that day had baked an ovenful of bread. Some of the exhausted fugitives asked him for food, which he refused, when in a fit of rage at such heartlessness, one of them lopped off his head with his sword. The bloody head was then deposited on the top of the pile of bread. Hunger getting the better of me, I helped myself to a loaf all smeared with gore, and with my pocket-knife removing the crust, I greedily devoured the crumb. This was in the afternoon, and the sun was descending in the West. »

Such are details furnished by old Trahan to Mr. John Fraser. Let us now resume the thread of Lieutenant Malcolm Fraser's narrative where we left it off. « After marching a short way through the bushes, Brigadier Murray thought proper to order us to return again to the high road leading from Porte St. Louis, to the Heights of Abraham, where the battle was fought, and after marching till we got clear of the bushes, we were ordered to turn to the right, and go along the edge of them towards the bank, at the descent between us and the General Hospital, under which we understood there was a body of the enemy who, no sooner saw us, that they began firing on us from the bushes and from the bank ; we soon dislodged them from the bushes, and from thence, kept firing for about a quarter of an hour on those under cover of the bank ; but as they exceeded us greatly in numbers, they killed and wounded a great many of our men, killed two officers, which obliged us to retire a little, and form again, when the 58th Regiment with the 2nd Battalion of Royal Americans having come up to our assistance, all three making about five hundred men, advanced against the enemy and drove them first down to the great meadow between the Hospital and town, and afterwards, over the River Saint Charles. It was at this time and while in

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the bushes that our Regiment suffered most: Lieutenant Roderick McNeill of Bana, and Alexander McDonell, and John McDonell, and John McPherson, volunteer, with many of our men, were killed before we were reinforced; and Captain Thomas Ross having gone down with about one hundred men of the 3rd Regiment to the meadow, after the enemy, when they were out of reach, ordered me up to desire those on the height would wait till he would come up and join them, which I did, but before Mr. Ross could get up, he unfortunately was mortally wounded in the body, by a cannon ball from the hulks, in the mouth of the River Saint Charles, of which he died in great torment, but with great resolution, in about two hours after.

« We had, of our Regiment three officers killed and ten wounded, one of whom Captain Simon Fraser, afterwards died. Lieutenant Archibald Campbell was thought to have been mortally wounded, but to the surprise of most people, recovered; Captain John McDonell, thro', both things; Lieut. Ronald McDonell, thro' the knee; Lieutenant Alexander Campbell, thro' the leg; Lieutenant Douglas, thro' the arm, who died of this wound soon afterwards; Ensign Gregerson, Ensign McKenzie and Lieutenant Alexander Fraser, all slightly; I received a contusion in the right shoulder or rather breast, before the action became general, which pained me a good deal, but it did not disable me from my duty then or afterwards.

« The detachment of our Regiment consisted, at our marching from Point Levi, of six hundred men, besides commissioned and non commissioned officers; but of these, two officers and about sixty men were left on board for want of boats, and an officer and about thirty men left at the landing place: besides a few left sick on board, so that we had about five hundred men in the action. We suffered in men and officers more than any three Regiments in the field. We were commanded by Captain John Campbell; the Colonel and Captain McPherson having been unfortunately wounded on the 25th July, of which they were not yet fully recovered.

« We remained encamped till the—October, when the army

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marched into town, which is to be our quarters for the winter ; most of the houses are destroyed, and we have but a very dismal prospect for seven or eight months, as fresh provisions are very scarce, and every other thing exorbitantly dear. »

The record of Fraser's Highlanders at the battle of St. Foye, generally called in old manuscripts the battle of Sillery Wood, is not without its interest, altho' the fight ended in a signal reverse. The Scotch suffered fearfully in comparison with their numbers.

« We had, » again says Lieut. Malcolm Fraser, « about sixty killed and twenty wounded, and of thirty-nine officers, Captain Donald McDonald who commanded the volunteer company of the army, and Lieutenant Cosmo Gordon who commanded the light infantry company of our regiment, were both killed in the field ; Lieutenant Hector McDonald and Ensign Malcolm Fraser died of their wounds, all very much regretted by every one who knew them.

« We had twenty-three more officers wounded, of this number was Colonel Fraser, who commanded the left wing of the army, and it was with great pleasure we observed his behaviour during the action, when he gave his orders with great coolness and deliberation. He was touched at two different times ; the first took him in the right breast, but having his cartouche box slung, it luckily struck against the star of it and did not penetrate tho', otherways, it must infallibly have done his business. The second, he got in the retreat, but striking against the cue of his hair, he received no other damage than a stiffness in his neck for some days. Here I cannot help observing that if any unlucky accident had befallen our Colonel, not only his regiment must have suffered an irreparable loss, but I think I can, without any partiality say, it would have been a loss to his country. His behaviour this winter in particular to his regiment has been such, as to make him not only esteemed by them but by the Garrison in general. Captain Alexander Fraser of our regiment, was wounded in the right temple, and thought very dangerously, the rest are mostly flesh wounds. I received a musket ball in the right groin, which

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was thought dangerous for three or four days, as the ball was supposed to be lodged, but whether it has wrought out in walking into town, or did not penetrate far enough at first to lodge, or is still in, I cannot say, but in twenty days I was entirely cured, and the wound which was at first but small was entirely closed up. »

On that unlucky occasion, (28th April, 1760,) the picturesque locality now occupied by the smiling country seats of our successful merchants on the Ste. Foy road, wore a very different aspect; fields strewed with corpses—bloody pools on all sides met the eye. The savages, coming out from the bushes where they had been lurking during the combat, set to their old work of scalping, if we are to credit Lieutenant Malcolm Fraser's narrative :

« It appears, says he, the allowed the savages to scalp all the killed and most part of the wounded, as we found a great many scalps in the bushes.

« I have been since informed by Lieutenant McGregor, of our regiment, who was left on the field wounded, and narrowly escaped being killed, having received two stabs of a bayonet from two French regulars, that he saw the savages murdering the wounded and scalping them on all sides, and expected every moment to share the same fate, but was saved by a French officer, who luckily spoke a little English. »

Scalping was not, however, confined to the Indians; thus on referring to Lieutenant Malcolm Fraser's M. S. S., we find the British on the 23rd July, 1759, indulging in a little scalping at St. Joachim. In this instance Lieutenant Richard Montgomery, then serving in the 17th regiment, in Western Canada, is made to bear through a mistake of our historians, the responsibility of the acts of a barbarous namesake, Captain Alexander Montgomery, of the 43rd. « There were, says Malcolm Fraser, several of the enemy killed and wounded and a few prisoners taken, all of whom the barbarous Captain Montgomery, who commanded us, ordered to be butchered in a most inhuman and cruel manner; particularly two, who I sent prisoners by a sergeant, after giving them quarter, and engaging that they should not be killed, were one shot, and the other

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knocked down with a tomahawk (a little hatchet) and both scalped in my absence, by the rascally sergeant neglecting to acquaint Montgomery that I wanted them saved, as he, Montgomery, pretended when I questioned him about it, but even that, was no excuse for such an unparalleled piece of barbarity. However, as the affair could not be remedied, I was obliged to let it drop. After this skirmish, we set about burning the houses with great success, setting all in flames till we came to the church of St. Anne's, where we put up for the night, and were joined by Captain Ross, with about one hundred and twenty men of his company.» Captain J. Knox, in his journal, and others, mention so many cases of scalping amongst the British, that it was apparently as much an institution amongst Wolfe's soldiery as in the opposite camp.

With these deeds of blood and devastation on their escutcheon, it is not at all surprising if during the war of the cession of Canada, the French and Canadians should have formed such exagerated notions of the ferocity of Wolfe's soldiers; as for the Highlanders, they were popularly known as *Les Petites Jupes*, on account of their kilts, which they wore all winter; they also were called *Les Sauvages d'Ecosse*.

The following was one of the most accredited opinions amongst the Canadian peasantry in 1759;—«The Highlanders neither would give nor take, quarter: they were so nimble, that no man could catch them, so nobody could escape them —no one had a chance against their broad-swords—with the ferocity natural to savages, they made no prisoners, and spared neither man, woman, nor child.»

As previously stated, the Highlanders on being disbanded, settled largely in Canada and Nova Scotia, nor were these loyal men recreant to the call of duty, when the invader threatened their adopted country; thus in 1775, they hurried under the standard of one of their old officers, Lieut.-Col. McLean, and formed a new regiment, the 84th, or Royal Emigrants. They had in 1759, materially helped to conquer Canada; sixteen years later, they and the Canadian militia most materially helped to save it, for the Crown of England, and successfully repelled Benedict Arnold and his coadjutor, Richard Montgo-

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mery, who, in 1759, had valiantly done battle for England, in the 17th Regiment.

We have been allowed to clip a few pages from the diary of an aged Quebecer—Deputy Commissary General Thompson, whose respected father had served in the Highland Regiment until it was disbanded. Mr. Thompson's journal bears every impress of truth.

MEMOIRS REGARDING FRASER'S HIGHLANDERS 78TH ROSS-SHIRE BUFFS.

Colonel Simon Fraser was authorised to raise a corps for special service. They were recruited in the town of Tain, Ross-shire, Scotland, in the short period of four days, and they numbered upwards of fourteen hundred strong. My late father joined as a volunteer in order to accompany a particular friend of his company, Lieutenant David Bailie, and who was killed at the landing at Louisbourg ; these particulars, my father used to relate as follows :

« The boat in which our company was embarked, was towed by a second boat under the command of a naval officer. The French batteries firing grape and musket-balls from great guns. Lieutenant Bailie sat opposite to me, in the stern sheets of the boat ; observing that he leaned his head on the shoulder of the man who sat next to him, I imagined that he did so in order to shelter himself from the enemy's shot ; but he was dead ! The shot came so thick, that had it been any other description of troops they must have gone to the bottom, but the Highlanders stopped the shot-holes with their plaids, and thus kept the boat from filling. The shot coming so thick from the French batteries, decided the naval officer to cut the painter loose, and thus leave us as a mark for the French to fire at. Numbers were killed at the landing. A red-hot shot came in at the stern of our boat, and killed and wounded several. It passed under my « hams, » and scorched me to that degree that it was near twelve months before I quite recovered from its effects. It tore away the sword-hilt of the officer who was seated on my left, and carried it into the thigh of the man who was at the helm, and the shot itself stuck fast in the sternpost of the boat. After the landing, the balls were collected, and

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measure upwards of a quart. When formed into line of battle, one of Fraser's Highlanders, Neil McLeod, seeing the French outside of their fortifications, he threw down his fuzee, and, drawing his broadsword, he left the ranks, in a direction towards the French, when his Captain ordered him back. What, said McLeod, am I to stand here, and see there those rascals of French, and not try and bring away a prisoner ?» He went forward, and was followed by the greater part of the regiment. I overheard Colonel Carleton, Quarter-Master-General, to say: « I expected nothing less of those Highlanders, they are a set of rebels. » However, they all soon returned, each having a French prisoner, whom he held by the « skruff » of the neck, and some of the Grenadiers brought in two. It afterwards appeared that the French mistook the Highlanders, owing to their peculiar style of dress, for savages. They committed the same act of insubordination on the Plains of Abraham, the 13th September, 1759. After the first discharge on the part of the French, they chased them with their broadswords up to Saint Louis and Saint John's Gates, and down the bank, opposite the Hospital General ; one poor fellow had his left cheek severed from his head, by the cut of a broadsword, and it was hanging on his shoulder, suspended by the skin. The wounded were carried down the bank at Wolfe's Cove, embarked in boats, and taken across the river, to Pointe Levis Church, (Saint Joseph,) which was converted into a temporary hospital.

To return to Louisbourg ; it was entirely subdued, the fortifications blown up, and the garrison dispersed. They were many women and their children who claimed the protection of the British Army, their husbands being prisoners of war. A Doctor Lejuste, of the French Army, with an Indian as guide, left Louisbourg immediately after its capture, and traversed the intervening forest, to Quebec. He, it was, who brought the first news of the capture of Louisbourg.

He settled in Quebec, and was our family physician. He had two sons and a daughter ; both the sons were priests, the elder, Curé of Beauport. The daughter was married to Judge

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Bedard, of Three Rivers. » Thus much from my father's journal. I will state the following from my recollections:

Of the Regiment of Fraser's Highlanders, who remained in Quebec, after the conquest, were only the following individuals of which I have a knowledge:

Lieut. John Nairn, who obtained a grant of land at La Malbaie; several of the men of the regiment engaged with him, and many of their descendants still retain their primitive names, but they all speak French. A son of Colonel Nairn was Captain in the 49th Regiment, and was killed at the battle of Chrysler's Farm, 11th November, 1813.

Lieutenant William Fraser, who obtained a grant of land, at Murray Bay, on the opposite side of the River Murray. He had two sons, William and John Malcolm; at the decease of William, who married Miss Mathilda Duberger, and not having any family, the property passed into the hands of John Malcolm, who is since dead. The seigniory is now in possession of his two daughters, the eldest, the wife of Captain (now Lieut.-Col.) J. Reeves, late of 79th Cameronian Highlanders; the other, the wife of Major Heigham, of the 17th Foot.

There was a grant of a third Seigniory soon after the conquest of Quebec, at La Beauce, and these three were the only grants under the seigniorial tenure. I forgot the name of this officer. All subsequent grants of Crown Lands have been in free and common soccage.

Sergeant Hugh McKay, who kept a store immediately outside of Palace Gate, but which, with all those beneath the rock, extending as far as Hope Gate, were purchased by the military government, after the great fires of 1845, as being too near the fortifications, and were demolished. He held the first situation of Sergeant-at-Arms of the first House of Assembly. He had a family of twenty-two children, two only of whom were boys, and both studied medicine, and went to the East Indies. One of the girls was married to Mr. John Bentley, organist of the English Cathedral; one, to a Sergeant of Artillery; all the rest, died unmarried.

John McLeod, who kept an hotel opposite the Esplanade, at that time the only house along that line. He had no family.

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Sergeant James Sinclair, who settled on a farm immediately on the north side of Scott's bridge, River Saint Charles. He had a son and daughter. His daughter was married to Major Hope of the 26th, or Cameronian Highlanders; she who was mother of « little Jemmie Hope, » who received the first rudiments of his education at Mr. John Fraser's school, in Garden street. He left Quebec with the regiment, and returned to Canada with the rank of Brigadier-General. In 1837, he had command of the Montreal District. On his coming over to Chambly with his Aide-de-Camp, to inspect the garrison, he recognised me.

Lieut.-Colonel Denny, of the 71st Highlanders, having noticed that the General and myself were acquainted, I was invited to dine at the Regimental Mess, in order to meet him, the General. Mr. Sinclair's son enlisted in the Battalion of Royal Canadian Volunteers, under command of Lieut.-Colonel De Longueil, and was made sergeant. Mr. Sinclair was commissioned in the then British Militia. He died in the house of Mr. Samson, butcher, (now the Livery Stables in Sainte Anne street,) at an advanced age. At his funeral, the Rev. Dr. Alexander Sparks officiated.

Lauchlin Smith—Who kept a store just outside of Palace Gate, next to Hugh McKay. He accumulated wealth, and became proprietor of the Seigniory of Sainte Anne, below Quebec. He had two daughters, who were educated at Mr. John Fraser's school. After Mr. Smith's decease, the girls married two French Canadians. I suppose the Seigniorie to be still in the hands of their descendants.

John Ross—Who kept a store in the house nearest Palace Gate, within. He became wealthy, and was a commissioned officer in the British Militia under Colonel Lemaître. He had three sons: David was Sollicitor-General at Montreal; John was a lawyer also, and Prothonotary at Quebec; the third, died young. Of three daughters, one was married to the Rev. Alexander Sparks; a second was married to Mr. James Mitchell, merchant, and the third to an Army Surgeon. Mr. Ross died at a very advanced age. He is the ancestor of David A Ross, Esq., Barrister, of this city.

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John Fraser—He received a severe sabre cut on the forehead in the battle of the Plains of Abraham, the 13th September, 1759, and from exhaustion, he had sat himself down on the grass, leaning his back against the fence. A French Military Surgeon, seeing that the French troops were giving way, directed his steps towards the rear, where he met John Fraser, his wound bleeding profusely. The doctor immediately dressed his wound, and afterwards gave himself up to John Fraser as a prisoner of war ; and at the same time delivering up to him all his arms, which consisted merely of a pocket pistol, double barrelled, handsomely mounted in silver, and having his initials on the butt, P. B., (Philippe Badelard.) John Fraser and the doctor, ultimately became great friends, and were near neighbors ; the former, being proprietor of that house and premises off Garden street, where Mr. Hartigan, painter, now resides, and the latter, being owner of the house next to that of Mr. Charles Panet (Doctor Badelard's grandson), in Saint Louis street, and both lots adjoining each other in rear. Here, Mr. John Fraser opened the first English school in Quebec. The venerable Miss Napier, who taught their A B C's to the majority of the Quebec young ladies, during half a century, was one of old Mr. Fraser's pupils. But, to return to the history of *the Pistol*, Mr. Fraser returned it to its proper owner. In the years 1810-11, I became the tenant of Bernard Panet, Doctor Badelard's grandson, Judge Panet having married the Doctor's only daughter. Bernard and myself were intimate friends. He made me a present of his grandfather's pistol, the pistol in question. I had it in my possession 47 years, when, on the 13th of September, 1859, the one hundredth anniversary of the capture of Quebec, I made a restitution of it, to a descendant of the Doctor's, in the person of Mr. John Panet, coroner of Quebec, and son of Bernard. Both Doctor Badelard and Mr. John Fraser lived to a very advanced age, and ever maintained the strictest friendship for each other. Doctor Badelard was a person of gentlemanly aspect ; he constantly wore a sword, as was customary with the *bourgeoisie de Paris*.

Miles Prentice—He occupied for many years the house then

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known as « Le Chien d'or, » as also Freemason's Hall, as an hotel, where he died. Mrs. Prentice continued the business for some years. His son, Samuel Walter, obtained a commission in the army. A niece of Mrs. Prentice's, Frances Cooper, was my father's second wife and my mother. Mrs. Prentice ultimately came to reside in our family residence, Sainte-Ursule street, where she died, in 1792.

Miles Prentice was the Provost Marshal mentioned by Du Calvet, as being the person who in 1780 arrested this haughty, clever and influential agitator, consigning him to the custody of Father DuBerey, Superior of the Franciscan Friars, in Quebec, in the cells of the Recollet College.

This old pile which stood on the site on which the English Cathedral and Court House have since been erected, was consumed by fire on the 6th September, 1796. The fire being in full view from the windows of sergeant Fraser's school, in Garden street, as the late G. B. Faribault, a school-boy of Fraser's, in 1796, used to take pleasure to relate in after life ; right well did he remember the day, he used to say, as the boys in consequence of the turmoil, demanded and obtained, a holiday. Mr. De Gaspé, in his *Memoirs*, has most graphically depicted this conflagration which had originated at Judge Monk's house in Saint Lewis street, (now the officers' barracks) ; he, too, was an eye witness. A most comely person was Mrs. Miles Prentice ; her daughter, endowed with marvellous beauty. The brave Nelson, very nigh fell a victim to her charms, in 1786, when the *Albemarle*, sloop of war which he commanded, was in port. So violently was the youthful hero smitten, with the divine phiz of this Canadian Helen, that having resolved to marry her, he had made up his mind to say adieu to the service, renounce his command, fortune, glory, nay, Westminster Abbey. This infatuation was frustrated by mere chance ; his trusty friend, Alex. Davidson (a Quebecer lawyer, we believe), interfered, says his biographer Southey. Another version attributes to old Lymburner, a Saint Peter street magnate, the credit of having saved the young commander for the bright career Providence had in store for him. It appears it was necessary to use violence to tear the enamored son of Neptune

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from the blandishments of his fair enslaver. *The officers and crew of the Albemarle came on shore, instigated by Davidson or Lymburner, and conveyed him on board, forcibly.* A most effectual way, it must be admitted, of enforcing English parental advice on precocious hopefulls « inclined to marry in the colony. »

The land lady of the « Chien d'Or » also claims her corner in the domain of Canadian history. Was it not her, who was appealed to on the 2nd January, 1776, to identify the stiffened and frozen corpse found that morning, imbedded with those of Macpherson, Cheeseman, his *aides*, and others in a snow drift at Près-de-Ville? That corpse, good reader, was that of a brave though misguided spirit; it had during life for forty long years been the earthly tenement of a being to whom kindliness of manner, devotion to a cause and indomitable courage have assigned a niche in the history of his adopted country. It was the inanimate form of Brigadier Richard Montgomery, laid low by a shot fired by a French Canadian (Chabot,) and aimed by Englishmen, John Coffin and Captain Barnsfare. Montgomery, a Lieutenant in the 17th Foot, in 1759, had visited Quebec, after its capture, though probably not during the siege, and been a frequent visitor at the « Chien d'Or, » the rendezvous of our jovial ancestors. Let us revert to Mr. Thompson's statement.

Saunders Simpson—He was Provost Marshal in Wolfe's army, at the affairs of Louisbourg, Quebec and Montreal, and cousin of my father's. He resided in that house the nearest to Saint Louis Gate, outside, which has not undergone any external alteration since I was a boy.

Volunteer James Thompson—Volunteered his services in Fraser's Highlanders, in the view to accompany a particular friend of his, Lieutenant David Baillie, the facts being already detailed. After the capitulation of Montreal, in 1760, he received from General Murray, the appointment of Overseer of military works, for the garrison of Quebec, which he held until his decease, in 1830, a period of 69 years. It was in his capacity of master mason, and his having been the last survivor of Wolfe's army, in his 95th year, that he was called

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upon by the Earl of Dalhousie to lay the chief corner stone of the Monument erected in the Government Garden, to the memory of Wolfe and Montcalm. I witnessed the imposing ceremony.

My father, then in his 96th year, expressed his desire to again see the monument. I accompanied him. After viewing it for some time, he returned to his residence in Ste. Ursule street, much exhausted from the exertion, and the effects produced on his mind by the scene he had just witnessed. He died in his 98th year, and was buried with military honours, during the command of Lieut. General Sir James Kempt. He was twice married. Of the second marriage, there were nine children ; six attained to maturity, and three died in infancy. Myself, the oldest, as also three brothers and two sisters, all obtained the rudiments of our education at the school of Mr. John Fraser, already named. I joined the Commissariat in 1798, have attained to the rank of Deputy Commissary.

The appointment of Judge of the Superior Court, District of Gaspé, was conferred upon my brother John, by the Earl of Dalhousie, in 1828 ; he is now in his 80th year. Brother William was an Assistant Commissary General. My youngest brother, George, obtained a Commission in the Royal Artillery, under the patronage of my father's good friend, His Royal Highness Edward, Duke of Kent. Immediately on appointment, he was ordered on the Walcheren expedition, under command of His Royal Highness the Duke of York. He died in 1817.

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CANADIAN NAMES AND SURNAMES.

A Contributor to *Blackwood* for Nov. 1862, under the heading « The Scot in France, » reviewing Mr. Francisque Michel's book, « Les Ecossais en France, » graphically delineates the honorable part played some centuries back in the affairs of France, by Scotchmen. The learned critic, amongst other things, successfully traces to their origin several modern French names, and clearly demonstrates, after divesting them of the transmogrifications of time and language, that many of these names formerly belonged to brawny, six feet Scotchmen, whom little Johnny Crapaud, out of spite, had christened on account of their aldermanic appetites and the devastations by them perpetrated in the Vineyards of sunny France « wine bags » ; in fact, the same favored class which we, moderns, on the undoubted authority of Judge Jonas Barrington, would pronounce « Twelve bottle men, »—select individuals scarcely ever heard of in these degenerate teetotal times, and of which class, Marechal de Saxe, Mdlle Lecouvreur's friend, was in the last century a pretty fair representative. Might it not also be worth our while to examine into some of the ludicrous changes to which, in our own country, some old names have been subjected?

Every one knew that Normandy and Brittany had furnished the chief portion of the earliest settlers of our soil; the exact proportion in which this emigration took place cannot at present be a subject of debate, now that we have in print the Abbé Ferland's laborious researches. We accordingly find, in the appendix to the first volume of his « Cours d'Histoire du Canada, » a list and address of all the French who settled in Lower Canada, from the year 1615 to 1648. No one, perhaps, except a searching student of the Abbé's school, would have taken the trouble to trace the pedigree of all the families in Canada ; on this subject, it is not too much to say, that the veteran historian is a living cyclopedia. It is true, he had

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ample sources of information at command, having had access to the «Register of Marriages, Births and Burials of the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Quebec,» and these took him, uninterruptedly, as far back as 1640, in which year they were destroyed by fire, and restored from memory; he could also consult the ample details of the several census tables, compiled by order of the French government, yet in manuscript in our public libraries.

It is really singular to notice what a large portion of settlers came from Normandy to New France. Almost all the educated Frenchmen, such as Messrs. Rameau, Ampère, De Puibusque, Aubry, Fenouillet and others who have visited Canada, have been struck with the resemblance between the customs, manners and language of the French Canadian peasantry of this day, and those of the peasantry of Brittany and Normandy. All of them admitted that, as a general rule, our *habitants* spoke better French than the same class in the country parts of France. Of course, it is not pretended that even the educated in this country could compare for purity of accent with Parisians, who alone claim the right to speak *pure* French. Parisian writers, on this point, have promulgated canons which seem rather absolute. It is asserted, for instance, that the nicety of the Parisian ear is such, that even a Parisian writer who removes for four years from his native city to the provinces, is liable to be detected when he writes. This is going far, and reminds one of the huckster-woman of Athens, who, by his accent, detected Theophrastes as not being Attic born, though for twenty-five years, he had lived in Athens.

When Mr. Rameau was in Quebec, I took occasion to ask him what he thought of our best writers. « Sir,» said he, «let me relate to you what occurred to me in Paris last winter. I was acquainted with Canadian literature before I came here, and in order to test the correctness of my own opinion, I assembled some literary friends and told them that I intended reading them a chapter out of two new books which they had never seen before; they assented; this done, and replacing the books in my book-case, I requested them to tell me candidly where they could have been written. 'Why, in Paris,

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where else ?' they replied ; ' none but Parisians could write such French.' « Well, gentlemen, » said I, « you are much mistaken, these books were written on the banks of the Saint Lawrence, at Quebec. Etienne Parent and the Abbé Ferland are the writers. » My friends could scarcely credit me. I feel pleased in recording this incident, because such a circumstance does honor to the country. It also affords me particular pleasure to notice this fact, because it bears effectually on a stupid assertion not altogether uncommon, viz : That French Canadians speak nothing but *patois* ; if the whole truth were known, it would be manifest that our peasantry talk (1) better French than does one half of the rural population of France ; in fact, it is not rare to find the French peasantry of one department scarcely able to understand the idiom of the corresponding class, in another department. Several causes may be adduced explanatory of this singular feature ; the first settlers in Canada had left France about the time when literature was at its zenith, and when the language was singularly beautiful. Whatever success may have been achieved in literature by modern France, no writer since the great revolution, has surpassed Corneille, Racine, Boileau, Voltaire or Sevigné, in each of their specific departments ; the language of the peasantry in New France has remained what it was two hundred years ago ; it may not be purer, but it is just as pure. If, on the one hand the French element in Canada has escaped the disorganizing influence of the revolutionary era (2) of '89, on

(1) In connection with this fact, it appears that the French Canadians have alone, retained in their original purity, the simple old Norman songs which their ancestors brought into the country ; that these same popular ballads have become so altered in France by time, that a request has been sent out to Canada to have them collected in their original purity. An eloquent professor of the Laval University (Dr. Larue) has turned his attention to the subject. (Since this was written, Dr. L. has faithfully redeemed his promise.—See *Foyer Canadien* for Nov., 1863.)

(2) Our Canadian ancestors had long since realised the difference which english rule had made in their situation, when their beloved and eloquent pastor, Bishop Plessis, in 1794, from the pulpit of the same French Cathedral, which now faces the Upper Town Market place in Quebec, publicly, and in the name of his flock, thanked Almighty God that the colony was English, and therefore would be free from the horrors enacted in the French colonies of the day ; that there were no human butchers in Canada, to slaughter nobles, priests, women and

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the other hand, it has received the infusion of no new blood ; tho race is essentially conservative, too much so, perhaps, according to notions of the 19th century ; still, as the component part of a great nationality, who can complain of its being too cohesive ; who, on looking across the line, and viewing democracy with all its dissolving elements, who would not prefer at least one million of staunch conservative people, who, under proper treatment, would understand loyalty to their sovereign, as the Vendéens did, to a God-forsaken people, worshipping no other deity than the almighty dollar, as exhibited in their Daily Press ?

But this is wandering away from the subject which heads this sketch ; *revenons a nos moutons.*

There is, in this country, a spice of drollery about some transformations of (1) names worthy of note. These queer

children.—(See the Funeral oration of Bishop Briand, pronounced on the 27th June, 1794, by Monseigneur Plessis.—*Christie's History of Canada*, vol. I, pp. 356-7.) Could he have then foreseen what happened Louisiana later on, he might again have expressed his thankfulness, that Canada did not belong to France—else it might have been included in the deed of sale and bargain executed between Napoleon the Great, and the occupant of the White House in 1865. Verily, colonists are considered small fry by rulers of empires.

Our people were again, in forcible terms, reminded of the superiority of English over French institutions, when civil and religious liberty is at stake. Who has forgotten Revd. Dr. Cahill's eloquent appeal ! " Three Bishops," said he, " cannot dine together in Paris without the permission of the police ; no new place of worship can be opened, without the consent of government. Why was the charitable society, the *St. Vincent de Paul*, broken up ? Why were Protestant chapels summarily closed by the Police and the congregations dispersed ?—Why is the press muzzled ? Yes, why ? Thank your stars, " said the talented lecturer, " that you live here under the British flag ! "

See Champfleury's letter to Dr. Larue, *Foyer Canadien* 1864, *Appendix*.

(1) I have exhibited in the ALBUM DU TOURISTE, several names as originating in some physical deformity, or else in some virtue or fault, of the owner.

" Lebel, Lejuste, Legros, Lebon, Ledoux, Letendre, Lamoureux, Jolicœur, Legrand, Ledroit, Lesage, Leclerc, Leborgne, Vadeboncœur, Bontemps, Vieutemps, Boneau, Bellehumeur, Belleavance, Bellerive, Beaurivage, Bonnechose, Beauregard, Beausoleil, Sanspitié, Sansoucis, Sansfaçon, Sanschagrin, Sansquartier, Labonté, Lavertu, Lajoie, Lajeunesse, Ladouceur, Laliberté, Ladebauche, Lavigueur, Laforce, Lachaine, Lapensée, Lachance, L'heureux, Lamusique. "

This latter cognomen will loom out grander still, with its adjunct—*Portugais : dit* Lamusique.

Some French names have a martial ring : " Taille-fer, Tranche-montagne " : you think yourself back to the middle ages.

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changes do not necessarily imply abject ignorance in the class which adopts them. We may have in this country backwoodsmen (1) excessively stupid and ignorant, but where

Several years ago, a young Italian on his arrival from Rome, settled in Quebec. He was known as " Audiverti dit Romain. " The name seemed too long. The first half was dropped, he was called Romain. A son having established himself in Toronto, the English ear required than an " e " be added to his foreign name and it became, and has continued to this day Romaine.

Colors, Flowers, Fruits, Woods, also furnished a fair allowance : Leblanc, Lenoir, Lebrun, Legris, Leroux ; Lafleur, Lespervenches, Larose, Laviolette, Jasmin, Laframboise, Lefraisier, (Fraser) ; Bois, Grosbois, Boisjoli, Boisvert, Boisbrilliant ; Dupin, Dutremble, Dufresne, Duchesne.

Titles or dignities, are converted into family names: Leroy or Roy, Duc or Leduc, Marquis, Comte or Lecomte, Baron or Lebaron, Chevalier or Lechevalier, Senéchal, Ecuyer or Lecuyer, Page or Lepage.

Owners of Castles will identify themselves with them : Chateaufort, Chateauvert, Chateaubriand, Chateauneuf, Chateaurouge.

Objects met daily, will furnish a large contingent : Larue, Lapierre, Lafontaine, Latremouille, Lachapelle, L'oiseau, Lerossignol, Letourneau, Lelievre, Lamontagne, Lavallée, Lariviè1e, Lagrange.

Let us pass to the names of Provinces. Normandy, Provence, Gascony, Brittany, Lorraine, Picardy, Anjou, Poitevin, the Basque country, will be represented by very familiar names : Norman, Provencal, LeGascon, LeBreton, Lorain or Laurin, Picard, Angevin, Poitevin, LeBasque.

The native of Tours, Lille, Blois and Lyons, responds to his name, when called Tourangeau, Lillois, Deblois, Lyonnais. Sometimes the appellation will be generalized : thus Abraham Martin, will have *dit l'Ecossais ;* Jean Saisrien, will have his adjunct also, *dit l'Anglais.*

Then there are sonorous names for Counties, borrowed from Indian dialects, recalling the virgin forest : Pontiac, Ottawa, Hochelaga, Kamouraska, Rimouski, Cacouna ; just like our wild euphonious names for individuals—Pocahontas, Captain Smith's devoted friend : Tuscarora ; Mineha ! ha ! (*Laughing Waters.*)

Sometimes names are curiously transformed : thus Bois Brule is pawned off on us as Bob Ridley.—

Oh ! Bob Ridley oh !
Oh ! Bob Ridley oh !

In Cap Chat or Cap Chatte, would there be a Shaw in the case, a relative of that dreadful attorney, immortalized on stone :—

" Here lies
John Shaw,
Attorney at law,
When he died,
The devil cried,
' Give us your paw
John Shaw,
Attorney at law. ' "

(1) " Backwoodmen. " A worthy but eccentric missionary, once enlivened a stirring appeal he was making to the sympathy and purse of a Quebec church

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(except within the precincts of a lunatic asylum) would you find even a brat of a boy who would give the same reply which the free-born Briton gave to Lord Ashley, one of the commissioners appointed to enquire into the condition of the working classes in England, (1) « that all he knew about God was, that he had often heard the workmen say, God damn ! » We say we thank Providence for this, for whatever other colonial drawbacks we may labor under, and they may be nnmerous, we are spared the spectacle of extreme social degradation side

meeting with the following anecdote, illustrative of the multitudinous hardships, he had experienced in the course of his evangelizing duties in the backwoods of Canada. His text was " Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long. " The holy man was very long and slender in the legs. " It was once my fate, " said he, " to put up for the night in a log shanty, the dwelling of the headman in the mission ; the bed did indeed seem short, but being a deal one, nailed to the floor, it had to remain where it was ; I only became fully aware that either I was too long, or that it was too short for my humble self, when after extinguishing my candle, I tried to extend my weary limbs ; my feet, I found, struck the window, which was nearly smashed by the operation. In despair, I got up, and after cogitating a short time, I came to the conclusion that no other alternative existed but to remove the obstruction by opening the window, through which, when lying down, my feet protruded some eighteen inches. I felt it was not a peculiarly clerical position for the pastor to be seen by the flock, but what else could I do. I slept soundly from fatigue, but awoke early, feeling a great weight on my feet; on raising my head to see what it was, I found, that the patriarch of the farm yard, a very large turkey cock, had made roosters of my nether extremities. " He of course carried his point.

This reminds one of the Vermont parson, the Rev. Zeb. Twitchel, a methodist preacher in Vermont, most noted, for shrewd and laughable sayings. In the pulpit he maintained a suitable gravity of manner and expression, but out of the pulpit, he overflowed with fun. Occasionally he would, if emergency seemed to require, introduce something queer in a sermon, for the sake of arousing the flagging attention of his hearers. Seeing once that his audience were getting sleepy, he paused in his discourse and discoursed as follows :—" Brethren, you havn't any idea of the sufferings of our missionaries in the new settlements, on account of the mosquitoes, in some of these regions, being enormous. A great many of them would weigh a pound, and they will get on logs and bark when the missionaries are going past." By this time all ears and eyes where open, and he proceeded to finish his discourse. The next day one of his hearers called him to account for telling lies in the pulpit. " There never was a mosquitoe that weighed a pound," he said. " But I didn't say one of them would weigh a pound, I said a great many, and I think, a million of them would. " " But you said, they barked at the missionaries. " " No, no, brother, I said they would get on logs and bark. "

(1) The recent census of Scotland reveals the humiliating fact that more than one per cent of all the families in Scotland were found last year (1867) living in single rooms, which had not a window, and that thirty-five per cent of all the families, or more than one-third, were living in one room.

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by side with fabulous wealth. Now to the point. Did you ever, my dear reader, know from whence the first Know-Nothing hailed ? Perhaps you will meet me with the common-place reply, *cui bono ?* Is not Know-Nothingism dead and buried ? True, I reply ; so is the builder of the pyramids dead, (or at least, unless he can beat old Methusaleh, he ought to be), and still the enquiry about the originator, has been going on for a long time, and is likely to continue, although for any practical purpose, the origin of the Pyraminds or of Know-Nothingism is of the same moment. Well, I assert clearly and most emphatically, that the first Know-Nothing, nominally designated as such, lived at Cacouna, some seventy years ago. Now for the proof. About the end of the last century, an English vessel was stranded in the fall of the year, at Bic ; the crew had lost everything, and as in those days the country below Quebec was thinly populated, they had to travel upwards on foot. Along the road they obtained their food by begging it from the French Canadian peasantry, and of course, various questions were put to them, as to who they were, where they came from, where they were going ? This constant questioning became troublesome to the honest tars, who knew naught of the language of Louis XIV. The first effort they made was to attempt to say that they could not understand the question put, and in a very few days, the stereotyped reply to all enquiries, was « J'en sçais rien. » « *I don't know.* » One of them was rather a good-looking fellow, and not being accustomed to snow-shoes, he got the *mal de raquette*, and had to stay behind ; a wealthy Canadian peasant took pity on him, and admitted him under his hospitable roof. Jack was not long before falling a victim to the tender passion ; and Mdlle. Josephte, the daughter of the house, having shewn him some kindness in his forlorn state, the gallant Briton could do nothing short of laying his heart at her feet.

" Amour, tu perdis Troie ! "

as old Lafontaine said is fable of the cocks and hens ; but for Jack, the effect was diametrically opposite ; it was his salvation, the dawn of a bright future. It was, however, love under difficulties in the beginning. To the fair one's enquiries, the

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interminable reply was returned. « J'en sçais rien. » Mdlle. Josephte soon began to fancy that the words sounded musically in her ears ;—she facetiously christened her Saxon friend *J'en sçais rien*, and soon the curé of the parish was called on, to pronounce the magical «Conjungo vos» over Mademoiselle and the English sailor. The union of the Norman and the Saxon, which seven hundred years before, was a daily occurence on the banks of Thames, was re-celebrated on the bank of the St. Lawrence, and with the same happy results. In the course of time, English Jack became the respected pater familias of a patriarchal circle of small «Sçaisriens,» genuine Jean Baptistes in every respect, except that they were handsomer than the rest of the children of the parish. An addition to the family name soon took place, and to «J'en sçais rien,» was affixed the words *dit l'Anglais, (alias the Englishman.)* It is a common practice amongst the French Canadians to have this addition, for instance : Talbot dit Gervais ; Sansouci dit L'Eveillé ; Blais dit Laframboise. To this day there is a large progeny of «Sçaisrien dit l'Anglais» in the parish of Cacouna. Now, reader, if I have made out my case, I pray for a verdict, for, verily, this is the first mention of a Know-Nothing, I find in history.

There is a very worthy N. P., on the Island of Orleans, a descendant of an Englishman or Scotchman, whose name was Richard somebody, but his heir has never been able to clear up the point ; and still a family name he must have, by hook or by crook ; so the Richard was made into Dick, and *Monsieur le Notaire Jean Dick*, son of Joseph Amable Richard Dick, is now known all over the island, and executes deeds under that and no other name. I do not believe that he understands or speaks English .

A locality near this city, the village on the St. Lewis Road, which the Hon. Wm. Shepherd, formerly of Woodfield, laid out, has undergone several strange appellations.

It was, of course, intended to be named Shepherdville; it did at one time bear that name, under which several know is still ; a number of French Canadians having settled there, considered that as there was no saint in the calendar

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hailing under the name of Saint Shepherd, it was not right to give such a name to the Parish ; however, on finding out that the parish was not canonically erected by the bishop, they consented to leave the original name, if it were only translated into French, and Shepherd meaning Berger, why they would put up,—until a saint was chosen,—with Bergerville : this was considered however, such a concession to anglification, that the knowing ones suspected that had not the Hon. William's ground rent agent, interfered, holding over non-paying malcontents the fear of sundry writs of ejectment, the Saxon name would have been swept away and blotted out for ever. Matters were going on smoothly until a number of Irish, having also elected domicile in Bergerville, were much shocked at the liberty the French Canadian tenants had taken, in daring to re-christen the settlement ; they were of opinion that as a considerable portion of the residents would not be out of place in St. Giles, in London, it might be more suitable to call the place Beggarville (1), and not Bergerville ; and just as party denominations have been in England in time of yore, by-words for strife between the rival houses of York and Lancaster, so it has been on the estate of the Hon. William, on the Saint Louis Road, near Quebec !

In October last (1862), Tom Everell, an octogenarian Greenwich pilot, died at Cape Rouge, near Quebec. Tom was well known all around ; he had many years before, married into a French Canadian family, andgrad ually lost his family name of Everell ; he was called by the peasantry « Tom, le père Tom. » He left several number of children ; they are all now called Toms : Norbert Tom, George Tom, Henriette Tom, Jean Bte. Tom. As a compensation to this loss of nationality in his offspring, a glorious distinction was made for his eldest son, in which primogeniture shines forth ; of the whole family, he alone, is allowed to bear the family patronomic as a christian

(1) Odd names seem fashionable in this village ; there is one family composed of athletic boys ; some are very hard cases ; one, when drunk, combines the vices of all the rest ; he is singularly vicious, just a shade better than a highwayman ; he goes by the name of *Grand Père..... ;* why ? I never have been able to find out. Possibly ,it may be from his being supposed to unite the vices of three generations !

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name ; Norbert is not called Tom or Thomas Everell, but is recognised, as EVERELL TOM.

In looking over English periodicals, I find that the transformation of names is not merely confined to Scotchmen in France, or to Englishmen in Cannda, but also to Englishmen in their own country. *The Cornhill Magazine*, with which I shall close, thus holds forth :—

« Surnames are by no means fully established in some parts of England. In the colliery districts, particularly, hereditary designations seem to be the exception rather than the rule. A correspondent of *Knight's Quaterly Magazine* says : that clergymen in Staffordshire have been known to send home a wedding party in despair, after a vain essay to gain from the bride and bridegroom, a sound by way of name.' Every man in these colliery fields, it seems, bears a personal sobriquet, descriptive of some peculiarity, but scarcely any person has a family name either known to himself or others. A story is told of an attorney's clerk who was professionally employed to serve a process on one of those oddly-named persons, whose supposed real name was entered in the instrument with legal accuracy. The clerk, after a great deal of inquiry as to the whereabouts of the party, was about to abandon the search as hopeless, when a young woman, who had witnessed his labors, kindly volunteered to assist him. 'Oy say, *Bullyed*,' cried she, to the first person they met, 'does thee know a mon named Adom Green? The bull-head was shaken in token of ignorance. They then came to another man. '*Loy-a-bed*, dost thee?' Loy-a-bed could not answer either. *Stumpy*, (a man with a wooden leg), *Cowskin*, *Spindleshanks*, *Cockeye*, and *Pigtail* were successively consulted, but to no purpose. At length, however, having had conversation with several friends, the damsel's eye suddenly brightened, and slapping one of her neighbors on the shoulder, she exclaimed—'Dash my wig! whoy, he means moy feyther!' Then returning to the astonished clerk, she cried—'You shoul'n ax'd for *Ode Blackbird!*' So it appeared that the old miner's name, though he

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was a man of substance, and had legal battles to fight, was not known, even to his own daughter.» (9)

(9) A very slight investigation has already produced a list of patronymics which throw all Thackery's ideal ones, grotesque and clever as many are, into hopeless distance. In proof whereof, a correspondent of the London *Times* states that a friend of his made the following curious selection of surnames from the wills in the Prerogative Court is Doctor's Commons :—Asse, Bub, Belly, Boots, Cripple, Cheese, Cockless, Dunce, Dam, Drinkmilke, Def, Fleshman ; Fatt, Ginger, Goose, Beaste, Bearhead, Bungler, Bugg, Buggy, Bones, Cheeke, Clod, Codd, Demon, Fiend, Funcke, Frogge, Ghost, Gready, Hag, Humpe, Holdwater, Headache ; Jelly, Idle, Kneebone, Kidney ; Licie, Lame, Lazy, Leakey ; Maypole, Mule, Monkey, Milksop, Mudd, Mug, Phisike, Pighead, Pot, Poker, Poopy, Prigge, Pigg, Punch, Proverb. Quicklove, Quash, Radish, Rumpe, Rawbone, Rottengoose, Swette, Shish, Sprat, Squibb, Sponge, Stubborne, Swine, Shave, Shrimps, Shirt, Skim, Squalsh, Silly, Shoe, Smelt, Skull, Spattell, Shadow, Snaggs, Spittle ; Teate, Taylecoate ; Villian, Vittels, Vile ; Whale.

All nature seems to have been ransacked for the purpose of producing even the above list, which is no doubt, only a small sample of that which some further investigation might have produced. Earth and water throw in their ridiculous contributions in the names of Asse, Goose, Beast and Gold ; and the mysteries of the unknown world are represented by a Shadow and a Ghost. And Demon, Fiend, and Hagg, find also their nominal representatives on this upper earth. The ideal is, however, by no means alone drawn on, for we find, in a suspicious juxtaposition—Jugs, Punch; Headache—This combination, it must be conceded, is rational enough.

The History of Canadian Geographical Names.

(*By John Reade.*)

" Colonists have, moreover, in all times been accustomed to call their new homes after the scenes where their early years were spent. Of this mode of nomenclature, we have numerous instances in the settlements made by the Greeks and Romans, as well as in the colonies of England and other modern European nations. The name, in such cases, was a tender bond of union with the mother country, besides possessing a considerable historical value.

In many cases, a place took the name of its discoverer, as Hudson's Bay, Vancouver's Island; in others, it was called after some event or personage of which the day and month of its discovery bore record; as the St Lawrence, first seen on the 9th day of August; the St. John's river, New Brunswick, discovered on the 24th of June; or, it was named from the weather, or some other transitory circumstance impressing the discoverers on first seeing it, as Cape of Storms, Baie des Chaleurs; or from some sovereign or other great personage directing the party of exploration; or, in honor of some person of distinction wholly unconnected with it—as Virginia, Baltimore, Queen Charlotte's Island, Rupert's Land. The natural configuration or the first object which attracted observation, or some commodity evidently abundant, or some obviously marked characteristic, were also frequently productive of names, as Bay Ronde, Cap Cod, Mosquito Bar, Mariposa (California " Butterfly "), Pearl Island, Serpent's Mouth, Tierra del Feugo (land of fire—volcanic), Blue Mountains, Isle of Desolation, Isle of Bacchus (the Isle of Orleans, first so called from its vine productiveness), Puntas Arenas (Sandy

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Point), Florida &c. Biblical, classical or fancy names have also been frequently employed, as Salem, Goshen, Utica, Syracuse, Amaranth, Avalon.

In none of these cases, is there wanting an interest, if not a benefit, in arriving at a knowledge of the circumstances which caused or the motives, which led to the adoption of a name. We need make no apology, therefore, for spending a while in seeking the origin of some of our Canadian geographical or topographical names, especially those which contain the record of our early history.

The names of places in Canada may be generally divided into three classes, marking three stages in the history of the country—the aboriginal, the French and the British. In treating of the subject, however, it will not be necessary to adhere rigidly to this division, nor, indeed, would such a mode of treatment be historically correct, as French names have been given under British rule, and Indian names under the *régime* of both France and England.

Canada, for instance, was not used in its present signification till the year 1867; neither was Ontario, nor Manitoba. If Canada be an aboriginal word and mean, as some would have us believe "a collection of huts"—perhaps the descriptive name of Stadacona or old Hochelaga,—it leads us back to the very beginning of our history, to the earliest attempts at European colonization in this part of the continent. There surely must have been some good reason for preferring Quebec to such a grandly musical name as Stadacona. It is a pity that neither the latter, nor Hochelaga was brought into honorable service when a new designation was required for the old Province of Lower Canada. "Kepec" or "Quebec" is said to mean a "strait" in the Algonquin dialect, and it may be that Cartier choose to retain it as indicating the narrowing of the river opposite Stadacona. It was between the Island of Orleans and the Beauport shore that the great navigator had his first interview with the Chief Donnacona, who came with twelve canoes of eight men each to wish him welcome. The village of Stadacona covered the site of the suburbs of St. Roch's and in part, of St. John's, and, perhaps, as the forts which formed the nucleus of Quebec were some distance from it, the latter name came to be adopted by the French settlers; and when the city was formally founded in 1608, although Stadacona had then disappeared, the rival name was so identified with the new-comers that it easily prevailed. However that be, it is certain that the name of Quebec has won its share of renown. In the minds of strangers, it is the typical city of Canada.

We still preserve the name of the Iroquois, and the nations of which they were composed—the Oneidas, Tuscaroras, Onondagas, Senecas and Cayugas; also, of the O ttawas, Chippewas and Missassaugas, the Eries and the Hurons, the Mingans, Nipissings and tribes. In Manitoulin, we have enshrined the memory of their primitive faith in the Great Spirit. In Gaspé (Lands End's), Mackinaw (Great Turtle), Ontario (Beautiful), Saskatchewan (Swift Current), and many other names of rivers, lakes and localities are condensed their exact or figurative descriptions of external nature. With the exception, however, of the names of Brant (Tyendinaga), Tecumseth and Pontiac which are preserved, the Indians names of places possess little known historical importance. To the philologist, they present a large and interesting field for research and comparison.

The Indian name, "Baccalaos" (cod-fish) would seem to have been given to a part, if not the whole, of the Island of Newfoundland, at the date of its discovery by John Cabot. In a corrupted form, it is still given to a small island (Bacalieu) off the extremity of the peninsula between Conception and Trinity Bays. The navigator above mentioned called the Island of Newfoundland "Prima Vista" as being the land first seen by him. For the same reason it was called New-

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foundland, and it was also named St. John's, from having been discovered on the 24th of June, the festival of John the Baptist. In a manuscript of the time of Henri VII, in the British Museum, it is mentioned as the "New Isle." There are traditions of settlements made by Icelanders or Norwegians in the tenth and following centuries, and by them it is said to have been designated "Helluland."

Conception Bay received its present name from Gaspar Cortereal. Besides the Cabots—John and Sebastian—the Cortereals and Verazzani, Jacques Cartier, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Martin Frobisher and Sir Francis Drake took a greater or less interest in its early colonization. Cartier's presence is still recorded in the name "Bonavista" (fine view), which his delight with the scenery induced him to give to the portion of the island which bears that name. Sir Walter Raleigh also had a share in the scheme of settlement, the management of which was undertaken by his step-brother, Gilbert. He was obliged, through illness, to return, after the little squadron had set sail, and Gilbert was drowned off the Azores on the homeward voyage. The city of St. John's records the eventful day when the coast of Newfoundland was first seen by John Cabot.

The name of the first French viceroy of Canada survives in a little village or parish in the County of Chicoutimi. The Sieur de Roberval received his commission as early as the year 1540. It was at St. John's, Newfoundland, that he and Cartier met, while the latter was returning to France. In 1549, he and his brother and their whole fleet were lost on their way to Canada.

If there were any danger of Canadians forgetting Champlain, they would still be reminded of him in the county and lake which bear his name. The River Richelieu, which carries the superfluous waters of Lake Champlain to the St. Lawrence, was known to him as the river of the Iroquois. In the contests between the French and the savages, the country watered by this river was long the chosen *rendez-vous* of both combattants. M. de Montmagny, who succeeded Champlain, after a brief interval, called it the Richelieu, after the distinguished ecclesiastic and statesman of that name. It subsequently received the names of Sorel and Chambly, from two officers of the Carignan Regiment, but these names were afterwards given to forts, and that of Richelieu restored. The forts in question were respectively Fort Richelieu and Fort St. Louis, now Sorel and Chambly. The Chevalier Montmagny was (as far as the Indians are concerned) the eponymous governor of Canada, for it was by an Indian translation of his name, "Onontio" or "Great Mountain," that all his successors were designated by the native tribes.

Iberville, a county in the province of Quebec, recalls the name of a distinguished Montrealer, Pierre LeMoyne D'Iberville, a famous naval officer in the reign of Louis XIV. He laid the foundation of a colony in Louisiana, and his brother founded the city of New Orleans. The county and town of Joliette preserve the name of another distinguished Canadian, a Quebecquois, Louis Joliette, who was chosen by Frontenac to accompany Father Marquette in his exploration of the Mississippi. As a reward for his services, he received a grant of the island of Anticosti, a metathesis for the Indian Natiscoti, and was made hydrographer to the king. The Duc de Montmorency has left his name in a county and in the beautiful and celebrated river and falls near Quebec. He was the friend of Champlain; for opposition to the government of Richelieu, he was executed in 1632, at the age of thirty-seven. Frontenac, Vaudreuil and Beauharnois, three of the most able and energetic of the French Governors of Canada, are also honored in the names of Canadian counties, as are also Bishop Laval, Generals Montcalm and De Levis, Cardinal Richelieu, Charlevoix and other celebrities of the old *régime*.

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In Carleton County and Carleton Place we celebrate Sir Guy Carleton, as in Dorchester we commemorate the titular reward of his well-used talents. In Cramahe, Northumberland Co., we honor his sometime successor, and General Haldimand, Governor Hamilton, Governor Hope, General Prescot, Sir G. Drummond, Sir J. C. Sherbrooke, the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Dalhousie, Sir James Kempt, Lords Aylmer, Gosford, Durham and Sydenham are all, more or less, localised in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. The glories of the heroic Brock are suggested by Brockville. We have the history of Parliamentary representation in Upper Canada in the name of Lake Simcoe; for the first Parliament of that Province was opened at Newark, or Niagara, by Lieut.-Governor John G. Simcoe, on the 17th of September, 1792; in the counties of Elgin and Bruce and the village of Kincardine; in the latter we record the important administration of Lord Elgin, forgetting, it is to be hoped, its bitter associations. Sir Charles Bagot has a county named after him, Sir Edmund Head a township, and Sir Francis Bond Head a village.

Halifax was so named in honor of Lord Halifax, who, at the time of its settlement by Lord Cornwallis, in 1749, was President of the Board of Trade and Plantations. Annapolis (formerly Port Royal) was so called by General Nicholson, who took it from the French in the reign of Queen Anne. Cape Breton tells us that its early settlers were chiefly from Brittanny. Louisbourg was called after the French King, Louis XIV, in whose reign it was founded. Prince Edward's Island was named after the Duke of Kent, father of the Queen Victoria, its former name having been St. John's. A less successful change was that of Sorel into William Henry, after the sailor prince William IV. The origin of Nova Scotia is manifest. New Brunswick was so called in compliment to the new line inaugurated by George I.

The name of the first Governor of New Brunswick is preserved in Carleton, County of Kent, and Saumarez, Blissville and Blissfield, Harvey, Manners, and Sutton, recall other gubernatorial names.

Indian names, of a language different from any found in Ontario or Quebec, perhaps, Micmac, abound in the Maritime Provinces. Restigouche, which forms, in part, the boundary between New-Brunswick and Quebec, is said to mean "finger and thumb," a name given from the supposed resemblance of the river and its tributaries to an open hand. In the beginning of its course (for 150 miles or so) the St. John's is called the Wallooshtook, or "Long River." The Bay of Fundy is a corruption of the French "Fond de la Baie" which is found on old maps. The old name of Liverpool, N. S., was Rossignol; it was so called after a French adventurer of that name, and has no association, as one might suppose, with nightingale.

In Middlesex County, Ontario, we discover an obvious scheme of adopting a consistent English nomenclature. We have London, Westminster, St. Pauls, the Thames; but such a plan can hardly ever succeed. New settlers bring with them new associations, and the old charm is broken.

In the County of Hastings, Ontario, we have a repertory of history, litterature, science and tradition, in Tudor, Elzevir, Wollaston, Herschel, Farady and Madoc, while Limerick, Carlow, Mayo, Dungannon and Cashel have the full flavor of the "Emerald Isle." Ameliasburg, Sophiasburg and Marysburg, all in the county of Prince Edward, seem like a family group. Orangeville, Luther and Melancthon indicate the political or religious bias of the sponsors. Lutterworth recalls Wickliffe. Blenheim, Trafalgar, St. Vincent, Waterloo and Sebastopool in Ontario, and Tewkesbury, Inkerman and Alma in Quebec, remind us of famous

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victories. There is a solemn march of heroes and poets, philanthropists and statesmen, discoverers and martyrs in Milton, Keppel, Collingwood, Wellington, Nelson, Albemarle, Hampden, Raleigh, Palmerston, Pitt, Raglan, Russell, Harvey, Franklin, Wilberforce, Stephenson, Macaulay and Burleigh, all Upper Canada names, and in Chatham, Arundel, Newton, Havelock, Canrobert, and others in Quebec.

London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Hamburg, New Edimburg, New Glasgow, Dundee, Dumfries, Derry, Enniskillen, Southampton, Scarborough, and innumerable other trans-atlantic names found throughout the Dominion, are convincing proofs either of patriotic affection or want of originality. We sometimes see this latter quality running wild in such extravagances as Flos, Vespra, Artemisia, Euphrasia, Eutopia, Aurora, Asphodel.

Occasionally a name, such as "Indian," as applied to the American aborigines, or Lachine (China), gives a key to the motives of early exploring entreprise. Such names as Isle Verte, Isle-aux-Grues, Ile-aux-Noix, Pointe-aux-Trembles, are valuable as giving an opportunity of comparing the present condition of the places to which they refer to what it was in the past.

In the names of streets, halls, institutes, and associations, their is ample scope for historical enquiry. A good deal might be made of the street names of Montreal alone, quite enough to make a separate paper. The same may be said of Quebec, Toronto, Halifax and the other ancient cities of the Dominion. Into this part of the subject, however, we cannot enter now. It may suffice if we have indicated the way what is likely to prove an interesting and valuable field of historical research.

Probably but for the practice, early begun and still, to some extent, continued in Lower Canada, of giving Saints' names to places, we should have preserved in our local names much more of the history of the country. The Province of Quebec is a perfect hagiology. The calendar and *Acta Sanctorum* seem to have been ransacked by our devout predecessors, and not even the most obscure result of cannonization has escaped this forced service. The origin of this custom is found in the formation of parishes by the Church first established here, the authorities of which, very naturally, put them under the protection of their saints, martyrs and confessors. But even these names, apart from the opportunity which they afford for the study of early and mediæval ecclesiastical biography, have also an historical value, for they tell us of the character and aims of those who had most to do with the early settlement of this Province.

We must now bring this little sketch to a close. Its chief object has been to show to what extent the teaching or study of history and geography may be combined in a very simple manner. This method of instruction is not unknown in schools where ancient history and ancient geography are taught. It might be made equally interesting with regard to the modern and especially in colonies like our own, where the names can be generally traced to their origin. A single name, such as Judea, Athens, Cornwall, Montreal, Florida, might thus be made the theme for an instructive lecture, which would also be valuable in more ways than that of merely conveying information, by training the mind in analytic and inductive thought. (*From New Dominion Monthly.*)

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THE GRAVE OF GARNEAU.

THE HISTORIAN.

Under the shade of lofty pines, close to the famed battle-fields of the past, in view of his native city, now rests all that remains to us of a noble minded retiring man of letters. There lies a true son of Canada, though the influence of his writings was felt far beyond the limits of his country. From the muse of history did he receive his inspirations,—by her, his name will be inscribed in the temple of fame with those of Prescott, Bancroft, Parkman, Jared Sparks, Sargent, and other kindred spirits of the land of the West. Like them, Garneau, will continue to light up the path of literature, teaching love of country, marking out the path of duty to generations still unborn.

Our author was eminently fitted for the task of historian. A lover of labour, painstaking to excess, born with a mind remarkable for its enquiring turn, of a breadth and liberality of views rarely to be found, the historian of Canada was withal so retiring that he uniformly refused tempting offers made him to take part in the politics of the country. We will pass over the early part of his career, marked like the rest of his life, by concientiousness and the strictest integrity.

It was in 1840 that Mr. Garneau, after having contributed several light poetical effusions to the literature of Canada, some of which grace the pages of Huston's *Repertoire National*, began in earnest his great work. The three years he had spent in England, France and Italy had afforded him unquestionable facilities by searching the public archives—in Paris, especially—to collect materials, new and reliable for the history of the Colony. Later on, he went to Albany to study the contents of the valuable state papers which Dr. O'Callaghan, of Canadian celebrity, had been charged by the State of New

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York to compile, with the permission of King Louis Philippe, in the French archives.

Several men of ability, since this country became an English colony, have devoted themselves to write its history. The first by order of date, was Wm. Smith, son of the celebrated U. E. Loyalist, and historian of the Province of New York. His history, in two volumes, appeared in 1815. We may also mention the narrative of Mr. Bibaud and *Cours d'Histoire du Canada* of the late Abbé Ferland, the political history of Robert Christie, and a most elaborate work now in process of publication in Paris, *Histoire de la Colonie Française en Amérique* by the Abbé Faillon, late of Montreal, also McMullen's *History of Canada.*

These writers are entitled to our gratitude for the time, research and capital expended by them in revealing to us the primitive as Lord Elgin called them, the *heroic times* of Canada; but to none of them has been awarded by a grateful country the title of *National* Historian. This distinction was reserved to the late Mr. Garneau, though there are many disputed points treated by this distinguished man on which subsequent writers will throw new light. One of the most honourable, the most pleasing testimonials conveyed before his death to the late historian is contained in the few following lines of a letter addressed to him by Commander de Belveze, Capt. of the French frigate *Capricieuse*, sent to Quebec by the French Emperor in 1855, to establish commercial intercourse with Canada :— « It is mainly to your book, Sir, that I owe the honour of being this day in Canada. * * * * * It forms the chief basis of the official report I am preparing for the French Government on the commercial resources of your fine country. » In thus saying that the literary labours of Mr. Garneau obtained recognition not only in America, but also in Europe, we are merely reminding the reader that several eminent French and American historians, by the copious extracts they made from them showed the value they set on the Canadian writer as a truthful narrator of events. Foremost, let us mention the Abbé

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Ferland (1), Bancroft (2), Parkman (3), Sargent (4), O'Callaghan (5), Rameau (6), Dussieux (7), and last, though not least, the learned and voluminous French historian Henri Martin (8), whose noble sentiments we regret to have to forego through want of space.

The singular veneration in which Mr. Garneau's memory is held, can only be an enigma to those who, unversed in the language in which his works are written, or acquainted with them merely through the travestie and the truncated English version recently published, cannot therefore understand the hold which he had taken of the popular mind amongst French Canadians. No lines written by him will convey a better idea of the spirit which animated him, than the concluding reflections of the third volume of the *Histoire du Canada*, written in 1849, and though subsequent events and especially the Confederation of the British Provinces and the supremacy conferred thereby, on the French race, in the Province of Quebec, may alter its bearing with regard to the other races, Mr. Garneau's sentiments deserve still to be echoed amongst his fellow countrymen. Mr. Garneau, a French-Canadian, does not of course forget the proud race from which he sprung; though hailing from the Bourbons, he is unlike them; *he has learned something*, he has learned to appreciate the wisdom of the English constitution; he calls on his countrymen to shape their conduct on English precedents, English parliamentary usages. Hark to his stirring appeal; listen to the sentences of this believer in monarchy, at a time like the present when the elect of the people, our leading statesmen, are striving to perpetuate monarchical institutions amongst us.

« Our pen has written the history of some French emigrants landed at the most northern part of North America, there to build up the destinies of their offspring. Like leaves detached from their parent tree, the winds have blown them to a new

(1) Cours d'Histoire du Canada. (2) History of the United States. (3) History of the conspiracy of Pontiac. (4) The History of an expedition against Fort Duquesne in 1755, under Major-General Braddock. (5) History of New Netherland. (6) La France aux Colonies. (7) Le Canada sous la domination Française. (8) Histoire de France.

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world, to be tossed about by a thousand storms ; the baneful breath of barbarism,—the scourge of mercantile greed,—the tempest caused by a crumbling monarchy—the storm of foreign subjugation. Scarcely a few thousand souls, when this last disaster befel them, they ought now not to be too bitter, against their ancient mother country, since the loss of this noble colony was one of the decisive causes of the (French) revolution ; the world knows what dire vengeance, this polished and proud nation sought at the hand of all those connected directly or indirectly with the Ministry who abandoned Canada to its fate in the hour of danger.

« Notwithstanding Canada's past trials, a few hundred French colonists, (we fear being guilty of exaggeration in saying a few thousand), had reached, at the era of the conquest, to the figure of 60,000, a population small in numbers for an European State. To-day (in 1849), after ninety years, these figures have reached 700,000, and the tree has branched out of its own accord and without external help—strong in its faith —strong in its nationality.

« During one hundred and fifty years this small community has done battle against the New England colonies, thirty or forty times more numerous, without receding a step, and the pages of this volume show what its conduct has been on the battle field.

Though neither affluent nor rich, this people has proved that it still retains something of the great nation who gave it birth. Ever since the cession (1763), without listening to the captious arguments of the would be sages, to the *dicta* of those writers who obtain the ear of men in large cities, the nation has built its politics on self-preservation, the only true basis of national policy. She has concentrated herself in herself ; she has rallied all her children round her, fearing to drop a usage, a thought, nay, shall we even say a prejudice, venerable by age, in spite of the scoffs of neighbours.

« The result has been that down to the present day the nation has preserved its faith, its language ; nay, more, a foothold for England in America in 1775 and 1812. This result, though pernicious it may appear to the extension of the Ame-

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rican Republic, has not been accompanied with the sequence it might have entailed. The banner of monarchy, floating on Cape Diamond at Quebec, has compelled the young republic to be grave, to act with prudence, to expand gradually, and not to rush headlong like a fiery steed in the desert. The result, we say, has been that the United States have become great—a living example to the whole world.

« The Canadians are to-day an agricultural people, living in a severe climate. Theirs are not the elegant and luxurious ways of the men of Southern climes ; theirs is not that idiom —the offspring of a light, inexhaustible nature, unknown in the high latitudes of the globe. But they have in their character, earnestness and perseverance. They have shown it since they are in America, and we are convinced that whoever will read the history of this people, in a spirit of justice and good faith, will confess it has shown itself worthy of the two great nations to whose destinies it has been or is still linked. Nor could it have been otherwise without being recreant to its origin. Hailing from Normandy, from Brittanny, from Touraine, and from Poitou, the race descends from those who marched behind William the Conqueror, and who striking subsequently deep roots in England, helped to make of that small island one of the greatest amongst nations. The race comes from that France which heads European civilization since the fall of the Roman Empire—that country who, in her bright or in her dark days, is always respected ; who, under her Charlemagne, as well as under her Napoleon, dared to challenge in fight, coalesced Europe ; but chiefly has the race sprung from that Vendee of Normandy, of Brittanny, of Anjou, whose unbounded devotions to the objects of her royal or religious sympathy will ever command respect ; whose admirable courage will ever wreath in glory the flag which it has raised admidst the French revolution.

« Let the French-Canadians be true to themselves; let them be prudent and persevering ; let them turn a deaf ear to the dazzling novelties of social or political theories. They are not strong enough to venture alone and carve out for themselves a new course. They can acquire fresh liberty sufficiently in

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their sphere. For us, a portion of our strength comes from our traditions : let us depart from them, but slowly. We will find in the annals of the metropolis, in the history of England, good examples to follow. If England should be great to-day, she too has had to encounter awful storms, foreign conquest to overcome, religious wars to subdue, and a thousand other troubles. Without pretending to a similar destiny, wisdom and union amongst us will soften many trials, and, in awakening interest towards us, they will render our cause more holy in the eyes of nations.»

ADDRESS OF THE HON. P. J. O. CHAUVEAU.

[*From the Quebec Gazette, Friday, September 27th,* 1867.]

On Sunday afternoon, the 15th instant, the translation of the remains of the late Mr. Garneau, from the private vault, in the Belmont Cemetery, Ste. Foye, near Quebec, where they had been deposited last winter, to the recently finished tomb provided for them by public subscription, took place, in conformity with the public notice given by the acting President of the Committee, J. M. LeMoine, Esquire. The concourse of persons present must have exceeded 3,000, amongst whom were many leading citizens, Judges, Barristers, and others. The burial service was chaunted by the Rev. Messire Auclair, *Curé* of Quebec, and the ceremony was inaugurated under the auspices of the Lieut.-Governor of Quebec, who was present with his staff and with several members of his Cabinet. The religious portion of the ceremony being over, the Premier, the Honorable P. J. O. Chauveau, standing uncovered at the head of the tomb, gave utterance in French to the following eloquent oration, on the career of his old and true friend, the gifted historian of Canada. Everything seemed favorable to the fulfilment of the peculiar duty devolving on the honorable speaker. The beauty of the surrounding woods, blazoning with the bright hues of September ; the pensive quietness of the Sabbath, amidst the many quiet tombs ; the historical memories clustered round this old battle-field of

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1760, so graphically described in the works of both Mr. Garneau and Mr. Chauveau, and on which now stands the new cemetery of Belmont; the sweet, though mournful office, of a man of letters delegated by his countrymen to honour, in a departed friend, another man of letters—a good citizen—a true patriot: every object combined to prepare the heart for soft emotions. Mr. Chauveau's beautiful discourse has been rendered in elegant English by a young barrister of this city, John O'Farrell, Esquire, for whom such a task was in verity, a labour of love. (It was delivered in presence of Sir N. F. Belleau, then recently named Lieutenant-Governor for the Province of Quebec.)

« Your Excellency and Gentlemen,—We are gathered around the grave of a friend, a compatriot, a writer whom any country might well be proud of,—a man, in fine, wholly devoted to our own beautiful Canada. In bidding a last farewell to his remains, we are, it seems, but fulfilling a pious duty, not to ourselves alone, but to the country at large.

« A beautiful and patriotic thought it was, the execution of which even before you had attained the first dignity of our new Province, it was your happy lot to preside over,—that of nursing the fame of one, who, of all things, gave his foremost thoughts, to the glory of his country.

« The name of François-Xavier Garneau is known wheresoever the name of Canada has reached; his fame is inseparable from the fame of our country: it, therefore, would have been a very regretful event, if the man, who had raised for our native land its most splendid monument, had no urn on that soil whose beauties he, the poet, erstwhile sang, and whose heroes, he, the historian, gave to fame.

« Whether as poet, traveller or historian, François-Xavier Garneau was alike a man of initiative courage, heroic perseverance, indomitable will, disinterestedness and sacrifice of self. One fixed idea, or better still, a great mission to be accomplished had seized possession of his soul; to that mission, he gave up heart, mind, wealth, health, all in fine. That great task, his work, was a national monument to be raised, com-

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pleted, retouched, and embellished when completed ; there, in his eyes, his whole life centred.

« At that work, Gentlemen, he toiled beneath the midnight lamp, without, however, encroaching on his other, more humble, labors. In him, were united, so to speak, two natures, the one, given to humble, yet grave and difficult occupations followed for a livelihood, the other devoted to Fatherland, Letters, the Muses and History ; and, as a rare incident even among the rarest, these two natures were, in some sort, derived the one from the other, and almost without extraneous aid. Possessed of the most simple rudiments only of primary instruction, he acquired, preserved and perfected, both that practical knowledge required of the bank-clerk, the notary and the municipal officer, and that literary and philosophic training, which goes to make up the thinker and the writer. What greater example can there be of the power of the will of man ? What more beautiful lesson, what greater teaching can be bequeathed to the youth of our country ? It was not given to Mr. Garneau, though he ardently desired it, to follow a collegiate course of study, and yet, how many are there, who, even with that powerful aid, have undertaken and accomplished a task the like of his? Undoubtedly, his was a rare ability, a rare genius; but, is there not reason to fear, that many intellects, as great as his, sustained even by the great powers derived from a regular education procured at will, have been lost to society by that listlessness, that cowardly subserviency to the vulgar passions so frequent and so brimful of devastation around us?

« In that respect, the work your Excellency has been pleased to preside over, is not only a good deed ; it is a beautiful example. To youth, we would say: « Canada, like other countries, « begins to appreciate works of intellect, and soon, let us « hope, as our own historian in one of his eloquent pages « has said : *A time will come, when full justice shall be « dealt out to those who may have made sacrifices for the most « beautiful of the causes which can engross the attention of « society.* »

« Meanwhile, let us not require each one to undertake so

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great a work ; let us merely say to all : «Do him but justice, by reading and meditating on his admirable book.

« You will there be told of the birth and growth of that new nation, which, step by step, advances towards her allotted place at the banquet of humanity. There you may witness Cartier planting the lily-covered cross, by the margin of the river which flows, beyond there, at our feet ; you will also see there a horde of bleeding phantoms, those wandering tribes, whose destiny it was to yield their place to us. There, you may look on Champlain pitching his tent beneath those trees, some of which but lately sheltered parts of that great historic city we have just left behind us,—Laval casting in these precincts that precious seed since ripened into so many benefits for us,—Mary of the Incarnation and her companions chaunting, amidst their youthful neophytes, their canticles beneath the double and awe-inspiring vault of a primitive forest and a beautiful Canadian sky,—Maisonneuve and his brave comrades founding, in the heart of the Iroquois country, that prodigious colony of Montreal,—Mdlle Mance and Sister Bourgeois penetrating with equal intrepidity into those inhospitable regions,—Frontenac, at length, inspiring the savage hordes with terror, and repelling with undaunted courage the fleet of Admiral Phipps. Then, you will see glide past you, that long train of French gentlemen and peasants, who were our sires, those hardy pioneers ever ready to exchange the hoe and plough for the sword and gun, those gay and brave adventurers, donning Indian garb and customs among the Indians, gliding like them in their rapid skiffs, and vieing with them in skill and courage ; those intrepid missionaries, those heroic martyrs, those pious women, and also those heroines, those Joans-of-Arc of our history, the de Verchères and the Drucourts. You will hear the recital of all those great expeditions of our forefathers ; Lasalle and Joliette discovering the Mississipi ; Bienville, at the other extremity of this continent, founding New Orleans ; Rouville and his followers sacking New England ; Nicolet and La Veyranderie discovering the vast regions of the West ; De Beaujeu falling with Braddock on the battle-field of the Monongahela, just as it was reserved

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for Wolfe and Montcalm to perish, at a later day, beneath our ramparts; Iberville, bearing aloft our victorious standard from Mexico to Hudson's Bay;—and you may well exclaim: « This « whole continent has been but one vast theatre on which our « sires' exploits have been performed! » And then,—after those lengthened struggles, those ever recurring wars, that long series of trials of every kind, famines, epidemics, fires, massacres, ill-administration, insufficient immigration, assistance no sooner promised than refused, reverses born with patience, but of an occurence too frequent for the honor of France and the success of the colony,—the momentous day shall come, that day of the final agony, the last catastrophe, when New France, exhausted in men, provisions and munitions, invaded on every side, by sea and land, by armies and fleets, ever vanquished, ever re-appearing, shall extend her arms in vain for a succouring hand from Old France; then it is, that, soaring with his subject, the Historian shall well recount to you the last misfortunes and the last triumphs of that old white flag, with the golden lilies, on the bank of the St. Lawrence. He will relate to you the courageous efforts of the Acadians, struggling to the very last hour, and finally dispersed over this continent; he will shew you Louisbourg, that Quebec of the Gulf, resisting nobly against the superior forces of Wolfe, and eventually succumbing, the victim of an error kindred with that which caused the fall of our fortress; then Montcalm conquering so gloriously with an inferior force, first at Carillon, and once again, but a few weeks only before the taking of Quebec, upon those tall cliffs of Beauport, where Levis, Jucherean and Bourlamarque so well seconded his bravery. And, finally, after that great battle, where the two heroes, the Briton and the Gaul, fell together, when Quebec, battered by cannon, shall be but one vast ruin, he will tell you, with legitimate pride, of the last triumph of the French and of our ancestors, that last victory won by the Chevalier de Lévis over General Murray, on the very ground we tread, that final *tableau* of the conquest, and which he was the first to bring out in high relief and dedicate to posterity.

« Bowing respectfully, as did our sires, to the decrees of

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Providence, he will once more resume with courage, almost with serenity, the recital of another struggle, less bloody, but not less interesting. He will exhibit to you Murray and Carleton following that noble advice of Virgil, « *Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos*, » recognizing the merits of the vanquished and protecting them against ignoble persecutors—England often halting between the counsels of partiality and those of justice ; Dambourges and the Canadians saving Quebec in 1775 ; Salaberry driving Hampton back in 1814, at the close of that long tyranny of Craig ; the fidelity of our countrymen placed beyond suspicion ; that great Bishop, Plessis, teaching the victors to respect the rights of religion, and saying to the Civil Power : « Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther ! » finally, the constitutional liberties granted in 1791, slowly developing themselves despite the efforts of an oligarchy. With what tenderness, not unmixed with veneration, has he not sculptured those grand figures of that parliamentary struggle : DeLotbinière, Panet, Bedard, Taschereau, the two Papineaus, the two Stuarts, Neilson, Vallières, Viger, Bourdages, Lafontaine, Morin, and those other defenders of our liberties ?

« Then coming to new catastrophes, at the close of another rule, with what patriotic fervor has he not related the sanguinary denouement of that resistance, at the close of which the true British constitution was granted us, though under circumstances so replete with difficulty and even danger to us ? Hence it is, that, in reference to the epoch in which we live, what looks of anxiety and jealous fears for our nationality he cast upon our future !

« That magnificent work, in which, to borrow from his elegant biographer an expression that struck me, « *a patriotic shiver runs through its every page*, » soars, in its first volumes more especially, almost to the level of the highest inspiration. A fact easily explained : our History is worthy of an epos, and our first Historian was a poet above all things.

« Yes, he was a poet ; and the poet it was who impelled the traveller, created the Historian. The poet it was, who, dreaming of other skies, of other shores than those he had admired so much, felt smitten with the desire of travelling through

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America, and of seeing a portion of that old Europe which was then so far away from us. A glance at the interesting narrative he has given us of his travels, suffices to assure one that he viewed with a noble jealousy the glory of the two great nations to which the inhabitants of Canada owe their existence, and that, while he was not, unmindful of our past and of our future, he admired their monuments, and said within himself:

« If I may not, as has been done here, engrave on brass the combats of our ancestors, still may I inscribe them on the page of History ! » The literary and patriotic aspirations which he already felt, became so many realities, in presence of the great men, of the great deeds of the old world ; the love, tempered with fear, that he felt for his country—that love, mellowed by sadness, shrouded in dark misgivings, received a fresh impulse from hearing Nemcewiecz sing the woes of Poland, and O'Connell thunder against the wrongs of Ireland.

« His work was not written, as many others have been, to gratify a passing whim, or to build up a reputation or a fortune. It was a great undertaking, the rehabilitation of a whole race, in its own eyes, and in the eyes of other races. He sought, above all, to obliterate the insulting terms of « conquered race » and « vanquished people. » He aimed at shewing that, considering the circumstances of the struggle, our defeat was morally equivalent to a victory. Men of other races, destined to inhabit with us this vast and magnificent country, shall one day thank him for having placed truth in the fullest light : for having removed unjust prejudices, for having made us their equals in our eyes and in theirs, and for having, by that means, given one pledge the more for that harmony so essential to the fulfilment of our common destiny.

« Bound in ties of friendship with able and patriotic writers, who had preceded him, with untiring seekers, friendly to our history and its antiquities, he planted with them the roots of our budding literature. Soon he found himself surrounded by competitors, and even by rivals. To him, nevertheless, belongs the merit of initiative, the crown of the first triumph.

« At the expense of his vigils and of his health, of his rest, of that wealth which he might have amassed so readily, he

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bequeathed to us very great things ; not the least of which are our self-respect, our exalted love of country, and faith in our destiny. Assuredly, we had given him but little in return, had our gratitude been limited to this monument, so simple and withal so touching, though still so insufficient, and had not a grander, a more beautiful, and imperishable monument been raised to him in the memory of a whole people.

« We bewail the death of great men ; but for them, more than for others, is it not well that this miserable life, with all its reverses, its acts of injustice, and its, at least, apparent caprices, should one day have an end ? For, on that day, begins the period of a great reparation.

« Their glory ascends on high ; higher and higher it rises, like unto those marvellous edifices which the traveller sees overtopping cities, as he leaves them, and loses sight of all that surrounds them.

« Succeeding generations learn their names, and repeat them with affection ; and, of all the turmoil, the ambitious views, the pretentions and the intrigues of society, the only thing that remains is a few modest and calm reputations, as much thought of after death as they were neglected during life.

« But such is human justice ; posterity has its caprices, its forgetfulness, its unjust disdain. At times, in the memory of nations, as in that of individuals, an Egyptian darkness reigns. Times breathes his mists on the vast ocean of ages, and rolls along the surface the dark and impenetrable fog of forgetfulness. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

« Alas ! Gentlemen, if a voice of higher authority, if a minister of religion were now addressing you, he would tell you of another immortality, as high above all human glory as Heaven is above Earth !

« We may not, it is true, dive into the mysteries of that other life ; but faith has taught us, that our voices may yet reach there, that prayer does not ascend in vain to Heaven, borne thither on the incense that has just mingled with the tears we have shed over the grave of a friend, that the strong ties which bind humanity in one are not severed by death. That admirable

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trilogy of the Church militant, the Church suffering and the Church triumphant, which, were it not a dogma, might yet have been the most beautiful of philosophical conceptions, and which, by linking in, one world with another, dispels dark terror and sheds upon the dreadful transition the mild light of hope, kindled by faith and kept alive by charity.

« Our friend was good, retiring, upright, and devoted ; his, was a christian death ; hence may we, with confidence, address to him, in that other and better country, our fond farewell.

« Adieu, my friend, adieu, in the name, firstly, of our protracted friendship, in memory of those dear gossipings wherein you loved so much to dwell upon the future of our own dear Canada ! Adieu and thanks ! Thanks for the fine sentiments you have caused to germinate within our souls, thanks for the good you have done our youth ; thanks for your great, your sublime examples !

« Adieu, in the name of that family to whom you bequeath so beautiful a name ; adieu, in the name of those you loved so well !

« Adieu, in the name of your country. Enjoy in peace, enjoy your two-fold immortality. In the midst of those great destinies now expanding before her, Canada shall not forget you ; the rival races which surrounded you, shall learn from your works to love our ancestors, and will claim a share of our glorious inheritance.

« Rest, then ! Happen what may to our country, our beloved nationality shall never deplore the want of defenders. Thus much we promise you, in the name of this youth, this reflective assembly grouped around your tomb. And then, Heaven is no prison ! This homage, paid to your memory, reaches you ; does it not ? Of those beautiful sentiments which you have sown, you will behold the germination, the expansion and the development. From the heights of immortality you shall soar, beneficent spirit, above our nationality. For, thanks to holy prayer, already have you been, or soon you will be, greeted above there by your sire, that good old Canadian, who,

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with his hand, (1) *shaking from age*, yourself have told us, *pointed out to you the scene of the last exploits of our sires ;* by that father who gave you the example of courage and of industry ; by that mother so good to you, so discreet, so virtuous ; by that Mother of all Catholics, that other mother of ours, her, whose name was ever rising to your lips during the trials of your cruel malady ; by all those Canadian heroes whose deeds you brought to light. You never knew any other than the holy joys of home, the austere pleasures of study, the peaceful triumphs of literature ; your happiness and your glory should be proportioned to your sacrifices.

« Here your remains shall rest, beneath this tomb, on this battle-field, which you made famous, and nigh unto that other monument, which you had the joy of seeing raised to our heroes amidst those great works of the Creator, which you knew so well how to appreciate. Those lofty pines around shall, in honor of you, preserve their dark verdure, and our winter birds (2), the subject of one of your poetic effusions, will flock above your tomb and gracefully warble there. Those wandering lights of our (3) northern sky, that have also been noted in your song, shall group themselves above you in crowns of many colors. The remains of the heroes who surround you, shall mayhap start at the vicinity of yours ; the last aborigines (4), whose plaintive wailings you reproduced, shall wander around this precinct ; you shall, no doubt, hear strange sounds, and again you will say, as, in your harmonious verses, you once said :—

" *Perfide illusion au pied de la colline,*
C'est l'acier du faucheur ! "

This gathering, filled with religious emotion, shall pass away ; silence shall reign here ; night shall fall ; but, for you, silence and night shall never be with our souls !

Farewell, once more ! Farewell !

(1) In allusion to the naval engagement between the English and French frigates, in May, 1760, opposite to St. Augustin, and witnessed by Mr. Garneau's grandfather, a native of that parish.—(Ed. Q. G.)

(2) *Les Oiseaux Blancs :*

(3) *L'Hiver ;* (4) *Le Dernier Huron.* (For these pieces, see *Repertoire National.*)

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CANADIAN HOMES.

We have many little Edens,
  Scattered up and down our dales;
We've a hundred pretty hamlets,
  Nestling in our fruitful vales;
Here the sunlight loves to linger,
  And the summer winds to blow;
Here the rosy spring in April
  Leapeth, laughing from the snow.

(BY BEN BROOKE.)

In the detached papers which constitute the *Maple Leaves*, it has been our aim, amongst other things, to place before the reader the early history of Canada, with its peculiar institutions in a light, readable form—ever and anon delineating men and events under their representative aspect—as types and exponents of epochs. Luc de la Corne St. Luc, redolent of the memories of Carillon, was exhibited as the stalwart defender of the soil—true to his country under the rule of the Bourbons, not deserting it when foreign conquest inaugurated a new *regime;* on the contrary, taking an active part in politics, and in war, under General Burgoyne in 1776. The youthful and self-sacrificing Commander, Dollard des Ormeaux, shone forth in his true colours in 1660—a veritable Leonidas—the bulwark of Canada against Indian ferocity.

D'Iberville, the *Cid* of New France, becomingly typefied the proud era when lion-hearted Frontenac, reigning in solitary grandeur at the *Château St. Louis*, warned off summarily Admiral Phipps and all such invaders. Brebœuf and Lalemant, wending calmly their steps through trackless forests, to cull the laurels of martyrdom on the fertile banks of Lake Simcoe, fittingly portrayed that epoch of religious enthusiasm and ascetic devotion which characterized the seventeenth century in some of the French Colonies. Representative men to be found everywhere in our writings. Following on the same course, we purpose here depicting the home surroundings and

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aspirations of a progressive descendant of one of the oldest feudal houses of Canada—one who traces back to the fourteenth century, as calculated to open out unexplored vistas in the history of the Colony.

POINTE PLATON.

One balmy afternoon in September, 1868, found me cosily seated next to a friend, Fred. O. * * * * *, on the upper deck of the little steamer ETOILE, *en route* for Pointe Platon, thirty-six miles higher up than Quebec. Rapidly indeed did steam, wind and tide waft us past the numerous ships in the harbour, amongst which loomed out several men-of-war; first, the French Corvette *D'Estrees*, next H. B. M. Paddle Steamer *Baracouta*, commanded by courteous Captain Beavan, (1) the screw gunboat *Philomel*, the majestic *Constance*, Capt. Bourgoyne (2) and last, the ponderous (Iron-clad) *Royal Alfred*, Admiral Sir Rodney Mundy—« tritons amongst minnows. » On we shot, under the overhanging crags of Cape Diamond, close to the mossy heights of dear old Sillery, just then donning their gorgeous russet suit of autumn. Soon we reached the entrance of the Cap Rouge river, taking in at one glance the *Cap Rouge Dock Company's* solitary piers—and calling on memory to unveil the works of the pass—huts, forts, towers, earthworks, such as crowned Charlesbourg Royal in those by-gone days when the intrepid St. Malo Mariner wintered there in 1540-41. This name his fellow contryman, Roberval changed eighteen months afterwards, in 1542, into *France Roy*, in honour of his sovereign, Frances I. How graphically are these same localities described in Cartier and Jean Alphonse's quaint narratives written more than three centuries ago! One can recognize, to this day, Cap Rouge and St. Augustin, by the luxuriant wild wines which cluster on the shores, and the undulating green meadows and serpentine stream « which windeth to the north, » without forgetting the forests

(1) Since dead.

(2) Cape Finisterre recently saw the sturdy commander of the ill fated turret ship, CAPTAIN, disappear with 500 brave men under the billows of the Bay of Biscay.

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of oaks and pines which line the top of Cap Rouge, where stands « Redclyffe, » the seat of Joseph B. Forsyth, Esq., and founded by Henry Atkinson, Esq., about 1820.

In a few minutes, we are abreast of the little pointe at Saint Augustin, where sank the ill stared steamer *Montreal*, on the 26th June, 1857, a seething mass of flames, consigning to a watery grave some two hundred human beings, whose groans of anguish and despair, before taking the fatal plunge, the survivors will long remember. Nor must we forget as we steam past, to salute Saint Augustin, the parish which gave birth to the ancestors of the historian of Canada, F. X. Garneau. Further up a few miles, *Pointe aux Trembles* nestles close to the river's edge, reflecting its shining church spire far across the blue waters of the St. Lawrence. From this identical spot in April, 1760, an exciting spectacle was witnessed by the grand father of our historian, from his cottage windows,—the unequal contest of the French Frigate *L'Alatante*, commanded by Capt. de Vauclain, against the English men-of-war sent to destroy and sink the French ships.

Next, stands in bold relief at the entrance of the river Jacques Cartier, the bluff, whereon had been erected in 1759, a large, solid earthwork, or fort, now completely destroyed, in which Levi's jaded squadrons, after their hurried flight from the camp at Beauport, rested their wearied limbs, on the 14th of September of that eventful year—dispirited but unsubdued *braves*, longing to be led again against the traditional enemy, and scenting in the distance the splendid victory, which awaited them on the Saint Foye heights, on the 28th April following. A very few acres to the east of this Cape, and uncovering at each tide, we noticed a well known land mark, *la roche à Jacques Cartier*, on which Baqueville de la Potherie's boat was stranded in 1698, and whereon according to him and to Charlevoix, Jacques Cartier himself came nigh finding a watery grave, though other historians and Jacques Cartier's own narrative, are silent as to this latter circumstance.

On we sped on the bosom of the famed river, until the picturesque horse-shoe projection, *Pointe Platon* was in view : loud sounds the steam whistle, and the *Etoile* hugs closely

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the wharf. Three hundred and thirty-four years ago, from this time (1869) day for day, another craft carrying the destinies of New France, *L'Emerillon*, Jacques Cartier, Commander of 40 tons burthen, was spreading her white wings to the breeze, opposite this same point, then known as *Achelacy*. Captain the Right Honourable Admiral Cartier, as a Cockney exquisite once persisted in styling him, tell us in his Diary (page 40) that he was here met by a *grand Seigneur du pays*, who by dint of «words, signs and ceremonies» strived to inform him that the river higher up was dangerous on account of rocks and rapids.

It was our friend's good fortune and our own to be welcomed also by a *grand Seigneur du pays*, who neither by words, signs, nor ceremonies, cautioned us against attempting the rapids or rocks of the Richelieu, (as our voyage of discovery, unlike Jacques Cartier's, was not to extend further) but on the contrary made us welcome to his hospitable manor, and for the night and ensuing day, there did we sojourn.

POINTE PLATON HOUSE.

The time was, when the Province of Quebec could count many old manors, whose loop-holed and massive stone walls had been designed as much to protect their inmates against maraudering Indians, as they helped to furnish warm lodgings during January frosts, or cool retreats pending July's tropical heats. Of this class was the old manor house of Beauport (a portion of which is still standing south of Col. Gugy's residence). When recently sold, it was remarked that for two hundred years, it had been in the occupation of the warlike race of the Duchesnays. Cap Sante, Ste. Marie, Beauce, Montmagny, have also their old seignioral halls, but they cannot without repairs hold out very long against all-devouring time. Probably the most extensive structure of this kind was that of the Baron of Longueil—at Longueil.

On reference to history we find that it comprised a dwelling, armed tower, bakery, brewery, &c. ; all these old piles were located less with an eye to the picturesque, than for the safety of the seignior in times of war, and war was the order of the

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day in that remote period, and for the general convenience of the *censitaires* in their intercourse with the Lord of the Manor. Pointe Platon House does not belong to that age. It is a modern structure: the site having been selected by the respected father of its present occupant solely for its natural beauty: some six hundred acres of corn fields, with here and there groves of maple, oak and fir. Properly speaking, it lies beyond the limits of the populous seigniory of Lothinière, owned by its occupant. Three cultivated *plateaux* descend from the heights of land to the level of the St. Lawrence; on the centre one, stands Pointe Platon House—a commodious, airy dwelling—in a ⊢ form, looking towards the St. Lawrence. It is surrounded by ample double verandahs, with maple leaves neatly carved or fretted in the wood work. In rear, and hid by young firs, pine and maple trees, stand the billiard-room, out-houses, stables, grainaries in which are stored flax, hemp, and tobacco; the cultivation of which the proprietor has taken much pains to introduce amongst the farmers—the specimens of each exhibited to us were of marvellous size. In front of the house, is a sloping lawn, intersected with flower-beds, and crowned, directly in front of the dwelling, with a terraced flower garden separated from the lawn by an embankment, surrounded by an evergreen hedge, with an inner zone of sweet briar. A perfect warren of tame rabbits, some erect on their hind legs are trying to nibble with their pink lips, the buds of the forest trees—others, sunning themselves on the lawn or gambolling under the bushes give a peculiarly animated appearance to this portion of the domain; adjoining, is the orchard, fruit and vegetable garden; also a new vinery, which bids fair to furnish shortly its annual tribute of ambrosial fruit; the whole skirted by a tiny lake, fed by some unseen perennial springs; in the centre, a diminutive green islet offers a refuge to yonder quacking squad of Aylesbury ducks, now convoyed round the lake by a pair of snow white Bremen geese. A wire fence shuts out from the «romping hopefuls» of the *chateau*, all access to this sheet of water which finds its outlet in the hill skirting the garden. From the house verandah a most extensive landscape unfolds on all sides. To the

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east, the vast Bay of St. Croix, expands in a graceful curve,—once a dreaded locality to raftsmen, in their downward course, on the timber cribs, in the dark days when steamers lent them not their aid. To the west, the Parish of Cap Santé settles down to the water's edge ; next, you see Portneuf and its spacious temple of R. C. worship, the massive pile overshadowing the many surrounding roofs—*like a mother watching over the welfare of her young*. Six miles further to the east, another sprightly village, *Pointe aux Trembles*, shoots up its glittering spire. In the full blaze of the setting sun, to the west of the dwelling, sits a small rustic bower with a flagstaff, crowning a bluff or pointe, known as *Pointe à Papineau*, it having been a favourite resort of the Nestor of our statesman, Hon. Louis Joseph Papineau, when formerly he made his annual visit to Pointe Platon House, in the days of the father of the present possessor.

In our thousand and one rambles over mountain and glen, many a gorgeous panorama has been unveiled to our dazzled gaze, in this our sweet land of Canada.

> Yes : oft have we been pleased
> To roam at large among unpeopled glens
> And Mountainous retirements, only trod
> By devious footsteps : regions consecrate
> To oldest time ! and reckless of the storm
> That keeps the raven quiet on her nest.

Some spots in their hidden beauty seemed exactly as if they had just left the mould of omnipotence; fresh in their perennial youth and majesty ; the hand of man had altered nor defiled them. Others bore in every lineament the impress of human ingenuity, cultivated taste, wealth and embellishment. The first, in their solitary grandeur, we liked to view, like altars, which the great being had erected for his especial glory ; which we could approach occasionally, and with reverence. The others embosomed in rustic loveliness, associated with human joys and sorrows, pregnant with family memories, health producing health restoring, appeared to us as the natural abodes of men, far from the pestilential breath of the crowded city ; these sanctuaries we never could tire of seeing. We felt the better

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from viewing them—from dwelling in their midst. Our visit to Pointe Platon House was too much mingled with the latter thoughts, for us to be entirely silent on this score.

Thus, on a lovely September afternoon, a few hours before sun set, we stood musing on the spot once rendered sacred by the presence of our great Parliamentary Orator, Louis Joseph Papineau; at our feet, the wide, azure waters, *cæruleum mare*, laving softly the foot of the cape, glorified by the oblique rays of the departing orb of day—many miles of molten gold. More than three centuries ago, a white pennonned bark was haply doubling at the same hour this same promontory. What then, were the thoughts—what the utterings of its historic crew? Were they pondering in their minds the mysterious meaning of the salutation which had greeted them: A-CA-NADA—*There is nothing, here?* Or were their youthful voices making the welkin ring with amorous ditties in honour of their beloved King and master, Francis the I, the royal lover of the beautiful Diana of Poitiers? We looked in vain, in our *reverie*, for the *Emerillon*, of other days: aught could we see, except the black hull of a Montreal deal *bateau*, whose lusty sailors were shouting like Stentors, as they purchased the anchor, to take advantage of the rising tide:

C'est la Belle Françoise de Longué!

* * * * * * *

Towards the land, our eye followed the successive *plateaux* which close in with the beach; here and there, green meadows, or fields shorn of their waving harvest; to the east, the model barn of the *seigneur*, which farmers from the neighbouring counties came to look at, and *wonder*; the last *plateau* fringed with lofty forest trees, as a back-ground to the scene. Presently our eye caught sight of a horseman cantering in the direction of the manor. It was the *seigneur*, whom his trusty black steed *Corbeau*, was carrying homeward from his daily *tour* of inspection of the farm, where extensive subsoil drainage was being carried on. A few strides more and the Laird is welcomed home, by *la Chatelaine* and all the « young hopefuls. »

Had all the ancient Canadian seigneurs lavished as much money on the promotion of agriculture, for the benefit of the

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censitaires, few indeed, would have been the *serfs*, hardy enough to ask the interference of the Legislature against feudal burthens. The Laird of Lotbinière, though young in years, has already represented the county in the Canadian Commons, for several Parliaments : a two-fold mandate has been intrusted to him since Confederation. He is a member of the Local and Dominion Parliaments, Chairman of the Board of Agriculture for the Province of Quebec, &c. But enough has been said to exhibit progress in agriculture, and socially, as it now stands at Lotbinière and Pointe Platon ; nay, a great deal too much has been uttered for the retiring tastes of its worthy Seigneur.

Henri Gustave Joly, by his mother, Julie de Lotbinière, is a lineal descendant of one of the proudest, wealthiest, and most distinguished Canadian houses, that of Chartier de Lotbinière. Let us open the voluminous (1) compilation of the Abbé Daniel, a French ecclesiastic, now residing in Montreal. « This family, » says the learned Abbé, «connected with the (French) families of Chateaubriand, La Rochefoucauld, Polignac, Montfort, De Vaudreuil, Des Meloises, Soulanges, Duchesnay, as represented amongst us by the Harwood and Joly, is one of the most ancient and most illustrious. »

Its head on the soil of Canada was Louis Theantre Chartier de Lotbinière, whose first French ancestor by name was Philippe Chartier. « Receveur General des Comptes » in 1374. One of his sons became Bishop of Paris—Alain, the fourth son, was the most illustrious of all. He was Secretary of State to Louis VI, who granted him titles of nobility. His extraordinary eloquence struck so forcibly Margaret of Scotland, the Queen of Louis XI., that she publicly showed him tokens of her esteem.....One of his sons, Clement, married a wealthy heiress of Britanny in France, Mlle. de Chateaubourg. To him is traced the name of Lotbinière in his family. Having purchased an estate in Maine, called Binières, which he wished to distinguish from another which he owned in Dyonnais, called Bignières, he added the world *Lot* to the name, which was that of a species of fish found in the ponds of the Chateau, and

(1) Eusèbe Sénécal, Montreal, 1867.—*Histoire des Grandes Familles Françaises du Canada.*

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made it Lotbinière. A few years subsequently, this domain was erected into a Barony. Clement de Lotbinière died in 1560, aged 104 years; one of his daughters married Joseph de Chateaubriand, an ancestor of the illustrious author of the « *Génie du Christianisme.* » He left three sons, of whom Alain, who after entering the army and subsequently studying for the bar, became the great grand-father of the founder of the Lotbinière family in Canada.

Passing over a portion of the family records, we find in Canada, about 1650, Theantre de Lotbinière. The date of the concession of his seigniory is 3rd Nov., 1672. His ability soon brought him into notice, and, he, was made « *Lieutenant-Général et Criminel de la Prevosté de Québec.* » It was in 1685, that his son Réné Chartier de Lotbinière obtained the grant of the seigniory « sur la rivière du Chesne, » at Lotbinière, which is still in the possession of the family. This old feudal nabob died at Quebec, 5th May, 1710, leaving to his son, Eustache Chartier de Lotbinière, extensive territorial possessions. We next find in order of date, as his successor, Michel Eustache Gaspard de Lotbinière, a distinguished officer of Engineers, who was intrusted with the building of Fort Carillon (Ticonderoga). He distinguished himself at the memorable battle of Carillon, where General Abercromby with some sixteen thousand men was repulsed by Montcalm at the head of less than one-fourth of that number. His services procured him a title of « *Chevalier de St. Louis,* » and he was made a Marquis. When these honours were pouring on him, he was the possessor of some most valuable seigniories on Lake Champlain, named *Allainville.* After the conquest, he acquired the seigniories of Rigaud, Vaudreuil and Lotbinière, in the district of Montreal. He was, however, unjustly dispossessed by the American Government, of his seigniories on Lake Champlain, and notwithstanding repeated demands, his claim has remained in abeyance to this day. He died in 1799.

Eustache Gaspard Michel Chartier de Lotbinière inherited from his father the estates of Vaudreuil, Rigaud and Lotbinière, as likewise the title of Marquis, which, however, he never assumed. He took an active part in favour of the

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British in 1775, and in 1793, succeeded to Mr. Panet, in the Canadian Commons, as Speaker of that House. He died in his seigniory in 1821 ;—his lady, generally known as the Marquise de Lotbinière, expired in 1834, leaving to transmit the old family name, which had seen thirteen generations, no sons, but three daughters. The eldest married in 1825, the Hon. Robert Unwin Harwood, a member of the Legislative Council. The second, the beautiful Charlotte de Lotbinière, became the spouse of, and married in 1821 William Bingham, the wealthy son of Mr. Bingham, of Philadelphia, a senator, whose daughter married Lord Ashburton. Mr. Bingham left two sons, who died young, and three daughters. Mdlle. Louise, the eldest, married Count Abner Brian de Bois Gilbert, a descendant of the famous family of Brian de Bois Gilbert, the renowned Templar immortalized by Sir Walter, in *Ivanhoe*. The second married Count de Douay; Mdlle. Georgiane, the youngest, was united to Count Raoul d'Epresmenil. They all three reside, in France.

The youngest daughter of the Marquise, Julie de Lotbinière, an aunt of the three young ladies just mentioned, married in 1830 a French gentleman, Gustave Joly, who died in France in 1866. He was the father of Henri Gustave Joly, the present seignior of Lotbinière, and member of Parliament for both Houses, whilst his younger brother, Edmond, a British officer, fell at the siege of Lucknow, in India.

We have not hesitated in entering into these genealogical details, which may appear of secondary importance to some of our readers, but which must find their place in these sketches of *Canadian Homes*, as their subject, in this instance, is intimately associated with the early history of Canada.

(*Written in* 1869.)

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THE BIRDS OF CANADA.*

A POPULAR LECTURE FOR THE YOUNG—1866.

(Revised.)

Mr. President. My young friends: I shall to-night briefly direct your attention to a study, which no doubt to the majority of you here present has proved ever since your boyhood an unfailing source of pleasure, and which, I have no hesitation in saying, will afford increased gratification the more it is followed. No season of the year appeared to me more propitious for bringing under your notice the feathered race, than the period of the spring migration—those lovely April mornings, when our gardens, our fields, our forests, resound with the soft melody of hundreds of winged choristers. Natural history, in all its branches, has ever been reckoned a most attractive subject; it is, however, a study so comprehensive, that I find myself to-night under the necessity to take up one department alone: let it then be the most interesting.

We shall spend a social hour, and hold confab with the friends of your youth and of mine—the *Birds:* nor need you doubt me, when I tell you that it is not in the spirit of exact science, nor with the pedantry of a professor, but rather with the freedom of an old acquaintance, that I shall to-night introduce to you some of the denizens of the woods, some minstrels of the grove—so correctly styled « the accredited and authenticated poets of nature. » Do not, then, expect a set discourse on ornithology. Stray jottings—rambles amongst birds and books—that is all I can promise you at present.

* The substance of this paper was delivered as a lecture, for the benefit of the pupils of the Quebec High School and other public institutions, and for the object of making known the contents of the Museum of the Literary and Historical Society. The lecturer, known by his French work, "*Les Oiseaux du Canada,*" also furnished several specimens from his own museum, at Spencer Grange. The lecture applies to the birds of the provinces of Quebec and Ontario.

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That branch of zoology which treats of birds is denominated ornithology, from two Greek words—ορνιθος, a bird, and λογος, a discourse—a discourse on birds, the history of birds. It is beyond a doubt, that this department of the animal kingdom attracted the attention of mankind in the remotest ages: several birds, as you are aware, are indicated by name and their peculiarities alluded to, in Holy Writ. Mention is frequently made in the earliest and best of books, the Bible, of the soaring eagle, the dismal raven, the tiny sparrow, the grave-looking owl, the migratory stork. The care taken of the prophet Elijah by our sable and far-seeing friend the raven you all remember reading of. This reminds me I am indebted to my neighbor, Colonel Rhodes, for this splendid specimen of the raven, shot last winter whilst cariboo-hunting back of St. Paul's Bay. Like the poet Montgomery's friend in captivity, who rejoiced in the name of Ralp.

> He is a raven grim, in black and blue,
> As arch a knave as e'er you knew.

Of that incorrigible corn stealer, the Crow (1), I have little to tell that you do not already know. Though the bulk of the tribe migrate southward in October, some few—the invalides and octogenarians perhaps—attempt occasionally to brave out the winter, in Canada East. I can remember a large barn, on the pointe, at St. Thomas, county of Montmagny, in which the proprietor, Mr. William Patton, an old friend of mine, now no more—used to store a great deal of wheat. Through some

(1) Henry Ward Beecher says of crows:—"Aside from the special question of profit and loss, we have a warm side toward the crow; he is so much like one of ourselves. He is lazy, and that is human; he takes advantage of those weaker than himself, and that is mankind; he is sly, and hides for to-morrow what he can't eat to-day, showing a real human providence; he learns tricks much faster than he does useful things, showing a true boy-nature; he likes his own colour best, and loves to hear his voice, which are eminent traits of humanity; he will never work when he can get another to work for him, genuine human trait; he eats whatever he can get his claws upon, and is less mischievous with a belly full than when hungry, and that is like man; he is at war with all living things except his own kind, and with them he has nothing to do. No wonder, then, that men despise crows; they are too much like men. Take off their wings, and put them in breeches, crows would make fair average men. Give men wings, and reduce their smartness a little, and many of them would be good enough to be crows."

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flaws in the foundation, for several winters, a number of crows used to enter and feed on the contents of the granary. Farmers might forgive the crows—though I dont—were they to confine their depredations to murdering young robins and other insectivorous birds and robbing sparrows and thrushes of their eggs, but what they do not forgive is the havoc these early rising, watchful thieves commit amidst their indian corn and wheat fields. Right well did our lamented friend D'Arcy McGee, sing of that bird who told his beads:

"In penance for his past misdeeds,
Upon the top I see.

II

Telling his beads from night till morn
Sing alas and woe is me!
In penance for stealing the Abbot's corn,
High on the hollow tree.
Sin is a load upon the breast,
And it nightly breaks the Raven's rest
High on the hollow tree.

III

The Raven pray'd the winter thro',
Sing alas and woe is me.
The hail, it fell, the winds, they blew,
High on the hollow tree.
Until the spring came forth again,
And the Abbot's men to sow their grain
Around the Hollow tree.

IV

Alas, alas, for earthly vows,
Sing alas and woe is me
Whether they're made by men or crows,
High on the hollow tree.
The Raven swoop'd upon the seed,
And met his death in the very deed
Beneath his hollow tree.

(*The Penitent Raven—Canadian Ballads*, 1858.)

The crow is to be found in every part of the globe; a crow and a Scotchman, you know, are ubiquitous. I have myself made some amusing experiments on the hatred entertained by crows, to owls. Few school boys there are, unacquainted with the noisy proceedings, attending crow weddings or the mobbing

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of an owl by irate crows. You can read in my *Ornithologie du Canada*, an account of a trial made by me at Spencer Grange, in 1861, by means of a stuffed owl.

The Raven, whom you might be tempted to consider the crow's big brother, is much more rare, more solitary in his haunts than Mr. Jack Corby. It occurs more frequently in the Niagara District and Lower St. Lawrence, than round Quebec. Its hoarse croak occasionally startles the echoes on the north shore of the St. Lawrence; possibly, this may account for its vernacular name amongst the French Canadian peasantry « *Corbeau de Mer.* »

The late John Nairn, *seigneur* of Murray Bay, used to relate the amusement he experienced on witnessing the alarm, caused by sounds amid air, to a party of English gentlemen, who were travelling by land with him, when overtaken by the dusk of evening, amidst the sublime crags of *La Passe des Monts*, which at a height of fifteen hundred feet, overshadow the mountain path, in the Saguenay district.

These hoarse, hollow noises or groans, were emitted by ravens, hovering in the air, at a great height, unseen, close to their nests located in these crags, and which sounded most unearthly from below. Lower down than Murray Bay, at a spot called *La Baie des Rochers*, on an inaccessible peak about one hundred and fifty feet high, the ravens have a nest; this rock overhangs the St. Lawrence; the foot of man never scanned it. It is stated that these birds have built there for more than two hundred years; that the early missionaries of Canada had noted the fact.

Alexander Wilson, the naturalist, says that where there are many ravens there are few crows and *vice versâ*; his sojourn on the banks of Lakes Erie and Ontario furnished him many proofs of the fact. Ravens are found in Norway, Greenland, at Kamchatka—even in Siberia. Lewis and Clarke noticed some on the 17th December, 1804, during their memorable voyage—whilst the temperature was 45 below 0. White ravens have, t'is said, been seen in Ireland ! ! The country also produces Banshees ? an other rarety.

I will close these details about ravens with the anecdote of

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that Roman raven presented to Augustus after the battle of Actium: « After this memorable battle, several ravens were sent to Augustus, each repeating the words « Ave Cæsar, Victor, Imperator; all hail to you Cæsar, victorious emperor. » Augustus purchased them. A poor shoemaker, attracted by the price offered, set to work to teach a raven; he had to repeat these words, but as the bird made but slow progress, he was in the habit of winding up his lesson with the words « All my pains will go for naught. » At last the raven managed to repeat the complimentary address intended for the prince, so that the owner hastened to place himself on the passage of the emperor, and got him to compliment Augustus in the usual language, but Augustus turned short and said, « I have enough of such courtiers as you in my palace, » when the bird added: « *All my pains will go for naught*; » this so amused the victorious Cesar, that he paid even a higher price for the shoemaker's raven. »

The dove and the raven were both honoured with important missions by that distinguished and most successful navigator Capt. Noah. You know how much the ibis was petted, nay honoured, in Egypt: the white ibis was embalmed and made a God of, after death. The stork was sung by Herodotus,—the swan by Virgil and by a host of other poets. Aristophanes, some twenty-three hundred years ago, celebrated not only the croaking of frogs, but also the melody of birds.

It was, however, reserved to one of the loftiest minds of antiquity, Aristotle of Stagyra, to furnish the world with the earliest methodical information on zoology. This great man was the first to observe and attempt to explain the organization of animated nature. His treatise, περιζωον Ιστοριας, will ever be regarded as one of the masterpieces of antiquity. The generation of animals, their habits, their organs, the mechanism of their functions, their resemblances and differences are therein discussed with astonishing clearness and sagacity. Aristotle may be reckoned as having established a solid basis for Natural History; and his principal divisions of the animal kingdom are so well founded, that almost all of them are still substantially admitted. In arranging facts, he carefully goes back to causes from general results.

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We next come to the Roman, Pliny the Elder, born A. D. 23, who died, as you may have read, in the year 79 of our era, from the noxious fumes of Vesuvius during the eruption which, it is said, destroyed Herculaneum. Having the charge of a Roman fleet, he had, in attempting to succour some of the unfortunate inhabitants, ventured too near the scene of the calamity: he expired during the following night. I presume some of you have perused the very interesting letter recording the event, written by Pliny the Younger, the nephew and adopted son of the Roman naturalist.

As a laborious, but not always reliable, compiler, you have heard of Aldrovandus, born about 1535. I said not always reliable: to illustrate this latter point, I shall now quote from the 1st vol. *Canadian Naturalist*, an extract purporting to describe one of our most beautiful winter visitors, the Bohemian Chatterer, or Waxwing: a specimen is also in the museum of the Literary and Historical Society. I was fortunate enough to snare three very fine birds of this species in January, 1864—often have others been seen since, round my house, at Spencer Grange. I kept them all winter in my aviary; they soon became so bloated, so uncommonly portly, from good eating, that they were struck down by apoplexy, and one after an other, died. I need not tell you the sorrow such a catastrophe brought to my family circle. (1)

« That the Bohemian Chatterer was known to the ancients there can be little doubt; a great deal of obscurity prevails as to the names by which it was distinguished. Some have taken it to be the *Incendiaria avis* of Pliny (book x., c. 13), the inauspicious bird, on account of which appearance, Rome more than once underwent lustration, but more especially in the consulship of L. Cassius and C. Marius, when the apparition of a great owl (*Bubo*) was added to the horrors of the year. Others have supposed that it was the bird of the Hercynian forest (book x., c. 47), whose feathers shone in the night like fire. Aldrovandus, who collected the opinions on this point, has taken some pains to show that it could be neither the one,

(1) Canadian Naturalist and Geologist, I., p. 467.

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nor the other. The worthy Italian gravely assures his readers, that its feathers do not shine in the night; for he says he kept one alive for three months, and observed it at all hours (' *quâvis noctis horâ contemplatus sum* '). It is by no means improbable that this bird was the gnaphalos of Aristotle (Hist. anim., book ix., c. 16.)

« The geographical range of the Bohemian Chatterer is extensive, comprehending a great portion of the arctic world. It appears generally in flocks, and a fatality was at one time believed to accompany their movements. Thus, Aldrovandus observes that large flights of them appeared in February, 1530, when Charles V. was crowned at Bologna; and again in 1551, when they spread through the duchies of Modena, Piacenza, and other Italian districts, carefully avoiding that of Ferrara, which was afterwards convulsed by an earthquake. In 1552, according to Gesner, they visited the banks of the Rhine, near Mentz, in such myriads that they darkened the air. In 1571, troops of them were seen flying about the north of Italy, in the month of December, when the Ferrarese earthquake, according to Aldrovandus, took place, and the rivers overflowed their banks.

« Necker, in his memoir on the birds of Geneva, observes that from the beginning of this century only two considerable flights have been seen in that canton: one in January, 1807, and the other in 1814, when they were very numerous, and, having spent the winter there, took their departure in March. In the first of those years they were scattered over a considerable part of Europe, and early in January were seen near Edimburgh. Savi observes that they are not seen in Tuscany, except in severe winters, and that the years 1806 and 1807 were remarkable for the number of them which entered Piedmont, especially the valleys of Lanzo and Suza. »

I could dilate at length on the history of this mysterious stranger, who appears to have so startled antiquity. Here is the ominous individual; see how silky his plumage! mark the lovely wax-like tips of his wings! this is no doubt the portion which was supposed to shine at night. Be careful, however, not to confound him with the *Cedar* or *Cherry Bird*

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—our summer visitor: he resembles him much in plumage, but is twice his size.

Nor should we omit the names of Redi, Swammerdam, Willoughby, John Ray, and especially of Francis Bacon, amongst the laborious tillers of the soil of Natural History.

Next to Aristotle and Pliny, ranks the great botanist and naturalist Linnæus, who devoted a lifetime to reforming and rearranging the history of all natural productions, and lived to see his method triumphant and almost universally received. Nor was he a mere nomenclator; his vast genius led him to take the most elevated views of nature. He penetrated with a glance into causes which were the least obvious on the surface. Order, precision, clearness, exactitude of description and accurate knowledge of relations in detail distinguish his works. He it was who sent to America, to Quebec, the eccentric Peter Kalm: every guide-book reminds you of the amusing account Kalm wrote of Quebec and Montreal society in 1749; what a fine fellow Count de la Gallissonière, the Governor General in those days, appeared to the Swedish traveller. How our respected grandmothers chatted, frolicked, romped, dressed, danced;—how well he related all he saw, and somethings he did not see. We are led next to consider the brilliant career of a French naturalist, an elegant writer and profound philosopher, Count Buffon. Possessed of a vast fortune, moving in the highest circles of a nation famous for its refinement and learning, Buffon, during a half century, from his *chateau* of Montbard, promulgated his canons to the scientific world: he tells us he spent forty years in his study, perfecting and rounding the sentences of his immortal works; but, when bearing in mind the life-like sketches of birds written by Buffon's successors and contradictors, the writers of the new school, such as Alexander Wilson, Audubon, Chas. Buonaparte, Baird, one is inclined to regret that the sedentary philosopher should have spent so much time indoors describing his favourites, instead of ransacking the forests, the fields, the seashore,

"The murmuring streams, their banks and braes"

to see for himself, like Audubon and Wilson, how God's creatures lived, loved, sang and died.

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No doubt, my young friends, you would like to have some details of the career of the two celebrated naturalists just mentioned, especially as their fame is identified with the name of America; both, as you may know, visited Quebec. Alexander Wilson, the author of *American Ornithology*, was born in 1766, at Paisley, in Scotland. At the early age of thirteen, he was indentured as a weaver to his brother-in-law, William Duncan. His parents were peasants. A few years after we find him acting as a pedlar: dealing in cambrics, cotton, calico by day; poetry and natural history, by night His restless mind, poetic temperament and poverty induced him lo seek fortune in a then new and attractive arena, the United States, where he landed on the 14th July, 1794. In 1795, he again took to the pack, and next became a teacher shortly after. In 1802, he accepted a situation as tutor in a seminary, near Philadelphia. There he became acquainted with Mr. William Bartram, the naturalist and botanist, who encouraged him, and lent him the works of Catesby and Edwards, on Ornithology. Space prevents me from following the ardent admirer of birds through his rural peregrinations. There is an interesting episode in his life connected with the refusal of President Jefferson to second the efforts of the aspiring naturalist. He died in 1813, aged 47, from the effects of a cold caught whilst pursuing some rare bird, having had to swim a river in order not to lose sight of it. Although progress has been made in American ornithology since the days of Alexander Wilson, his treatise, as far as it goes, serves yet as a textbook to naturalists of every nation.

How can I becomingly sketch the adventurous existence of the Prince of American naturalists, John James Audubon? Who can do justice to the memory of this noble-minded son science, whose great work, THE BIRDS OF AMERICA, is likely to remain in succeeding ages—a permanent monument of the highest order of genius, celebrating the wonders of nature, in the denizens of the air and songsters of the grove?

John James Audubon saw daylight for the first time, in Louisiana, in 1782: he was of French extraction, and was sent to Paris to complete his studies. It was there, he learned

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the art of drawing from the celebrated painter David. On his return to America, at the age of eighteen, he lived with his father, near Philadelphia, on a beautiful estate surrounded by parks, lawns and gardens. He soon had to give himself up to commercial pursuits; with that object in view, he started for Kentucky. The whole of his books teem with the vivid descriptions of his forest wanderings. In 1810, he met, for the first time, his great rival, Alexander Wilson. In 1811, Audubon said good-bye to the *cash-book* and *ledger*, and, gun and sketch-book in hand, he dived into the depths of the American forests in quest of knowledge and materials to achieve his great undertaking. In 1814, he was favoured with an introduction to the celebrated prince of Canino, Charles Lucien Buonaparte, a close relative of the present (1866) French Emperor and author of most valuable treatises on American Birds; some of which you will find on our shelves. After visiting the States in all directions, Audubon sailed for Paris, London and Edimburg. His drawings of American birds had already attracted abroad, considerable attention. In England, he soon became acquainted with several men of note in literature: Professors Sedgwick, Whewell, Henslow, Dr. Thackeray, Dr. Buckland, Dr. Kidd; in Paris, Baron Cuvier, Swainson, Geoffroy St. Hilaire, his son Isidore;—D'Orbigny, Lesson, and other *savants* shewed him marked attention. The sovereigns of England and France patronised the enthusiastic disciple of Buffon, heading with their names the subscription list to his great work. I wish, my young friends, I could gratify your desire, and follow step by step this wonderful man in his ornithological rambles through the length and breath of this green land: this day, you might be ascending with him one of the *bayous* of Florida, to watch the habits of the scarlet flamingo, and next month, scaning the prairies of Kentucky to catch the Wild Turkey on her nest; the season following might find you toiling up the rugged and barren uplands of Labrador—a locality so desolate, so rocky, so inhospitable that, to use the words of the late abbé Ferland, « there is not enough of soil to bury decently the unfortunate traveller who may perchance die there. » Audubon visited Quebec in 1842,

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residing several weeks with a Mr. Marten, in St. Peter street, an excellent taxidermist and a great admirer of the feathered race,; on his departure, Audubon requested him to accept, as a token of remembrance, a copy of his magnificent work on the Birds of this Continent. There are yet several amongst us who can recall to mind the dignified, courteous, white-haired old gentleman, with black, piercing eyes, eminently handsome in person—one of nature's true noblemen. Spencer Wood in those days belonged to the late Henry Atkinson, a warm friend of the gifted naturalist Many the strolls did the latter enjoy at Spencer Wood, listening, under the umbrageous pines and old red oaks, to the flute-like warble of the Veery and metallic notes of the Hermit Thrush. His steps occasionally wandered, I am proud to say, over that portion of the estate which has since passed to me ; the shady avenue consecrated by the presence of this man of genius, is now known to my children under the name of « Audubon Avenue. » These memories, which to some may appear commonplace, I recall with unfeigned pleasure ; and whilst there, and listening to the harbingers of spring, or poring over Audubon's works, I am reminded that there once breathed and stood the possessor of one of the most honoured names in natural science—a noble-minded fellow-man—whose glory and whose fame are inseparable from that of North America. Audubon spent more than twenty years completing his superb drawings and compiling the Biography of the Birds and Animals of America ; he sank to rest in 1852, aged seventy years, in the full blaze of his glory.

Next to Wilson and Audubon, in the field of Natural History, I shall point out to you a name widely respected in America, and well received in Europe—Professor S. K. Baird, of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington ; he is specially known to us as the chief compiler of the celebrated 9th vol. of the Reports of that Institution, which elaborate book you have now before you ; he was ably seconded in this laborious undertaking by Mr. Geo. Lawrence, of New York, and Dr. John Cassin, of Philadelphia. Dr. Cassin is also the author, amongst other publications, of a most gorgeously illus-

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trated work on some new Western birds, also forming part of the library of this Society.

In Wilson's *Ornithology*, published in 1814, we find mentioned 284 species. Bonaparte, in 1838, had described 471. Audubon, writing in 1844, brought up the list to 506. Baird's Report, which appeared in 1858, enlarged the number to 738, of which more than 300 species are to be found in Canada, either as accidental visitors or sedentary species. The Smithsonian report divides the birds into six orders, viz :—

I.	*Raptores*	Birds of Prey.
II.	*Scansores*	Climbing Birds.
III.	*Insessores*	Perching «
IV.	*Rasores*	Dusting «
V.	*Grallatores*	Wading «
VI.	*Natatores*	Web-footed «

Each of these orders might comprise as follows :—Ist. order, 36 ; II. 18 ; III. 120 ; IV. 15 ; V. 42 ; VI. 69. Canada, not embracing all the varieties of climate and temperature which the American Union does, cannot be expected to unite all the varieties of birds to be found in the United States. The Canadian Fauna is nevertheless very beautiful and varied in its features, including a numerous collection of birds of prey. The web-footed order are well represented here. The Woodpecker family comprises some brilliantly habited individuals. But the most numerous and varied in plumage, are the Perchers or singing birds. Alex. Wilson spoke eloquently and truly, when he said, « The ornithology of the United States exhibits a rich display of the most splendid colors ; from the green, silky, gold-bespangled down of the minute humming bird, scarce three inches in extent, to the black coppery wings of the gloomy condor, of sixteen feet, who sometimes visits our northern regions ; a numerous and powerful band of songsters, who, for sweetness, variety, and melody, are surpassed by no country on earth ; an everchanging scene of migration from torrid to temperate, and from northern to southern regions, in quest of suitable season, food and climates, and such

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an amazing diversity in habit, economy, form, disposition and faculties, so uniformly hereditary in each species, and so completely adequate to their peculiar wants and convenience, as to overwhelm us with astonishment at the power, wisdom, and beneficence of the Creator.

« In proportion as we become acquainted with these particulars, our visists to, and residence in the country, become more and more agreeable. Formerly, on such occasions, we found ourselves in solitude, or, with respect to the feathered tribes, as it were in a strange country, where the manners, language, and face of all were either totally overlooked, or utterly unknown to us ; now, we find ourselves among interesting and well-known neighbours and acquaintances, and, in the notes of every songster, recognize with satisfaction the voice of an old friend and companion. A study thus tending to multiply our enjoyments at so cheap a rate, and to lead us, by such pleasing gradations, to the contemplation and worship of the Great First Cause, the Father and Preserver of all, can neither be idle nor useless, but is worthy of rational beings, and doubtless, agreeable to the Deity. »

(The lecturer, by means of the diagram of a bird drawn on a large board then explained the different portions : ***Primaries***. ***Secondaries***, ***Tertiaries***, ***Scapulars***, ***Rhump feathers***, ***Auriculars***, ***Tarsi***, ***Tibia***, ***Iris***, ***Mirror***, ***Total length***, ***Alar extent***, and a variety of other technical terms.)

Linnæus, in his *Systema Naturæ*, divides the class of birds into six orders. Blumenbach makes *nine* orders ; Cuvier,—*six ;* Vieillot, *five ;* Vigors, *five ;* Temminck, in his ***Manuel d'Ornithologie***, *sixteen ;* Agassiz and Gould, in a recent work, recognize only *four* orders. Classification is without doubt, one of the most important portions of Ornithology. A new light has dawned on this science, since the learned researches of Dr. Thos. Brewer, of Boston, and other American and European *savants* who have applied oology to the classification of species ; thus, several rare hawks, in different plumage, have been recognized by their eggs. The eggs of owls, instead of being elliptical, like those of the generality of birds, are spherical. Eggs are also identified by their markings,—lines,—spots,

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stripes,—or by the absence of them, like the eggs of some of the thrushes. Collecting wild birds' eggs has become quite a trade. Scientific institutions in Europe have given as much as £15 stg. for a rare egg (1). Several Canadian institutions have recently added to their museums collections of bird's eggs: the Literary and Historical Society, the Natural History Society of Montreal, the Sulpician seminary of that city, the Laval University, and the Normal Schools, in Quebec and Montreal. The contributions of friends in this, as in the department of birds, have induced me to add a collection of eggs to my specimens.

Before we examine the contents of the collection laid before us, let me point out to you one particular respecting the birds of prey: *the female in general is nearly one-third larger than the male*, and difference of age causes such changes in the plumage, that considerable uncertainty still exists in identifying the *Rapaces*.

The vastness of the subject now before us is such that I am compelled to confess how rashly I would have acted had I promised you a discourse on the ornithology of Canada. It would require, at least, a dozen of lectures to place the topic before you in a becoming manner. I shall, therefore, content myself with familiarising you with some of the specimens belonging to our museum. Let us select a few out of each order.

Here is the King of Birds—a fair specimen of the Bald Eagle. Oh! you proud, overbearing robber, on the watch at noon-day for some industrious Osprey, hurrying to her mountain home, with a lively trout in her beak; or else, quoth Audubon, keeping with your mate a sharp look out for an unsuspecting swan, a fat goose, or a dainty canvass-back. Did our shrewd, far-seeing neighbours, really intend to foreshadow the career of the Republic founded by Washington and Franklin, when they chose as their national symbol such an overbearing, grasping bully?

The Bald Eagle is more abundant in Western than in Eastern Canada. The shores of Burlington Bay and the Falls of Niagara are amongs his favourite haunts. It is there, he can be seen in his

(1) The egg of the Great Auk.

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native grandeur, circling in vast spirals over the seething waters. The Golden Eagle, another beautiful species (1), is very common round Quebec. Of his ferocity, spirit of rapine, and boldness, you have heard :—of little children mysteriously disappearing from their happy homes, and of their bleached bones being found years after in an eagle's eyrie, high on the loftiest ledge of the neighbouring mountain. Science has awarded to this fine bird the cognomen of « *Aquila Canadensis*, » and were not that our Dominion professes to have honesty as its basis, and were it not for the sanguinary instincts of the Canadian

(1) HARK TO MCGILVRAY'S DESCRIPTION.

" Having ascended to the summit of one of the lofty mountains in the Forest of Harris in search of plants, I stood to admire the glorious scene that presented itself, and enjoy the most intense of all delights—that of communion in the wilderness with the God of the Universe. I was on a narrow ledge of rocks, covered with the Silene acaulis whose lovely pink blossoms were strewn around ; on one side was a rocky slope, the resort of the ptarmigan ; on the other, a rugged precipice, in the crevices of which had sprung up luxuriant tufts of Rhodiola rosea. Before me, in the west, was the craggy island of Scarp ; toward the south, stretched the rugged coast-line of Harris, margened on the headlands with a line of white-foam ; and, away to the dim horizon, spread out the vast expanse of the Atlantic Ocean, with the lovely Isles of St. Kilda on its extreme verge. The sun, descending in the clear sky, threw a glistening path of light over the waters, and tinged the Ocean haze with purple. Suddenly there arose over the Atlantic a mass of light, thin vapour, which approached with a gentle breeze, rolling and spreading around and exhibiting the most beautiful changes of tint.

When I had gazed until the fading light reminded me that my home for the night was four miles distant, I approached the edge of the precipice, and bent over it, when, from the distance of a few yards beneath, a Golden Eagle launched forth into the air. The scene, already sublime, was by the flight of the eagle rendered still more so, and, as I gazed upon the huge bird sailing steadily away beneath my feet, while the now dense masses of cloud rolled majestically over head, I exclaimed aloud " Beautiful ! " The great God of heaven and earth, myself, his perverse but adoring subject and the eagle, his beautiful but unenduring creature, were all in the universe of my imagination. Scenes like these might soften the obdurate, elevate the grovelling, convince the self-willed and unbelieving, and blend with universal nature the spirits that had breathed the chilling atmosphere of selfishness. Verily, it is good for one to ascend a lofty mountain ; but he must go alone, and of if he be there in the solemn stillness of midnight, as I have been, he will descend a better and a wiser man. Beautiful truly it is, to see the eagle sweeping aloft the hill side, sailing from one mountain to an other, or soaring aloft in its circling flight until it seems to float in the regions of the then white cirri, like the inhabitant of an other world looking down upon our rebel earth, as if desirous to visit it, but afraid to come within its contaminating influence, and not in its distant flight alone is the Golden Eagle a beautiful object ; viewed at hand it cannot fail to inspire admiration, but then you must see it seated on some pinnacle of its native rocks. " (*Rapacious Birds of Great Britain, McGilvray, Page 96.*)

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Eagle, one would mostly wish him to take the place of the Beaver, the Rose, the Thistle and the Shamrock, as the emblem of our nascent empire. A pair of these noble birds purchased by me recently, were kept in capture at Spencer Grange, when I sent the following to the *Quebec Mercury :*

« One by one, the cherished traditions of our rosy boyhood vanish. Audubon, Buffon and Wilson had let us to believe that the king of birds, the royal eagle, was a species of morose baron, living amidst inaccessible fastnesses, on innocent lambkins, leverets, and tender chickins ; occasionally varying his diet, by making a repast on some stray infant, carried away *holus bolus*, whilst its negligent nurse, perchance, had *beau* seeking, wandered round the corner. The fierce marauder seldom or ever visited the haunts of man, except for mischief. The loftiest mountain had its eagle—one only ; at most, a pair —averaging in age one hundred years or so. To catch a live eagle was a species of impossibility ; in fact, if you saw one alive, once during your lifetime, you might consider yourself fortunate.

« The Golden or Canadian Eagle, *Aquila Canadensis*, is a beautiful variety. As stated, many of the dreams of our boyhood, are disproved by the following fact. Eagles seem to be as common as barnyard fowls at Baie St. Paul, on the Lower St. Lawrence : they are frequently shot, and within a week, a pair were trapped under a crockery crate with a figure four trap baited with a clucking hen and her chickens. *Their appetite was not proof against white meat.* Hence their fall. These marauders had already paid a flying visit to the farmyard and abstracted a large goose, in spite of the heart rending cries of the guardian of the flock—a snow-white gander, more majestic in gait than the Mayor of *any* of our opulent cities. The female eagle, since her capture, laid an egg on her way up from St. Paul's Bay : unfortunately this prized specimen for oologists was crushed and destroyed. These noble birds were presented to me ; and mayhap I shall have a treat denied to the greatest naturalists—*witnessing eagles breeding in captivity*. I will take care to advise the readers of the *Mercury*, of the birth of the first chick, should such an auspicious event crown the connubial bliss of the royal couple. »

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These eagles were kept thirteen months; it afforded me ample opportunity to study their habits in captivity. They did not however breed, but I made more than one experiment, as to their capacity of enduring cold and hunger which much astonished me. Ever patient, cheerful; robust, in excellent temper at all times, they seemed indeed, unlike any other member of the feathered tribe—Right well is the eagle called the «King of Birds.» Fearing some accident might befall my children who were frequently moving round their coop, I ceeded them to Capt. Rook of the 53rd Foot, who took them to England; since when, I learn, they have figured in the pages of the *Field* Newspaper.

Shall we quit the Eagle tribe, without directing your notice to that majestic Eagle which Audubon discovered whilst ascending the Mississippi in 1814; his attention having been directed to it by the pilot of the boat—a Canadian. This powerful bird, a specimen of which, he shot subsequently in Kentucky, measured 43 inches by 122—that is, from tip to tip of wing, ten feet, and three feet seven inches from the end of the head to the extremity of the tail. But one specimen, as yet, exists in the American collections—that, in the museum of the Natural History Society of Philadelphia. It is well to state that this gigantic bird which Audubon honored with the name of Bird of Washington, has much exercised naturalists; some, protesting that it was merely an overgrown individual of the Golden Eagle, whilst others, asserted that the *scutellæ* on his *tarsi* denoted a distinct species.

At least twenty varieties of the Hawk family visit our latitudes; here, is the delicately spotted Goskawk, identical with the European species: the breast is of a lovely ash colour, with pencilled markings; there is the Rough-legged Buzzard; next, the Marsh Hawk, whom I am sure, on viewing this specimen, you all recognize as that unwelcome prowler who made you miss by his swoop, *such* a shot, on the Chateau Richer, Crane Island, Sorel, Deschambault or Ste. Clair marshes, at some period or other of your sporting career; there is another species with large expanse of wing,—the Broad-winged Hawk, not so large as the Goshawk, and of plumage

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less bright; then comes the Sharp-shinned; next, the Pigeon Hawk; lastly, the little Sparrow Hawk, with its elegant cinnamon-coloured back and black bands on its tail. Admire this keen sportsman, the great Duck Hawk—*Bullet*-headed Hawk, as some style him—who is none else than the *Noble* Peregrine Falcon of the days of chivalry; a tolerably common bird in Canada West; he can strike his quarry a mid air with his breast bone, so as to cause immediate death. The limits of my discourse prevent me from quoting, for your benefit, the elegant and truthful descriptions of the Peregrine and his fearless compeers, as sketched by Audubon. Shall we leave this fierce band of day-robbers, and investigate the doings of those formidable midnight raiders, the Owls?

> "'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,
> And the owls have wakened the crowing cock;
> Tu-whit!—Tu-whoo!

See how grave, how omniscient they look, with their rolling, shining, yellow eyes, their velvety plumage and their warm fur-leggings, impervious to cold the most intense! There he sits, on his perch,—the dignified patriarch of the whole tribe: the Great Cinereous Owl. Look at him well; he is not, mind you, an every-day visitor by any means—the largest of the owls; in size, he even exceeds that white and fierce marauder, the Snowy Owl—the Great Northern Hunter, as he is aptly styled. As you know, he is frequently shot in the surrounding country during the winter months. How often on a bright, cold January day, have I noticed him skimming magestically over the vast ice fields, *battures*, as they are called which skirt the Saint Lawrence, at St. Thomas, county of Montmagny! Nature has wonderfully adapted these birds to the climates they inhabit. They hunt by day as well as by night, and, in the soft moonlight, you can scarcely hear the muffled sound of their winged paddles, when pursuing hares or other small animals. Of the ferocity of the Snowy Owl, unquestionable proofs exists. The attack of a Snowy Owl, rendered desperate through hunger, on a Roman Catholic Missionary, is amusingly related in a *Journal of Travel*, on the Labrador coast. The Reverend Padré

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was so astounded at the daring of the bird of Minerva, that he sought his safety in flight. Of the Virginian, or Great Horned Owl, there are, according to Baird, five varieties—*Atlanticus*, *Magellanicus*, *Pacificus*, *Arcticus*, *Virginianus*. *Atlanticus* and *Virginianus* alone visit Canada. This bird is often caught in the steel traps baited for foxes; the ferocious attitude and indomitable courage he exhibits, when approached by dog or man, is wonderful to behold; he snaps his powerful beak, rolls his bright eyes, and erects his feathers—the very emblem of concentrated rage. I have not heard of any successful effort to domesticate the Great Horned Owl. The Barn Owl, highly valued in some countries as a destroyer of rats and mice, does not inhabit Canada. You remember I am sure, the lines in the Fable of the Butterfly who went to consult her lawyer.

Ivy barn was the Chambers of Councillor Owl,
And instantly thither he flies.
At study he found the learned fowl,
His face half hid by his hooded cowl,
He winked, and blinked and looked very wise.

I have now placed before you in a row, according to their size, the Owls which visit us; mark the gradation from the Great Cinereous, the size of a large Turkey, to the little Saw Whet, a sweetly pretty, tiny fellow, not much bigger than a Snow Bunting. What an interesting group of wiseacres they all seem? Legislative or City Councillors in conclave!

You see in the Museum of our Society some fair representatives of the web-footed Order of Birds.

First amongst them, conspicuous for the brilliancy of his plumage, note the Wood or Summer Duck, *Anas Sponsa*; *sponsa* means a bride, from the gay colours of the individual probably. Here is the Mallard, the Dusky Duck, the Gadwall, the American Widgeon, the Green-winged Teal, the Blue-winged Teal, the Shoveller, the Canvass-back, the Redhead, the Scaup, the Ruddy, the Pied, the Velvet, the Surf Duck, the Scoter, the Eider, the King Eider, the Golden-eye, the Harlequin, the Long-tailed, the Tufted, the Red-breasted Merganser, the Hooded Merganser, and the

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Gooseander. What a noble-looking fellow the great Diver seems, with his speckled robe of white and black? But amongst this splendid array of water-fowl, as I previously said, the handsomest is the Wood Duck, who builds in trees at Sorel, Lake Erie, and other places: he is, indeed, of the whole tribe *facilè princeps*. Those feathered, slim gentry mounted on stilts, you recognize as pertaining to the tribe of the Waders: the Bittern you all have seen; many of you may not have viewed, the large Blue Heron, of't mistaken for a *Crane*. Doubtless you number amongs your acquaintances as well, the curious and handsome species called the Night Heron from its nocturnal habits. It is a very comely bird and the long feathers on its head, will at once attracts your notice: Wilson has as it were, *photographed* this bird. There are a few heronries in Canada; one exists on Nuns Island near Montreal. Have you ever observed how those long feathers, which grow out of the back of his head, fit in one another as in a groove?

For this pretty little species, called the Least Bittern, I am indebted to a Kingston friend.

You can read, in Charlevoix and Governor Boucher, that two species of Cranes visit Canada—the White and the Brown Crane: Linnæus and Temminck have christened one of the species, *Grus Canadensis*; and still the Crane is a Western species, and ought not to sojourn often in our Arctic latitudes except when it migrates from Florida to the Arctic wilds, for the incubation of its eggs and rearing of its young. An Island, once dear to sportsmen, thirty-six miles lower than Quebec, bears the name of Crane Island. You have not forgotten the mention Horace makes of the migrating Crane—*Gruem advenam*. And shall I relate to you the nice story Herodotus tells of the manner in which the death of Ibycus, the poet, was avenged by a flock of Cranes? You will then understand why the muse-loving Greeks had such a veneration for Cranes:—

« The lyric, Ibycus of Rhegium, went to dispute at the Olympic Games the prize of poetry: he came on foot, with no other companion than his lyre, from which he occasionally drew a few soul-stirring notes. At the close of his journey,

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musing, he lost his away in the forest. Two men rushed out of a wood and struck him. The poet fell to the earth, and cast an expiring glance towards the setting sun. At that awful moment, he saw a flock of Cranes sailing past: 'Winged travellers,' said he, in an expiring breath, 'behold me!—make known the assassins of Ibycus!' The brigands laughed at these words, stripped their victim and disappeared.

« The next day, the games began at Olympia: no Ibycus appeared. The people murmured at the absence of the Bard; —his rivals commenced to sing. At that moment a man arrived in hot haste bearing a broken lyre, all bloody, and pronouncing the name of Ibycus. It was the bard's lyre, found that morning close to the corpse of the poet. A loud and deep wail was then heard in the amphitheatre: the people deplored the premature end of the young favourite of the muses; but the multitude is as easily moved to sorrow as it is to forget; the games proceeded—the memory of Ibycus fading away. Night was closing in and would soon interrupt the amusements of the crowd, when a flock of Cranes flew over the arena; their loud notes attracted general attention: two of the crowd, in a conspicuous spot, repeated to one another, in a jocular way. 'There go the Cranes of Ibycus!' This singular remark was overheard by others: the sarcastic tone in which it was uttered, the repulsive appearance of the utterers, the sudden and mysterious death of the poet, all conspired to create suspicion. The murderers were arrested—questioned separately —confessed their crime, and were then and there executed; so that the avenging mission confided by the dying poet to the feathered strangers was faithfully and speedily discharged. »

By long and continued efforts on behalf of some enlightened friends of agriculture, the indiscriminate slaughter of insectivorous birds in the spring and summer has been effectually stopped. You may not be hung for killing or capturing in Canada, a Robin or a Tomtit in the spring, but you make yourself liable thereby, to ten days of jail.

I like the old English and French custom of opening the

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game season by rejoicings and *eclat*. Why should not Saint Hubert, the patron saint of sportsmen, have a day sacred to him in America as well as in Europe ?

It is gratifying to see that if our powerful and progressive neighbours have so many things to be proud of, there is one Canadian institution which they envy us ; that is, our Legislation for the protection of Fish and Game. Mr. Roosevelt (son of Judge Roosevelt), in his interesting book on the Salmon rivers of Canada, « *The Game Fish of the North,* » testifies to that fact repeatedly. Though as a sop to American *amour propre*, he concludes by insinuating that it is about the only sign of progress to be found « in those benighted regions known as the British Provinces, » as he humourously styles them. We will allow him, unchallenged, to enjoy his illusions on this as on other Canadian topics, for, as a clever writer has it, « Are not illusions the best part of youth ? » and Mr. Roosevelt is young.

With all the protection the law could lend to game during the period of incubation, I dare not however, think it possible to restore to the shores of the St. Lawrence the myriads of ducks, geese, and swans, which are mentioned by the old writers, such as the Jesuits, in their Relations, Governor Boucher, in his *Histoire Naturelle des Oiseaux, des Animaux, et des Poissons du Canada*, written at Three Rivers in 1663—for the special information of the *Grands Seigneurs* of the Court of Louis XIV., his friends. The account of the game met by the Jesuits on the Crane and Goose Island beaches in 1632 (5) appears so marvellous as to be mostly beyond belief. The very beach facing this city, near the *Rifle range* at Beauport, took its name, *La Canardière*, from the legions of ducks, *Canards*, frequenting it. It is within my recollection that a Crane Island *Chasseur* counted he had had but poor shooting if he had bagged less than one hundred *Outardes* (Wild Geese) in a season : now fifty are accounted a good bag.

You are aware that the most numerous order of birds by far is that of the *Passeres*. It would require a great many lectures

(5) See *Relations*—Père Le Jeune.

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to initiate you into their habits and history. Let me consequently direct your attention merely to those now before you, wearing the gaudiest uniforms : there, you will remark the brightest of Canadian birds, the Scarlet Tanager, or Summer Red Bird ; how gracefully his black wings do fit on the surrounding red ! Hot weather alone attracts him over the Canadian border from the scented magnolia groves of Louisiana and Florida. The peasant lad, meeting him in our own green woods, in ecstacy at such a display of splendour, hurries home to tell his mother that he has at last seen « *Le Roi des Oiseaux*, » for such is the glorious cognomen the Summer Red Bird during his July visits, enjoys amongst the French Canadian peasantry. What a stylish fellow, this Louisiana Piper seems, with his bright purple mantle and red Phrygian Cap ! He does indeed sport his purple robe, like a true Prince of the Church of Rome. Lord Baltimore's feathered friend the Oriole assumed, so says Wilson, the name of his Maryland patron—the French call him *le Baltimore :* the Americans, the Baltimore Oriole—Why not call the gaudy Cardinal—a Merode or an Antonelli? The Cardinal visits the southern districts of Ontario—I have had the good fortune to capture a magnificent Cock Bird in my garden in August 1870, and kept him more than two years. His song on an April morning was delighful ; some violent storm must have blown him across our border, as he was certainly extra-limital and for us Quebecers, a foreigner : not the less welcome for all that.

That graceful individual with a cinnamon-coloured back and wings, a white breast and long rounded tail feathers tipped with white outwardly, is the Cuckoo ; his shrill note K-K-K-Kow-ow-Kow-Kow-ow, is occasionally heard in hedges round the city. Unlike his European congener, his habits as a parent are unimpeachable ; you never catch him depositing eggs in other birds' nests,—waifs at other individuals' doors ; this shabby, unnatural practice may suit his Cockney Cousin, or our Cow-pen bird ; but our elegant, Cuckoo is too excellent a gentleman, too kind-hearted a fellow, to desert his offspring. We have two Cuckoos in Canada—the Yellow-billed and the Black-billed.

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An American writer thus describes him :—

« The cuckoo is one of the most solitary birds of our forests, and is strangely tame and quiet, appearing equally untouched by joy or grief, fear or anger. Something remote seems ever weighing upon his mind. His note or call is as of one lost or wandering, and to the farmer, is prophetic of rain. Amid the general joy and the sweet assurance of spring, I love to listen to the strange clairvoyant call. Heard a quarter of a mile away, from out the depths of the forest, there is something peculiarly weird and monkish about it. Wordsworth's lines upon the European species apply equally well to ours : »

O blithe new-comer ! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice :
O cuckoo ! shall I call thee bird ?
Or but a wandering voice ?

While I am lying on the grass,
Thy loud note smites my ear !
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near !

.....

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring !
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery.

Next to him, you notice a bird encased in a sleek, lustrous, black uniform, with gold and crimson *shoulder-straps*, a veritable rifleman amongst the feathered tribe ; that is the Red-winged Starling : is he not a jaunty, military-looking son of song ? sporting *epaulettes*, he ought to stand well with the ladies. Doubtless his name of *Field Officer*, is due to the admiration, by of some old dowager, of his gaudy uniform. There sits Robin Redbreast ; you have read, my young friends, of the touching legend, explanatory of the blood red line, on the breast of the English Robin : why, should it not be applied to our Canadian favorite, « the bird of the ruddy breast, towards whom the children of every Canadian house yearn with natural love.»

« It was on the day, when the Lord Jesus Christ felt his pain upon the bitter cross of wood, that a small and tender bird, which had hovered awhile around, drew nigh about the

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seventh hour, and nestled upon the wreath of Syrian thorns. And when the gentle creature of the air beheld these cruel spikes, the thirty and three which pierced that bleeding brow, she was moved with grief and compassion, and the piety of birds ; and she sought to turn aside, if but one of those thorns, with her fluttering wings and lifted feet ! It was in vain ! She did but rend her own soft breast, until blood flowed over her feathers from the wound ? Then said a voice from among the angels ' Thou has done well, sweet daughter of the boughs ! Yes, and I bring thee, tidings of reward. Henceforth, from this very hour, and because of this deed of thine, it shall be that in many a land thy race and kind shall bear upon their bosoms the hue and banner of thy faithful blood ; and the children of every house shall yearn with a natural love towards the birds of the ruddy breast, and shall greet their presence with a voice of thanksgiving ! »

What strange anecdotes I could tell you about him, my familiar friend, who returns each spring to nestle in a bushy evergreen under my library window, notwithstanding several murderous raids made in the vicinity, at day break by Jack Corby, or in the dead of night, by some maraudering grimalkin, when, unfortunately for my feathered neighbour, the trusty guardian of the grounds, my St. Bernard *Wolf*, is wrapped in balmy sleep? You can fancy what a lively memory birds retain of the spots in which protection has been extended to them, when I tell you that for several years past, I have protected the birds building on my property, and that they have multiplied astonishingly and, each spring punctually returned.

There are this year, upwards of forty nests of birds round me ; one palm tree, next to my library window, contains the nests of no less than two pairs of Chipping Buntings, that friendly little fellow who comes on the very house-steps to pick up crumbs. Close to it, stands a small soft maple tree : a pair of Black-cap Titmice have been industriously scooping a hole out of the heart of the tree for a week. From the habits of this bird, which, I presume, is better known to you under the name of *Chickadee,* none do I prefer to see, building about

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my garden : the quantity of insects it destroys in catering for its young, is really prodigious. About two acres from this spot, another family of Chickadees seem intent on applying for a location ticket. Wilson's Snow Bird breeds amongst the grass, and is as careful about hiding the cradle of his children as the Song Sparrow. Robins', Redstarts, and Yellow Birds' nests are in course of construction all over the premises : the angle of a structure used as a snow-slide, has been taken possession of, by a pair of Robins for two seasons in succession.

Allow me to introduce to you a brave, indomitable fellow—the King Bird (Tyrant fly-catcher) ; the peasantry call him *Tri-tri*, from his rapid, querulous note ; schoolboys known him as the Crow-beater. Observe the little orange tuft of feathers in the centre of his top-knot. Next to him you notice a bird with a beak notched like a Falcon : take my word for it, that is a sanguinary villain. Naturalists call him « The Shrike, » or Butcher Bird, from the remorseless manner in which he deals with small birds, whom he impales on thorns and tears to pieces ; I wonder how he can rest at night after such enormities. Fie, fie ! Mr. Shrike, you are a vile fellow !—as vile nearly as a schoolboy who *robs birds'-nests*. Dare not, I pray, show your face on my premises ! That grey, rough-coated bird is a Canada Jay ; the lumberers and woodmen, who spy him in winter rummaging round their camp for scraps of pork, call him *Whiskey Jack* : he is addicted to pilfering ; so say his enemies.

There, is a bird whom all of you recognize, the Kingfisher —Belted Kingfisher,—on account of the rust-coloured badge encircling his throat and breast. To heathen mythology he is known as *Ceryle Alcyone*. Alcyone was the daughter of Æolus : being a perfect model of conjugal fidelity, she was rewarded, at her death, by being metamorphosed into a bird, and the heathen god, her father, whom I shrewdly suspect to have been in league with the clerk of the weather, arranged matters so, that in midsummer, a succession of so many calms, *halcydoma*, took place that our expert fish-catcher could build her nest on the heaving bosom of the ocean, and rear her young undisturbed.

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"Perque dies placidos hiberno tempore septem,
Incubat Halcyone pendentibus æquore nidis."
Ovid, Met. lib. XI.

This was, to say the least, a great privilege. Hence the origin of halcyon days—days of peace and prolonged security. I can guarantee this fact, *on the faith of heathen mythology!*

One of the most musical groups amongst our native birds is the Thrushes: some six or seven varieties are now displayed before you. First, the Robin, or Migratory Thrush; next, the Catbird, an excentric mimic, whom you can easily distinguish from the rest by his ash colour and catlike note; then, that beautiful variety, the Golden crowned Thrush; the Hermit Thrush, which is attracted to the cool shades of damp woods, where he can, undisturbed, go and bathe at sunrise and sunset in some secluded, cool, purling stream,—how of't have I watched him! One of the sweetest song birds of Western Canada is the Brown Thrush, or Thrasher: here is a good specimen. You will notice how much longer his tail is than that of the Hermit Thrush or Golden-crowned Thrush. The Wood-Thrush, I have not seen in our Province; and I am inclined to believe the sweet songster who, amongst the Canadian peasantry, is known as « La Flute »—the flute—from its metallic notes resembling the double-tongueing of the German flute, is Wilson's Thrush, whilst its congener the Hermit Thrush, is known to the French countrylad as « Le Hautbois. » The Thrush family in Canada open for young naturalists, a wide field of enquiry.

That little group of long-winged individuals, you of course recognise as the Swallows, of which five species visit Canada. The first, supposed to be the real harbinger of spring and hot weather, circles over our heads, with its crescent wings, for the first time each year, about the 23rd of April. The Black Chimney Swallow, or Swift, who dives perpendicularly down our chimneys to build its nest, forms part and parcel of every Canadian rural home. As we never see him build elsewhere than in chimneys, will Darwin tell us, where he did build before the invention of chimneys? You can add that to the other hard problems with which your painstaking teachers try your ingenuity. There is the Purple Martin—a larger

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species: each day, in June, when I pass down the Upper Town market-place, and notice the garrulous crowd of Martens twittering round the northern eaves of the old Jesuit Barracks, I ask myself whether they are *all* the grand-children of those Purple Martens whose ancestors, Alexander Wilson saw, in the beginning of the century (1813), « in great numbers, at Quebec; » (1) for the memory of locality is great in Swallows as well as in other birds.

That broad-mouthed, long-winged, short-legged, dark bird squatting on the ground, with white badges on its wings, is the Night Hawk, or Goat Sucker, *Caprimulgus*. You, no doubt, are aware why he is so persistently called Goat Sucker by naturalists; it is because he never in his life sucked a Goat—never dreamed of it. It is one of those outrageous fabrications invented, by ignorance, to filch a poor bird of his good name, and fame, and which *took root* only because it was of't repeated. In the days of Olaüs Magnus, Bishop of

(1) Another man of note, just dead, visited Quebec about 1824, the eccentric naturalist, Charles Waterton, the discoverer of the *Wourali poison*, and author of several works most amusingly and instructively written. Charles Waterton humorously said that the principal blessings the House of Hanover had conferred on the English people were the suppression of Popery, the creation of the national debt, and the introduction of the brown, or Hanoverian, rat. Do not be surprised if the passage of his book, relating to Quebec, should contain something eccentric also:—"They are making tremendous fortifications at Quebec. It will be the Gibraltar of the new world. When one considers its distance from Europe, and takes a view of its powerful and enterprising neighbour, Virgil's remark at once rushes into the mind,—

"Sic vos non vobis nidificatis aves."

"I left Montreal with regret. I had the good fortune to be introduced to the Professors of the College. These fathers are a very learned and worthy set of gentlemen; and on my taking leave of them I felt a heaviness at heart, in reflecting that I had no more time to cultivate their acquaintance. In all the way from Buffalo to Quebec, I only met with one bug; and I cannot even swear that it belonged to the United States. In going down the St. Lawrence, in the steamboat, I felt something crossing over my neck; and on laying hold of it with my finger and thumb, it turned out to be a little half-grown, ill-conditioned bug. Now, whether it were going from the American to the Canadian side, or from the Canada to the American, and had taken the advantage of my shoulders to ferry itself across, I could not tell. Be this as it may, I thought of my Uncle Toby and the fly; and so, in lieu of placing it upon the deck, and then putting my thumb-nail vertically upon it, I quietly chucked it amongst some baggage that was close by, and recommended it to get ashore by the first opportunity."—*Waterton's Wanderings, p.* 223.

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Upsal, in Sweden, few dared to doubt but that Swallows, instead of going to Senegal and the Gold coast to spend their Christmas and Easter holidays, dived before winter into the bosom of Lakes, and hybernated under the ice till spring, with no gayer companions than a few meditative trout or gudgeon. This was another absurd theory, but which had many great names to prop it up. The Revd. Gilbert White, in his *History of Selborne*, a nicer book than which you could not read, eloquently demonstrated how impossible it was such a thing could take place.

You recognize at one glance that little fairy—dipped in a sunbeam, begemmed with opals, rubys, and living sapphires—the Ruby-throated Humming Bird. One species only frequents our climes, though it constitutes a numerous family in South America and in the West Indies. How of't in the dewy morn have you not noticed the little sylph, ecstatic with delight, hovering over the honeysuckle and bright geranium blossoms, and inserting in their expanded corrollas his forked tongue in search of insects and honey. Need I dwell at length on all his loveliness, his incomparable beauty, when you can refer to the glowing descriptions which tow great masters, Audubon and Buffon, have left—Audubon's especially. In spite of his finished elegance of diction, the sedentary philosopher, Buffon, must yield the palm to the naturalist who studied God's creatures on the mountains, prairies, sea shores, plains, fields and forests of our continent.

I now hold in my hand a most gorgeously-habited little songster, who pays us an occasional visit in July. His azure mantle has bestowed on him the name of *Indigo* Bird. Buffon calls him «Le Ministre,» probably because he was, like the French Ministers of State, robed in blue: our own Cabinet Ministers, as you know, on the recent visit of the Prince of Wales, chose blue for their *grande tenue officielle*. Never shall I forget one bright July morning walking in my garden, shortly after sunrise. In the centre there stood an old apple tree, bearing buds, pink and white, and green leaves; close to it my children had grown a very large sunflower; its corolla was then lovingly expanding to the orb of day, whose rays streamed

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through the overhanging canopy of dew-spangled blossoms. In the fork of the apple tree a pair of Robins had build their clay-cemented nest, in which, protected by soft hay, rested the tokens of love, four emeralds of pure sea-green, whilst the male Robin was carolling forth his morning hymn from the loftiest branch of a neighbouring red oak. I was in the act of advancing towards it and peering in the nest, when my eye was arrested by the dazzling colours of an azure bird nestling in the sunshine on the saffron leaves of the sunflower. The brightness of the spectacle before me was such, its contrasts so striking, that I paused in mute astonishment at so much splendour. Was it a realm of dream-land spread out before me—a vision painted by a fairy! It was, my young friends, only the Indigo Bird of Canada, in his full nuptial plumage, seen amidst the bright but every-day spectacle of a Canadian landscape.

What a charming musician, the Vireo or Red-eyed Fly-catcher, during his protracted stay from May to September? scarcely visible to the naked eye, amidst the green boughs of a lofty oak or elm, he warbles forth his love ditty from sunrise to sunset? How eagerly I watched, this spring, for the return from the South of the *Sweet, Sweet Canada bird*, the white-throated Sparrow—whose clear, shrill clarion resounds even in the depth of night! How is it, he did not accompany this spring his congener, the Song Sparrow—the *Rossignol*—whose simple but soft melody is so dear to a Canadian heart.

Have any of you ever noticed the Redstart darting, like an arrow, after the small flies, then relighting on the twig, uttering his shrill, *increasing* note, very similar to that of that pretty summer Yellow bird, also one of the fly-catchers, as you are aware—a family most numerous, and if not generally gifted with song, at least wearing a very bright livery. The Redstart, the male bird, is easily known by his glossy black plumage; when he is flying, he discloses the under portions of his wings, which appear of bright maize. The female is more an olive hue, and does not resemble at all her mate: they breed all round Quebec, and stop here about three months. It is needless for me to furnish you with a very lenghty description of

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the *Blue Jay*: you are all acquainted with his cerulean plumage; his harsh not, especially before rain, is familiar to every country school boy.

I must not, however, forget to point out to you that gorgeously dressed individual, wearing black and orange badges: that is the Baltimore Oriole. He visits chiefly the Montreal district and Western Canada. Black and orange, did I say? why that was the official livery of a great English landowner of Maryland, in the days when democracy amongst our neighbours was not. We have it on the authority of Catesby and Alexander Wilson, high authorities, as you know, that this showy July visitor took its name from Lord Baltimore, on whose estates a great number of Orioles were to be seen. It is satisfactory to find that, even in Democratic America, the English aristocracy is becomingly represented not only at the White House, but also in the corn fields and green woods of the great Republic. The *Baltimore Oriole* is a tolerably good musician. You can see how brillant are the colours of these Canada birds now exhibited to you!

I think you will all agree with me, in saying that no country can furnished a group of brighter ones than those now exposed to view, and composed of Canadian birds only:—the Golden-winged Woodpecker, or Rain Fowl; Blue Jay; Field Officer; Maryland Yellow Throat; Wax Wing; Indigo Bird; Cœrulean Warbler, Ruby-throated Humming Bird; Scarlet Tanager; Baltimore Oriole; Meadow Lark; Pine Gros beak; Cardinal Grosbeak; Rosebreasted Grosbeak and Towhe Bunting.

As for song, we may safely assert, with the same Alexander Wilson (7) that the *Fauna* of America can compete with that

(7) "The opinion, says Wilson, which so generally prevails in England, that the music of the groves and woods of America is far inferior to that of Europe, I, who have a thousand times listened to both, cannot admit to be correct. We cannot, with fairness, draw a comparison between the depth of the forest in America, and the cultivated fields of Englands; because it is a well-known fact, that singing birds seldom visit the former in any country. But let the latter place be compared with the like situations in the United States, and the superiority of song, I am perfectly persuaded, would justly belong to the Western continent. The few of our song birds that have visited Europe extort admiration from the best judges. 'The notes of the cardinal grosbeak,' says Latham, 'are almost equal so those of the nightingale.' Yet these notes, clear and excellent as they are, are far

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of Europe : true, we have not the Skylark, nor the Blackbird; and our Robin, although very similar to the later in note and habits, is still his inferior ; but we have the Wood Thrush, with its double-tongued flute notes, Wilson's Thrush, the Brown Thrush, the gingling, roystering Bobolink, the Canadian Goldfinch, whose warble reminds you of the Canary. Nor are we far wrong in asserting that the far-famed European Nightingale has met with a worthy rival in the American Mocking Birds, whose extraordinary musical powers have been so graphically delineated by the great Audubon.

My young friends,—I was thinking of introducing you into the very *sanctum* of Natural History, and the advanced hour of the evening compels me to leave you merely at the threshold. If it should so please you, we may, at some future day, resume the investigation of this subject. I thank you for your long and constant attention. *Au revoir !* J. M. LeMoine.

inferior to those of the wood thrush ; and even to those of the brown thrush, or thrasher. Our inimitable mocking bird is also acknowledged, by themselves, to be fully equal to the song of the nightingale in its whole compass. Yet these are not one tenth of the number of our singing birds. Could these people be transported to the borders of our woods and settlements, in the month of May, about half an hour before sunrise, such a ravishing concert would greet their ear as they have no conception of."—*American Ornithology*, vol. II., p. 275.

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THE BIRDS OF CANADA.

ARRANGED BY J. M. LEMOINE,

According to classification and nomenclature of the Smithsonian Institution.

(The figures refer to those of the catalogue of North American birds published by the Institution in 1858.)

ORDER I.—BIRDS OF PREY.

Turkey Buzzard,	1.	Marsh Hawk,	38.
Duck Hawk,	5.	Golden Eagle; Ring tailed Eagle,	39.
Pigeon Hawk,	7.	Northern Sea Eagle,	40.
Jer Falcon,	11.	Gray Sea Eagle,	42.
Sparrow Hawk,	13.	Bald Eagle,	43.
Goshawk,	14.	Fish Hawk,	44.
Cooper's Hawk,	15.	Great Horned Owl,	48.
Sharp-shinned Hawk,	17.	Mottled Owl,	49.
Swainson's Hawk,	18.	Long-eared Owl,	51.
Baird's Buzzard,	19.	Short-eared Owl,	52.
Brown, or Canada Hawk,	21.	Great Gray Owl,	53.
Red-tailed Hawk,	23.	Barred Owl,	54.
Western Red-tail,	24.	Sparrow Owl,	55.
Red-Shouldered Hawk,	25.	(1) Kirtland's Owl,	56.
Broad-winged Hawk,	27.	Saw-whet Owl,	57.
Sharp-winged Hawk,	28.	Snowy Owl,	61.
Rough-legged Hawk,	30.	Hawk Owl,	62.
Black Hawk,	31.		

ORDER II.—CLIMBERS

Yellow-billed Cuckoo,	69.	Yellow-bellied Woodpecker,	85.
Black-billed Cuckoo.	70.	Black Woodpecker,	90.
Hairy Woodpecker,	74.	Red-bellied Woodpecker,	91.
Downy Woodpecker,	76.	Red-headed Woodpecker,	94.
Three-toed Woodpecker,	82.	Yellow-shafted Flicker,	97.
Banded three-toed Woodpecker,	83.		

ORDER III.—PERCHERS.

Ruby throated Humming Bird,	101.	Traill's Flycatcher,	140.
Chimney Swallow,	109.	Least Flycatcher,	141.
Chuck-Will's Widow,	111.	Green-crested Flycatcher,	143.
Whip-poor-will,	112.	Yellow-bellied Flycatcher (?),	144.
Night Hawk,	114,	Wood Thrush,	148.
Belted King-fisher,	117.	Hermit Thrush,	149.
King Bird; Bee Bird,	124.	Wilson's Thrush,	151.
Pewee,	135.	Olive-backed Thrush	153.
Olive-sided Flycatcher,	137.	Robin,	155.
Wood Pewee,	139.	Varied Thrush,	156.

(1) This rare Owl, lost sight of for fifty years in the fauna of the United States, is mentioned by Professor Arch. Hall, of Montreal—there is one specimen in the Museum of Natural History, of Montreal; Thomas McIlwraith, Esq., of Hamilton, owns one, and I have had the good fortune to capture one alive, which is still (1864) in my possession.

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(1) Stone Chat,	157.	Cat Bird,	254.
Blue Bird,	158.	Brown Thrush,	261.
Ruby-crowned Wren,	161.	Long-billed Marsh Wren,	268.
Golden crested Wren,	161.	House Wren,	270.
Cunur Golden Crest,	163.	Wood Wren,	272.
Tit-lark,	165.	Winter Wren,	273.
Long-billed Creeper,	167*a*.	American Creeper,	275.
Prothonotary Warbler,	169.	Red-bellied Nuthatch,	279.
Maryland Yellow-throat,	170.	Black-cap Titmouse,	290.
Mourning Warbler,	172.	Hudsonian Titmouse,	296.
Connecticut Warbler,	174.	Sky Lark,	302.
Kentucky Warbler,	175.	Blue Grosbeak,	303.
Golden-winged Warbler,	181.	Pine Grosbeak,	304.
Nashville Warbler,	183.	Purple Finch,	305.
Golden-crowned Thrush,	186.	Yellow Bird,	313.
Water Thrush,	187.	Pine Finch,	317.
Black-throated Blue Warbler,	193.	Red Crossbill,	318.
Yellow-rump Warbler,	194.	White-winged Crossbill,	319.
Blackburnian Warbler,	196.	Lesser Red Poll,	320.
Bay-breasted Warbler,	197.	Mealy Red Poll (?),	321.
Pine-creeping Warbler,	198.	Snow Bunting,	325.
Chestnut-sided Warbler,	200.	Lapland Longspur,	326.
Blue Warbler,	201.	Grass Finchy,	337.
Black Poll Warbler,	202.	White-crowned Sparrow,	345.
Yellow Warbler,	203.	White-throated Sparrow,	349.
Black and Yellow Warbler,	204.	Black Snow Bird,	354.
Cape May Warbler,	206.	Tree Sparrow,	357.
Yellow Red Poll,	208.	Field Sparrow,	358.
Hooded Warbler,	211.	Chipping Sparrow,	359.
Small-headed Flycatcher,	212.	Song Sparrow,	363.
Green Black Cap Flycatcher,	213.	Swamp Sparrow,	369.
Canada Flycatcher,	214.	Fox-colored Sparrow,	374.
Redstart,	217.	Black-throated Bunting,	378.
Scarlet Tanager,	220.	Rose-breasted Grosbeak,	380.
Summer Red Bird,	221.	Indigo Bird,	387.
Barn Swallow,	225.	(3) Cardinal,	390.
Cliff Swallow,	226.	Boblink; Reed Bird,	399.
White-bellied Swallow,	227.	Cow Bird,	400.
Bank Swallow,	229.	Red-winged Blackbird,	401.
Purple Martin,	231.	Meadow Lark,	406.
(2) Wax Wing,	232.	Orchard Oriole,	414.
Cedar Bird,	233.	Baltimore Oriole,	415.
Great Northern Shrike,	236.	Rusty Blackbird,	417.
White-rumped Shrike,	238.	Crow Blackbird,	421.
Red-eyed Flycatcher,	240.	American Raven,	423.
Yellow-green Vireo,	241.	Common Crow,	426.
Warbling Vireo,	245.	Magpie,	432.
Blue headed Flycatcher,	250.	Blue Jay,	434.
Yellow-throated Vireo,	252.	Canada Jay,	443.

ORDER IV.—GALLINACEOUS.

Wild Pigeon,	448.	Ruffed Grouse,	465.
Common Dove,	451.	Rock Grouse,	468.
Wild Turkey,	457.	American Ptarmigan,	470.
Spruce Partridge,	460.	Partridge; Quail,	471.
Prairie Hen,	464.		

(1) I insert the stonechat and the blue grosbeak on the authority of Mr. William Couper, of this city,—who was presented with a specimen of each, shot in Canada—Several warblers and Flycatchers found in Ontario, do not reach Quebec.

(2) Care ought to be taken not to confound this bird with its small summer congener—the cherry or cedar bud—the wax-wing is altogether a winter visitor.

(3) A most brilliant specimen was trapped by me, in my garden, at Spencer Grange, August, 1869.

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ORDER V.—WADERS.

Sand-hill Crane (?),	479.	Jack Snipe,	531.
White Heron,	486.	Least Sandpiper,	532.
Great Blue Heron.	487.	Sanderling,	534.
Least Bittern,	491.	Semipalmated Sandpiper,	535.
Bittern; Stake Driver,	492.	Willet,	537.
Green Heron,	493.	Tell-tale; Stone Snipe	539.
Night Heron,	495.	Yellow Legs,	540.
(1) Glossy Ibis,	500.	Solitary Sandpiper,	541.
Golden Plover,	503.	Spotted Sandpiper,	543.
Kill-deer,	504.	Field Plover,	545.
Wilson's Plover,	506.	Buff-breasted Sandpiper,	546.
Semipalmated Plover; Ring Plover,	507.	Marbled Godwit,	547.
Piping Plover,	508.	Hudson Godwit,	548.
Black-bellied Plover,	510.	Long-billed Curlew,	549.
Turnstone,	515.	Hudsonian Curlew,	550.
(2) American Avoset,	517.	Esquimaux Curlew,	551.
Northern Phalarope,	520.	Clapper Rail,	553.
American Woodcock,	522.	Virginia Rail,	554.
English Snipe,	523.	Yellow Rail,	557.
Red-breasted Snipe,	524.	Coot,	559.
Gray-back; Knot,	526.	Florida Gallinule,	560.

ORDER VI.—PALMATED.

American Swan,	561 *a*	Golden Eye,	593.
Trumpeter Swan,	562.	Barrow's Golden Eye,	594.
Snow Goose,	563.	Butter Ball,	595.
White-fronted Goose (?),	565.	Harlequin Duck,	596.
Brown-fronted Goose,	566.	South Southerly,	597.
Canada Goose,	567.	Labrador Duck,	600.
White-cheeked Goose,	568.	Velvet Duck,	601.
Hutchin's Goose,	569.	Surf Duck,	602.
Brant,	570.	Scoter,	604.
Mallard,	576.	Eider Duck,	606.
Black Duck,	577.	King Eider,	608.
Sprig-tail; Pin-tail,	578.	Ruddy Duck,	609.
Green-winged Teal,	579.	Black-masked Duck,	610.
Blue-winged Teal,	581.	Sheldrake,	611.
Read-breasted Teal,	582.	Red-breasted Merganser,	612.
Shoveller,	583.	Hooded Merganser,	613.
Gadwall,	584.	Smew,	614.
Baldpate,	585.	(5) American Pelican,	615.
Summer Duck,	587.	Brown Pelican,	616.
Greater Black-head,	588.	Gannet,	617.
Little Black-head,	589.	Common Cormorant,	620.
Ring-necked Duck,	590.	Double-crested Cormorant	623.
Red-head,	591.	(1) Leach's Petrel (?),	642.
Canvas-back,	592.	Wilson's Petrel,	644.

(1) A beautiful specimen of this rare bird was shot at Grondines, on the 28th April, 1864, and contributed to my collection by P. J. Charlton, Esq., of Quebec, to whom I am also indebted for a wood duck and a large blue heron.

(2) Three avosets were shot in the bay opposite Toronto, in October, 1863.

(5) Mr. McIlwraith, the well known naturalist of Hamilton, in a letter to me under date 6th May, 1864, thus describes the recent appearance of a flock of pelicans:—

J. M. LeMoine, Esq., Quebec, C. E. HAMILTON, *May 6th*, 1864.

DEAR SIR,—On the evening of Friday, the 15th April last, a flock of eight pelicans was observed to alight on Burlington Bay, where they soon attracted attention by their unusual shape and motion. They sit much lighter on the water than swan or geese, and, on rising to fly, can do so with less exertion, while the bill and pouch form distinguishing marks not to be mistaken. By daylight on Saturday morning the gunners were early astir, and finding the pelicans still

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Mother Cary's Chicken,	645.	Marsh Tern,	681.
Greater Shearwater,	647.	Caspian Tern,	682.
Sooty Shearwater,	648.	Sooty Tern,	688.
Mauk's Shearwater,	649.	Wilson's Tern,	689.
Dusky Shearwater,	650.	Arctic Tern,	690.
Cinereous Petrel,	651.	Roseate Tern,	692.
Pomarine Skua,	653.	Least Tern,	694.
Arctic Skua,	654.	Loon,	698.
Glaucous Winged Gull,	657.	Red-throated Diver,	701.
White-winged Gull.	658.	Red-necked Grebe,	702.
Great Black-backed Gull,	660.	Crested Grelu,	703.
Herring Gull,	661.	Horned Grebe,	706.
Ring-billed Gull,	664.	Great Auk,	710.
Laughing Gull,	667.	Razor-billed Auk,	711.
Franklin's Rosy Gull,	668.	Arctic Puffin,	715.
Bonaparte's Gull,	670.	Least Auk,	723.
Kittiwake Gull,	672.	Black Guillemot,	726.
Ivory Gull,	676.	Foolish Guillemot,	729.
Swallow-tailed Gull,	679.	Murre,	730.
Fork-tailed Gull,	680.	Sea Dove, (1)	738.

there, started in pursuit, the birds seemed unwilling to rise from the water, but not at all disposed to admit of a close inspection, and so vigorously did they ply their large and powerful paddles that though the wind was *high* and *fair*, it was only after a chase of about two miles that the skiffs got sufficiently near to risk a long shot, which crippled two of the number; one was wing-broken and could not rise, another, though evidently hit, kept sailing round still rising, till on making a sudden turn against the wind to join his companions, the fractured pinion gave way, and he fell from a great height into the water, where he was soon secured. The remainder of the flock returned in the evening, and were seen for two or three days afterwards evidently seeking their companions, but were extremely wary and could not again be approached within gunshot. About fifteen years ago a small flock spent a day or two about the bay, and one was shot, which is all I have heard of being observed here, though there is no doubt that like other migratory birds which breed in the fur countries, they must pass this way every spring and fall, the probable reason why we do not see them oftener is that when migrating they fly at an immense height, and may perform the whole journey without stoppage. The individuals procured were both males in adult plumage; one is now stuffed and in my possession, the skin of the other has been sent to England.

On the 25th of April, while paddling along the bay shore, I observed some strange looking birds sitting on a submerged stump about 100 yards from shore opposite a point of woods which runs out into the bay; creeping on under shadow of the trees, I found the group consisted of five cormorants, three large and brownish in color, and two smaller and darker. I watched them for some time, their motions were graceful in the extreme, as they sat pruning their plumage, their long slender necks curving in every conceivable direction, while every now and then one of the number would dart off into the water and presently return with a fish, which was swallowed with no ceremony save turning the head downwards. At length they seemed aware of my proximity, and that the distance was diminishing. I was anxious to secure one of each kind, and just as they got up made use of the means in my power to accomplish that object, but was only partially successful, as the larger of the two, though evidently struck by the shot, managed to get away, the other was a fine specimen, and agrees in every particular with Professor Baird's description of the Florida cormorant, though I would scarcely have expected to find that bird so far north. It may be that being in company with the larger species which breeds in the north, they have been led away from their usual haunts.

Regarding the glossy Ibis, I may mention that a pair of these birds were shot here in 1857, and are now in my possession. I have a specimen of Kirtland's owl, and have also obtained recently a fine specimen of the great cinereous owl.

(1) Nos. 111, 163, 493, 508, 562, 568, 582, 610, 616, 623, 647, 649, 650, 651, 657, 667, 668, 679, 682, 688, 690, 692, 694, 703, 710, 729, are inserted on the authority of Dr. A. Ross, of Toronto. (See *Birds of Canada*, by Ross, Toronto, 1872.)

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FIN AND FEATHER IN CANADA. (1)

1863.

" The shootings in Breadalbane and Athole are leased at the following rents; Blair—Athole, £3,485; Fortingall, £1,934; Legierait, £674; Moulin, £670; Little Dunherld, £1,432; Dull, 984; Weem, £207; Kenmore, £300; Killin, £984; Balquhidder, £785. Maharajah Dhuleep Singh has sublet the shootings of Auchlyne and Suic, for which he paid £750, and has taken the moors of Grandtully, where he will shoot this season."—(Late English Papers—1863.)

Shooting in the wilds of Canada, does not much resemble flushing pheasants or partridges or starting hares in the woody old parks of Britain, or popping over black game in the perfumed heather of a scotch moor.

Undoubtedly, one of the chief pleasures of the English sportsman lies in beating up systematically, with his steady well trained dogs, the game preserves, wether wood, stubble, swamp or moor, each year when September brings about its long looked for treat. In fact, to the English Nimrod, the *savoir faire* of his pointer, his hound or setter, of noble descent affords unmitigated pleasure; in Canada, dogs, even the most valuable, except in snipe, cock, grouse and duck shooting, would be often useless—not unfrequently, a bore. Of the many thousand deer shot in Canada from 1793 to 1801, and from an authentic Return (2) now before us, we find, that by this Return the skins of the 169,811 deers, who found their way across the Atlantic, probably not two were hunted with dogs.

In collecting together some facts relating to the finned and feathered game of Canada, we thought we could not do better than preface this short sketch with accurate *data* and figures, exhibiting what the killing of a few deer, hares, grouse and

(1) Reprinted from the London " Canadian News," with corrections.

(2) The following statement of the "average number of peltries cleared at the Custom House, Quebec, for England, for nine years, from 1793 to 1801 inclusive, with a calculation of the duties paid thereon on their landing in England," will, doubtless, be read with interest. It bears the evidence of having been compiled many years ago; and that the figures given below do not cover the *whole* of the nine years, but are only an average for each year is further proved by the endorsement of the amount of duty paid "annually."

It is almost startling to read of 169,811 deer skins being shipped each year;

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pheasants annually costs some of the sporting gentry of Britain; indeed, we know of a recent instance, in which three rich young sportsmen of the « land o'cakes » purchased for £600, the right to shoot on some of the moors of Scotland, and actually brought home *two brace of grouse, each*; expensive sport, was it not?

What hecatombs of deer, what pyramids of wild turkey, what hampers of snipe, quail, ducks, grouse and prairie hens, we would now ask, the rental of a Scotch shooting range, such, for instance, as Blair Athole, viz., £3,485, would procure to a score of Canadian Nimrods? Why, to use a metaphor, which some may consider as savouring of the Yankee war telegrams of 1863, a ship a trifle smaller than the *Great Eastern*, might be freighted with the proceeds of such a gigantic *battue!*

When we read of Lord Dufferin's (1) pic-nic to Iceland, in

but some of the other figures given below are little less remarkable. Our readers will remember that the rate and amount of duty are in sterling money:

Number.	*Duty.*			
137,548 beaver skins	1d each	£ 573	2	4
38,638 martins	55s for 40 or 1s 4½d each	2656	7	3
18,349 otters	1s 5d each	1298	14	5
11,329 minks	16s 6d for 40	223	13	6
5,483 fishers	1s 4½d each	399	5	2
10,141 foxes	4½d each	190	2	10
19,286 bears	6s 7d each	5303	13	0
169,811 deer	2d each	1415	1	10
144,439 raccoons	13s 9d for 100	993	0	0
12,200 casco and oppossum cats	11d per 100	67	2	0
943 elks	4d each	14	1	0
6,885 wolves	6s 4d each	2189	5	0
778 wolverines	3s 6d each	136	3	0
819 carcajoux	4s 5d each	143	6	6
219 badgers	7d each	6	7	9
9,130 kitts	11s per 100	50	4	3
1,978 seals	2d each	16	9	8
2,635 squirrels and hares	11d per 120	1	1	10
57,151 muskrats	13s 9d for 100	392	11	3
2 buffaloes				
1 tiger		0	2	9
		£16,071	15	4

(*Ottawa Times*) —*Morning Chronicle*, 9th April, 1869.

(1) Singularly enough, this invitation extended by me ten years ago (when this sketch was written) in the name of Canadian sportsman, the noble Earl has lived to accept, though, in a sense and for an object very different. May he flou-

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the *Foam*, to witness, among other things, an eruption of Mount Hecla ; when we hear of an enterprising young Englishman having recently sailed for Greenland to practice rifle-shooting on walruses, we naturally wonder why more of the venturesome spirits amongst our transatlantic friends do not tear themselves away, even for a few months, from London fogs, which according to Sidney Smith, make one feel like « on a fine day looking up a chimney, on a dull one, looking down » to recruit and breathe our bracing air. How is it that so few, comparatively speaking, come to enjoy the scenery and bright summer skies of Canada ?

« Our Laurentines, with their thousand streams and dark pine, fir and beach woods have few rivals in the world for sylvan beauty. The heights are sharp and bold ; the torrents are foamy, and wreathed into curling waterfalls. You see below tops of woods and forests that resemble bandlets of shrubbery and great rivers that seem ribbons of silver. You notice around you climbing heights, in all the sullenness of undisturbed nature—rich with every tree that grows and echoing the shrill sounds of myriads of wild birds. Interesting to the tourist and lover of the beauties of nature, it is doubly so to the sportsman and disciple of Isaac Walton, as the whole country seems to be Nature's rich preserve for game of all sorts, and the waters of the many streams that empty into the St. Lawrence, teem with trout and salmon. »

With what zest the enterprising and eccentric Britons could undertake a ramble with rod and gun in hand, over our majestic chain of mountains from Niagara to Labrador, choosing as rallying points, whereat to compare notes and discuss politics, old port and sandwiches, the summit of Cape Eternity, in the Saguenay district, the peak of Cape Tourmente, and the Cave of the Winds under the great cataracte, after ransacking for fish and game the fifteen hundred intervening miles of coast ! We fancy that the atmosphere of those airy

rish and fill an ample bag on the Western Prairies, or even the shores of Hudson's Bay, should the shooting on the St. Claire Marshes or at Lancashire prove insufficient ! may the shade of the Great St. Hubert, the patron of all Nimrods, hover over, to protect him against marsh feaver, ague and rhumatism ?

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positions is as brisk as that of Ben-Mac-Dui or Cairn-gorum, and that the divers incidents of travel and sport which would be therein combined, ought effectually to dispel *ennui* and restore their spirits for, as the author of Childe Harold truly says:

> "There is a pleasure in the pathless wood,
> There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
> There is society where none intrudes
> By the deep sea, and music in its roar."

If this were insufficient to rouse them, a smart trudge to the shores of the frozen ocean might be added; our distinguished travellers would shoot, on the route, ptarmigan, blue or sooty foxes, arctic hares, polar bears and the musk ox, after camping on the shores of the Copper Mine and the Great Slave Lake; the party on its return, might now and again lunch at the Hudson Bay posts, in the absence of better fare, on pemmican, whale or walrus steaks—and who can say, whether combining with amusement, the cause of humanity, they might not be fortunate enough to elicit further tidings of the fate of Sir John Franklin's gallant band? This attractive programme, however, we merely display to tempt the most enterprising among the English sporting world; as for us *natives*, we find abundance of fish and game without venturing so far.

Volumes have been written to make known the inexhaustible mineral, agricultural, industrial and commercial wealth of this colony, but little efforts have yet been used to place on record the noble game, the inexhaustible treasures of wholesome food which a kind Providence has stored in the streams, in the rivers, in the forests of this magnificent country, for the benefit, for the daily use, of the million as well as of the millionaire. Few—some, through interested motives, have suppressed the fact—few have published to the world, that Canada, *without the stringent game laws of England*, without scarcely any expense, but with the mere consent of the people and the fostering care of the government, can be made nearly what it was formerly—one of the most favored localities on the earth for game—yea, a veritable Canaan—a land of promise—abound-

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ing with the «milk and honey» of amusement for all those who rejoice in the manly and exhilarating pleasures of the chase.

It is true that for two centuries back the people have struggled hard to extirpate (1) its fish and game, and that, had the advice of the sportsmen not been heard in time, every estuary in the province would have been depleted; the forests, the sea shores, the whole country, instead of harboring quantities of luscious game, myriads of insect-devouring birds, would soon have become a kind of howling wilderness. Much harm has undoubtedly been done; but the curing of the evil is fortunately still within our reach (2). Having noticed elsewhere the glorious results which have crowned the protective policy of successive administrations towards (3) fish and game, we shall now confine ourselves merely to mentioning succinctly the chief hunting grounds in the province.

Old writers, one and all, have spoken with astonishment, nay, with rapture, of the abundance and varieties of the sea fowl and birds frequenting the shores of the St. Lawrence, and we all know how thousands of the aboriginal races for

(1) One of the greatest enormities perpetrated by the Indian, is the extinction in eastern, and in the greater portion of western Canada, of the wapiti or Canadian stag, the noblest of the species, which roamed through our mountains—as large as a horse, with round, sharp antlers five feet high. It is now abundant in the western prairies and the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains, from the 56th or 57th parallel of north latitude to Texas. In the Hudson Bay territories, according to Sir John Richardson, its eastern limit is a line drawn from the south end of Lake Winnepeg to the Saskatchewan, in the 103rd degree of longitude, thence till it strikes the Elk river, in the 111th degree.

(2) The increasing and successful efforts of the Quebec and Montreal Fish and Game Protection Clubs must necessarily be a source of pleasure to the many patriotic sportsmen interested in the cause of its preservation. Amongst many zealous members, one above others, in my opinion, deserves a passing word of encouragement, for his untiring efforts and energy—poachers, hucksters, pot-hunters; every species of obstructive, have in vain tried to put him down —I mean F. W. Austin, Esq., for several years Secretary to the Quebec Fish and Game Protection Club. 1863.—(Alas, since these pages were written the angel of health has deserted our active secretary—For his fireside, the calamity is great; for the unprotected game, it is greater still. 1873.)

(3) With this object was written my small volume: "*Les Pêcheries du Canada.*"

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centuries subsisted exclusively on the produce of the chase, throughout the boundless forests of Canada (1).

The Jesuits, generally accurate in their statements, in describing, in 1662, the Bird Rocks, at the entrance of the gulf, say that a boat might be easily loaded with eggs of the sea fowl, who build on these desolate islands, and that so numerous are they, that human beings ascending these rocks are in danger of being prostrated to the ground by the flapping of the wings of these feathered denizens.

(1) To illustrate the enormous quantity of game in the north of Canada, and in the Hudson Bay territory, I cannot do better than subjoin the following extract from a valuable paper read before the Montreal Natural History Society, by Geo. Barnston, Esq., of the Hudson's Bay Company, in 1861. A long residence in that territory, and a patient investigation of the game it contains, renders Mr. Barnston's statements particularly valuable.

"It is very difficult," says he, "to form anything like an accurate idea of the varieties of geese that have just been passed in review, viz: the Canada grey goose, the lesser grey goose, the Brant goose, the snow goose, and the white fronted goose. Of the quantity shot at particular points where they become an article of provisions, we may arrive at a wide but still a better estimate. Seventeen to twenty thousand geese are sometimes killed by the Albany Indians in the autumn or fall of the year, and ten thousand or more in the spring, making a total for these coast Crees alone of at least..... 30,000

Not speaking so certainly of other natives, I would place the Moose Indians as killing at all seasons..... 10,000

Rupert's River natives..... 8,000

Eastmain and to the north, including Esquimaux..... 6,000

The Severn coast I cannot compute as yielding less than..... 10,000

The York Factory and Churchill Indians, with Esquimaux beyond, must dispose of..... 10,000

Making a total of geese killed on the coast, of..... 74,000

As many geese must die wounded, and others are got hold of by the foxes and wolverines, we may safely allow the total loss to the flocks while running the fiery gauntlet as equivalent to 80,000. I was at one time inclined to believe that two-thirds of this number was, or might be, the proportion for the autumn hunt, but it is probably nearer three-fourths, and we have thus 60,000 in round numbers brought down from the newly-fledged flocks, as they pass southward along the bay. I have lately been informed by an old and experienced hunter, that he believes that for every goose that is killed, above twenty must leave the bay without scaith, as although there is sometimes destruction dire among some lots that approach the gun, and that feed in quarters frequented by hunters, yet innumerable families of them alight on remote and quiet feeding grounds, remain there unmolested, and take wing when the cold sets in, with their numbers intact. I must allow the correctness of this remark, and the deduction to be drawn from it is, that 1,200,000 geese leave their breeding grounds by the Hudson's Bay line of march for the genial south. Of the numbers to the westward along the arctic

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We subjoin two extracts from the *Relations des Jésuites*, in their own quaint French. (1)

Although egg-stealers (a bad set, by the by, whose operations Audubon properly stigmatises) haveconsiderably thinned their numbers, Dr. Bryant, who, in 1860, made an ornithological survey of these islands, whom I had the pleasure of meeting, found them still tenanted by large numbers of gannets, puffins, guillemots, auks and kittiwakes. In the fall of the year the shores of the St. Lawrence literally swarm with ducks, teal and other sea fowl. We have ourselves counted thousands busy gobbling up the shell-fish, barnacles and sea weed which cling to the shelving rocks round Plateau and Bonaventure islands, at Gaspé. We have watched the gannet, the herring-gull, the cormorant, hovering in clouds over Percé Rock, on whose verdant summit they build and find an asylum secure from their great destroyer, man; whilst their discordant voices are heard above the roar of the surf, miles away. We have seen their young shot for food by hundreds in the month of August.

It is not an uncommon thing in the fall of the year for the

coast, that wend their way to their winter quarters straight across the continent, we can form but a very vague opinion, but computing it at two-thirds or more of the quantity supposed to leave the eastern part of the arctic coast, we cannot have less than two millions of geese, composing the numerous battalions which pass over the continent between the Atlantic and the Rocky Mountains, borne aloft generally like the scud, and as swiftly hastened on, by the force of the boreal blast.

"I ought to observe that the Brant geese, *Bernicla Brenta*, are not included in the above estimate. They are pretty numerous on the Atlantic coast, but are quite neglected by the Indians in general of Hudson's Bay."

(1) "A l'entrée de ce golfe (de St. Laurent) nous vîmes deux rochers, l'un rond, l'autre quarré. Vous diriez que Dieu les a plantés au milieu des eaux comme deux colombiers pour servir de lieux de retraite aux oiseaux qui s'y retirent en si grande quantité, qu'on marche dessus; et si l'on ne se tient bien ferme ils s'élèvent en si grande quantité qu'ils renversent les personnes; on en rapporte des chaloupes ou des petits bateaux tous pleins quand le temps permet qu'on les aborde. Les Français les ont nommés les Iles aux Oiseaux." (*Relation des Jésuites*. Le Père Paul Le jeune.)

"L'Isle aux Coudres et l'Isle aux Oies méritent d'être nommées en passant. La première est souvent remplie d'élans qui s'y rencontrent; la seconde est peuplée en son temps d'une multitude d'oies, d'outardes, dont l'*île qui est plate et chargée d'herbe comme une prairie en paraît toute couverte. Les lieux circonvoisins retentissent incessamment des cris de ces oiseaux.*"

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Gaspé fishermen to kill as many as twenty sea fowl, at one shot, in the air holes among the ice, down which the hungry birds crowd to feed. Where is the Canadian sportsman who would not give the world for a week on the Mille Vaches shoals in September? Were is the fowler who has not heard of the sport which Jupiter river, on Anticosti, affords, over and above the chance of putting an occasional bullet through one of the many bears attracted to the sea shore for their morning meal of kelp and seaweed, in the absence of green oats and young mutton, their favorite provender? It would be unfair, however, to lead sportsmen to believe that one has to go as far as Anticosti to get a crack at « Bruin, » when there are instances on record of snipe shooters killing bears on the beaches close to Quebec. Let us mention one recent occurrence. A sporting member of the Quebec bar (1), whom the summer vacation had seduced away from the Pandects and Blackstone, to the swampy Chateau Richer flats, was bagging as usual, a few dozen snipe before breakfast. On firing his first shot, he heard a rustling in some tall rushes, and out stepped leisurely a—snipe? no, a bear. Sympathy for a fellow sportsman ought to have saved Bruin's life. Not so; his presence on the swamp was construed by the disciple of St. Hubert into a clear case of trespass. Nothing could be more *inconvenant*, one will admit, than for a bear to take possession of the feeding grounds of teal and snipe. *Qu'allait-il faire dans cette galère?* A heavy charge at close quarters, and Bruin's spirit was wafted to where all good bears go.

What clouds of sand pipers, curlew and plover, September brings forth from their breeding places, in the barren wilds of Labrador, the secluded lakes and solitary islands of the north, up to the frozen occean! Look, friend, look at that dense vapor hovering over that long sand bar, *La Batture aux Alouettes*, a breast of Tadousac. From afar, you might take it for a cloud of hail or rain; but wait a minute, until the sun's rays light up the picture. Now, see the snowy breast of myriads of chubby little northern strangers, the ring plovers;

(1) Richard Pentland, Esquire.

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look out for them as they settle by thousands, on the sand; now is your time. Enfilade their serried ranks, fire low; bang! One shot suffices, you have one hundred victims; to fire again would only cause unnecessary carnage. Father Point, lower down than Rimouski, during strong easterly winds, affords capital sport. Canada geese, Brent geese and ducks are perpetually hovering over the extreme end of the point: the fowler carefully concealed, pours a deadly volley into the flock, and his faithful Newfoundland dog springs into the surf and fetches out the dead and wounded birds. You can either continue to *beat* the shore or cross over with us to Seal Rocks, opposite the Traverse, a delightful small game preserve, so bountifully stocked with ducks, teal and plover, that a club of *chasseurs* of St. Jean Port Joly have leased it from government. A rare thing in Canada for natives to pay for the privilege to shoot game; it is so plentiful everywhere. We are now at Crane Island. *Quantùm mutata ab illâ!* Night shooting has effectually scared the ducks from their resting places. Of swans, Lord Dalhousie seems to have had the last. As to cranes, two only have been seen of late years. This wary stilted stranger, *Gruem advenam*, can only be an accidental visitor, as its range is considerably more to the west. How often have we seen its solitary figure looming up at low tide, far beyond the range of a gun? Where is the time when a Crane Island *chasseur* thought he had had a poor season if he had bagged less than one hundred *outardes* (Canada geese), together with a few dozen snow-geese? wary in the extreme, are those noisy swamp-feeders, who during the summer months, wing every alternate day their wedgelike flight from the St. Joachim beaches, to the Crane Island flats, where they congregate at low water mark, some 3,000, feeding beyond a rifle's range. We know of a hunting ground not one hundred miles from Quebec, in which the protection of game is strikingly exemplified. None but the proprietors have access to this preserve, in which *outardes*, wild geese, and ducks assemble in astonishing multitudes. Recently two men shot fifty wild geese there in two days. The place is a source of revenue to its

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owners, and those birds, which are not sent to market, are salted and preserved for the farm servants' daily use.

It would be impossible for us, in this short sketch, to name all the localities where game is to be had in Canada. The two shores of the St. Lawrence, from Gaspé to the upper lakes, and the larger number of the tributaries of the great river, especially in the Ottawa district, are our chief shooting grounds —some seven or eight hundred leagues—plenty of elbow-room, as you may see. The Chateau Richer swamp, in spite of the indiscriminate slaughter of birds, still furnishes some 3,000 or 4,000 snipe per season. The Bijou marsh, formerly an excellent hunting ground, under the St. Foy heights, is from constant shooting, pretty well destroyed at present for game purposes. What a splendid game preserve the Bijou would become in the hands of a sporting millionaire ! Woodcock are still numerous at Côte-à-Bonhomme, near Charlesbourg, at La Baie du Febvre, Les Salines, and in fifty other places. Wild pigeon shooting, especially in western Canada, yields an abundant return. This bird still resorts to the Niagara district in such quantities that Audubon's graphic description of the flights of wild pigeons in Kentucky ceases to appear overdrawn. Until 1854, there existed in the woods back of Chateauguay, at a place called the Five Points, a pigeon roost ; the devastation caused by this countless host in the wheat fields became very great, but in presence of the incessant attacks of man, a general pigeon stampede took place ; the roost is now deserted.

Grouse shooting, which in Canada commences on the 20th August, affords also some amusements. *Grouse and partridge are shot and snared in Canada, the* (1) *Hon. Grantley F. Berkley to the country notwithstanding—not poisoned with strychnine.*

(1) We find in the London *Times* of the 18th September, 1863, in a letter subscribed Grantley F. Berkely, *valuable* (?) information respecting the Canadian partridge, and the mode of capturing it :—" The Americans, " says this learned Nimrod, " are profoundly ignorant of the way to shoot winged game in any quantities, or to take them alive, and it is not unlikely they have adopted strychnine as a method of death. " He, further on, explains why they poison the birds they intend for food, viz., for " the love of the almighty dollar, which makes men not over nice in the means they take to get it. " Mr. Grantley F. B.'s peculiar insanity is becoming chronic—In Canada we should try the cold water cure.

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A great falling off is certainly now observable in the number of birds, in consequence of the wanton slaying of the old ones in the breeding season ; but dive into the interior about forty miles, at the time when the maple tree is decked with tints of unsurpassing loveliness, and the let us hear from you. We remember, one balmy September morning, beating for grouse in the wooded slopes of the Chateau Richer mountain, just at the hour when the rising sun was pouring forth floods of golden light. Never before had we seen our hardwood trees more gorgeously decorated. The bright red, green maroon, and the orange-colored leaves sparkling with dew-drops, and bathed in autumnal sunshine, recalled to our mind Tasso's description of Armida's enchanted forest. It might have been appropriately compared to a huge flower-garden in full bloom. Our rêverie was briskly interrupted by the *whirring* sound of a grouse, flushed from its cover by our dog.

Grouse is not the only game which you meet in the woods during a September ramble ; perhaps you may be lucky enough to have a shot at the bird royal, the golden eagle, or his pilfering compeer the bald eagle, soaring high above your head amongst the crags. Do not be alarmed if, in crossing a mountain gorge, the hoarse croak of the raven should catch your ear. And if, perchance, camped for the night on the mountain brow in a deserted sugar-hut, you hear the horrible hooting of the great horned owl, fear nothing ; *it is not the evil one.* Wait until the nocturnal marauder lights on the large tree next to your resting place, and, by the light of the moon, your Manton will soon add to your museum, if you have such a fancy, one of the noblest and fiercest birds of the Canadian fauna.

If there should be anything of the Jules Gerard or the Gordon Cumming in your composition, and you have a hankering for larger game, without being able to get to the Rocky Mountains, go and ask that Charlebourg peasant in the market place the particulars of the raid which bears have recently made in his oat-field, after decimating his flock. Go in quest of the sheep-slayer ; your guide will take you where bruin and her cubs hold their nightly revels. Take care not to miss your intended victim ; if you do, or only wound her, she won't miss you.

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When you are tired of shooting bears, Canada geese, ducks, snipe, woodcock, pigeon and grouse, take the train for the western prairies and plains, and eight or ten days will bring you to where countless herds of buffalo browse; a subject upon which the Prince of Wales, our late governor general, Lord Monck, Lord Mulgrave, and the other governors of British provinces, from their recent visit, are now in a position to speak *ex-cathedrâ*. You can occasionally vary your sport by looking after wild turkeys and prairie hens (1), reserving deer and caribou hunting for the winter season, but when you get there, with Mr. Russell's (2) fate before your eyes, do not desecrate the Sabbath. Before we part, let me give you a solemn piece of advice. By the mighty shades of Hawker, by the ramrod of the great Saint Hubert, I adjure you not to waste powder and shot in the neighborhood of large cities! Spring shooting and pot-hunters have for the most part extirpated the game in such localities. Go to Sorel, Deschambault, Kamouraska, Mille-Vaches, Lancaster, Long Point on Lake Erie, for ducks; to Chateau Richer, Grondines, St. Pierre-les-Becquets, for snipe; beat Côte-à-Bonhomme, the whole range of heights from Charlesbourg to the Jacques Cartier river, for woodcock; but if you wish for sport in earnest, go to western Canada, to the Saint Clair marshes, (3) where you will find swans, geese,

(1) PRAIRIE CHICKENS were never known to be so abundant in Iowa as the present season. In Buchanan and Blackhawk counties they can be killed with stones and clubs, and hunting them with guns is next to no sport at all. So plenty are they that the farmers importune hunters to try their luck on their grounds, and in some instances they have manifested a willingness to pay for the killing.

(*Quebec Mercury*, 22nd August, 1863.)

(2) My Diary—North and South, Page 202.

(3) We read in the Toronto *Leader*, of November, 1860:—"Captain Strachan and Mr. Kennedy returned last evening from a fortnight's shooting in the St. Clair marshes, where they had excellent sport, bagging, to the two guns, two swans, three snipe, five wild geese, and 570 ducks,—black, mallard and grey ducks—weight 1,860 lbs."

"Cdls. Rhodes and Bell, of this city, returned to town recently, from a hunting excursion in the woods north of Quebec. During their trip they met with a run of good sport, having killed ten caribous, four lynxes, a porcupine, and a large number of white partridges, hares, &c. Such an amount of game brought down by two guns must be considered a decidedly good *battue*. We understand that one of

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ducks, teal, snipe, even eagles; in fact all the game of Canada congregated. Rely for success on good dogs, a trusty guide, a sure aim, and, our word for it, a plethoric game bag will be your reward.

the large caribous has been obtained by several officers of the garrison for the purpose of being sent to England. "—*Quebec Morning Chronicle*, 29th December, 1862.

"Ten tons of prairie chickens and quail were shipped from Chicago to New York by one of the Express companies recently. "—*Ibid*, 6th January, 1863.

"SALMON FISHING.—Mr. Law's party returned from Godbout yesterday morning, three rods having killed 194 salmon, weighing 2196 lbs; the average weight of each, being 11 lbs. and one-third. "—*Mercury*, 7th August, 1863.

We now have before us a tabular statement showing the catch, each day, of three rods in the river Moisie, on the gulf coast, in 1862, viz: 318 salmon; average weight, 15 to 17 lbs.; and, also, a similar authentic statement for the river Godbout, for June and July, showing 287 fish; weight, 3,116 lbs.)

The Essex *Record* says that "Bob Renardson" and two others have just returned from a shooting expedition at Baptiste Creek, where they have been for the last seven weeks. During that time they bagged sixteen hundred ducks, two bugle swans, one weighing 35 and the other 40 lbs., besides a quantity of smaller game. Most of the ducks have now left, owing to the freezing of the marshes.

The Montreal *Witness* says:—"We learn that the Hon. Col. Annesley, M. P., the Hon. Capt. Elphistone and Mr. Morland, returned to Montreal after a two days' shooting excursion, having bagged 232 head of duck and other game."

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THE QUEBEC VOLUNTEERS

1837.

A CHRISTMAS SKETCH.

There are unquestionably many pages of our history—some pregnant with especial interest—yet unwritten. Of the latter, may he reckoned those, recording the great civil commotion inaugurated by Louis Joseph Papineau, in Eastern Canada, and by William Lyon Mackenzie, in the western section of the Dominion. (1)

Despite the rancorous feelings engendered at the time, by this social upheaving, the day cannot be far distant when the memories of this fratricidal strife will have lost much of their bitterness; nay, such unlooked for, such momentous events, have crowded on us, since that warlike period, that an utter revulsion of feeling, in many cases, has been the result.

The sundering of the colonial tie, for attempting which, the « Patriots » of 1837 were gibetted by the score, when not exiled or plunged in dungeons, seems of late years to have been considered by many Imperial statesmen, but a question of time or expediency. In 1837, he who sat in state in the Chateau St. Lou s, in the name of Majesty, had very decided views on the doctrine of colonial independence. His Majesty William IV's Attorney-General, Charles Ogden, held it to mean a hempen collar. Duquette, DeLorimier, Narbonne, Hindelang, and twenty others, found it so, to their cost; still

(1) The New York *Commercial Advertiser* thus notices the arrival of the celebrated agitator. "New York, March 16th, (1838), LION OF THE NORTH. We are enabled to state, positively, unequivocally and categorically, that the Cincinnatus—the Robert Bruce, the Brutus-and-Cassius, the Hampden-and-Sidney, of Canada, nay, the personification of MINERVA and the Goddess of Liberty themselves, is now in this city, in the illustrious person of WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE! He was at the Exchange reading-room yesterday, looking over the papers with no more pretension than though he were a common man."

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barely a generation has passed when good Queen Vic., knowingly makes a belted knight of the most prominent champion of independence: Sir A. T. Galt: *Tempora mutantur*.

Without pretending to anything elaborate, let us collect from the lips of a few surviving actors of this strange drama, some tid-bits of information and gossip anent the stirring volunteer days of 37-38, prefacing our sketch with some general remarks, calculated to make it more intelligible to our enquiring nephews.

We can ourselves well remember the time, when to the excited vision of a Quebecer of British descent, all that was vile, unprincipled, treasonable and wicked might be summed up in the one word, « Papineau, » Then, indeed, the eloquent leader of the Canadian Commons, could, like the great agitator, O'Connell, have boasted that he was « the best abused man » in the country. A superlatively loyal French song of the period, after enumerating the calamities of every hue, which could be charged to the arch-agitator, without forgetting cholera-morbus, earthquakes and the potatoe rot, concluded each stanza with the well remembered words: « *C'est la faute à Papineau.* »

A dreaded monster was he, this same Louis Joseph, in the eyes of superlatively loyal men, such, for instance, as Bob Symes, one of His Britannic Majesty's zealous justices of the Peace, « in and for the district of Quebec, » in the year of..... fuss and alarm, 1837.

But peace to Louis Joseph's ashes! may they continue to rest where some loving hands have placed them on the 24th Sept., 1871, at MonteBello, his own beautiful seat, on the green banks of the Ottawa. Peace to his memory! he is now before a higher tribunal, to answer for his deeds in the flesh.

If one reflects how fully England has since granted the demands asked for, by the misguided « Patriots » of 1837, as set forth in their « Declaration of Independence, » viz: « abolition of the seigniorial dues (though we must denounce the mode by which it was to be brought about in 1837); secularization of the Clergy Reserves; abolition of imprisonment for debt, except in extreme cases; freedom of the Press; trial by Jury, in an extended form; the use of both languages in public affairs; the control of the Provincial Revenue and Tariff;

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abolition of sentence of death, except in cases of murder, it seems strange, that it should have specially fallen to the lot of French Canadians to fight to the death, for the possession of reforms and changes, many of them, so peculiarly British in their ring, and to achieve which they incurred such a liberal allowance of hanging and outlawry. Was the *real* issue ever before the eyes of the British Canadian in 1837? We opine not.

To return to Bob Symes. Who then was this incomparable Magistrate, this dauntless, ever watchful defender of the Hanoverian succession and citadel of Quebec? Has he too been knighted for services rendered in this fair portion of Victoria's realms?

Echo pauses for a reply. Bob, for under no other cognomen were his praises weekly sung in Mr. Aubin's witty Journal, LE FANTASQUE, Bob was the pink of civic virtue—a perfect pundit in constitutional law—the impersonification of loyalty. Robert Symes discoursed of treason while awake, to dream of it, in the silent hours of night. Each Monday morning, said Mr. Aubin, Bob had at his fingers end the whole ramification of some deep laid plot to murder His Majesty's lieges. He denounced rebels the last thing before going to bed; it was his first thought on waking. Bob would shake hands with his fellow-citizens impressively, and tell them each morning to be thankful that so far they had not yet been shot, or piked, or hung; that with the helping hand of Atty.-General Ogden and the Volunteers, they might yet escape the devil and Papineau, so said Mr. Aubin. It was inspiriting to witness the sight; it did one's heart good to see how brightly in every bosom burned the sacred fire of patriotism. Far be it from our mind, however to impugn the motives which prompted Mr. Symes, acts: on more occasions than one, did he evince exquisite purety in his judicial conduct, blended with a bulldog courage, which no danger could appal; witness, the services he rendered at the Grosse Isle quarantine, during the revolting horrors of ship feaver, in 1847. Another trait yet, ere we dismiss this well remembered, over zealous Justice. Bob had several points of resemblance with the noted Judge Esgrove, of Scotch fame; both

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had refractory tailors to deal with, but John Teed, of Quebec, was a « patriot, » whereas he, of Edimburgh, was a malefactor; in this, the heroes of the bodkin widely differed. Had Teed risen in arms, which he did not, and injured the body or uniform of any of Her Majesty's Forces, Bob Symes would more than likely have selected some impressive sentiments, like the ermined sage of Edimburg is reported, by Coburn, to have used on passing sentence on the Edimburg Tailor, for having stabbed a British soldier, « and not only did you murder him, but you did thrust,—or push,—or pierce,—or project,—or propel the lethal weapon through the belly band of his breeches, which were His Majesty's. »

The Canadian Radamanthus could be quite as impressive, when he delivered his dreaded rulings, from that Bench now occupied by Mr. Justice Dotcet. He had at times a picturesque way of giving to the prisoner, the usual jobation. More than one practitioner of the Police Court may possibly yet remember, the case of the two sailors, who refused to join their ship ready for sea, on the ground that she was not sea-worthy. The salts had most forbidding countenances; to this Bob Symes seemed fully alive. Throwing himself back in his seat, *ut mos*, he uttered majestically, the following: « Go on board, my men. Go on board, without fear, I tell you. You are evidently born to be hanged and never can be drowned. (1)

The Quebec and Three River districts, at the voice of their leaders, political, and religious, seceded at an early date from

(1) In a situation of eminent danger, from drowning, it was once my fate, to witness the calm and self reliance of the dauntless Magistrate and to ponder in my mind, whether it proceded from stoutness of heart or from the belief, that like the two seamen, he too " was not born to be drowned. "

It happened on the 15th March, 1851; the St. Lawrence had frozen over before the city, in what appeared a solid sheet of glare ice. Hundreds were crossing over to Levis; I, with the rest. All at once, we became painfully aware, that the whole ice was on the move with the ebb, and that unless we reached the shore, a fair chance of perishing amidst the thin ice lay before us.

To reach the Napoleon wharf, we had to cross, one by one, over a belt of ice, whose wavy, yielding motion made one's hair stand on end. Bob Symes, said he would go first. " I could not forbear recalling to my neighbor his previous saying, adding.." Evidently, he thinks he is not born to be drowned." All of us escaped, more or less, with a cold bath, except one poor fellow—David Bisset—who after many struggles, sank, to rise no more.

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the *armed* resistance, inaugurated *without arms!* (1) by the Montreal district in the Richelieu valley.

In the counties of Champlain, Portneuf, Dorchester, meetings were held in November and December, 1837, expressive of loyalty, though advocating reforms by constitutional means; there had, however, been « agitation meetings, » in Bellechasse; at St. Thomas; at the St. Paul's Market, St. Roch's Church door, Glacis School House, in the city of Quebec,—fortunately of no real importance. In this, did the Quebec district show its good sense.

The frenzy of loyalty and martial preparations, in the city itself, had scarcely cool reason on its side. The wildest rumours were freely circulated. The hatreds and national jealousies of the period had ample scope. More than one alarming *canard* originated amongst the frequenters of a fashionable segar store in St. John street, kept by one Peter Delcourt, or in Schleup's hotel;—*presto*, the Police was dispatched to search for concealed arms, cannon, gunpowder. However, these ebullitions sprang in many cases from one of the purest of sentiments: patriotism, civic virtue, as such deserving of all praise. Though the French Canadians, as a people, were true to one another, and refused to enlist, there were several offers of service, in the Quebec district, from that class; of which, Government declined to avail itself.

Political discontent was not confined to one nationality. Amongst the most noted « Rebs » there were several, not bearing French Canadian names. In the district of Montreal; Robert Nelson, Wolfred Nelson, E. B. O'Callaghan, T. S. Brown, Hindenlang, Girod (2), Wm. Hay Scott, &c., Dr. Newcomb.

About the 1st November, intelligence was received of the arrest and rescue of political prisoners; and news of the shooting of Loyal Canadians, by the Insurgents, on the 5th of

(1) We say *without arms*, advisedly. Some patriots in their ardor, turned out with pitchforks. In one instance, a wooden cannon was sent forth, encircled with strong iron hoops, says Christie; marbles, were found in the pockets of the slain patriots, to be used instead of leaden bullets.

(2) Amaury Girod, a Swiss, the General of the northern army, four days after the affair at St. Eustache, blew his brains out with a pistol on the 18th December 1837, at Pointe-aux-Trembles, below Montreal.

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the same month. The excitement this caused was augmented by an official report of the murder, on 2nd and 3rd Nov., of Lieut. Weir, (1) 32nd Regt. and defeat of Col. Gore at St. Denis, by the insurgent leader Nelson. These deplorable events produced immediate and energetic action, to organize a system of defence. On the 27th of November, 1837 (2), Civil Secretary, S. Walcott, by letter dated « St. Lewis Castle » addressed on behalf of the Earl of Gosford, to Hon. J. M. Fraser, Wm. Price, J. B. Forsyth, W. H. Jeffery, G. H Parke, Jas. G. Ross, M. Stevenson, Robert Shaw, and other men of note, who had at a public meeting at the Quebec Exchange, offered their services, to serve as Volunteers, in order to supply the absence of the regulars who were ordered to Montreal, graciously accepted their offer. Volunteering, Drill and Parade duties were soon begun in real earnest. Though the sinew of war, had to be provided out of raw militia, there were a good many though bits of fighting stuff remaining,—Peninsular officers,—some of Genl. Brock's veterans and regulars; enough in fact, to leven the whole mass.

The Earl of Gosford had selected a most popular head: Lt. Col. Honorable Jas. Hope, of the Coldstream Guards, son of Major General Hope, who was severely wounded and taken prisoner at a *sortie* from Bayonne, at the close of the Peninsular war; he subsequently became Earl of Hopetoun, to which title his son succeeded. « A finer man or better soldier, I never met, says Lt. Col. Wiley, » then the active major of Brigade, of the Volunteer Force. In 1839, a dinner was given him, by his officers, which went off with great *eclat*; for those were festive days too, those Volunteer times of 1837-8-9. Such was the good feeling between the regulars and the citizen-soldiers, that when Brigade Major Wiley, appointed adjudant to the 1st. Provincial Regt, had to raise men for frontier service with its head quarters at Philipsburg, and having succeeded out of the « *dejecta membra* » of the disbanded Volunteers, to procure in 48 hours 200 recruits, he was kindly given by the officers of the Guards, the use of their

(1) Atty.-General Ogden, had Capt. François Jalbert, indicted for the murder of Lieut. Weir, at the Montreal assizes of Sept., 1839; the jury composed of 9 French Canadians and 3 old countrymen acquitted him. (*See Christie's History*, vol. V, pp. 16 and 291.)

(2) See *Christie's History*, vol. V, p. 455.

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splendid drum and fife *corps*, to play him and the men under his command, to the steamer. Capt. (now Lt. Col.) John Sewell, late of the 49th (Genl. Brock's Regt,) was appointed with the rank of Major, to take command of the Volunteer Regt. Infantry. This active and intelligent officer, succeeded, so well in imparting military knowledge to his *corps*, which had been incorporated in a Batallion, that in the month of December 1837, the Quebec Garrison being reduced to one company of Royal Artillery, this Batallion was placed in charge of that important post, the citadel of Quebec. Conspicuous amongst the Volunteers, was our old fellow townsmen Henry LeMesurier, for many years one of the *magnates* of St. Peter street, and married into a distinguished French Canadian family (to Miss Guerout). Mr. LeMesurier, by his standing, genial disposition and military experience, was a valuable addition to the force. Born in Guernsey in 1791, he was son of Commissary General Haviland LeMesurier; had entered the English army in 1811; served under the Duke of Wellington, in the Peninsular campaign; was present at the battle of Salamanca, and, when bearing the colors of the 47th Regiment, his right arm was carried away by a round shot, when he joined the Commissariat; served during the war in Canada in 1812, retired on half pay in 1818, and died in 1861 a Lieut.-Colonel of Militia.

Our worthy old friend Major Temple, late of the 15th, was, in 1837, an active commander of the Queen's Own Infantry. Other veterans had also offered their services, viz., Lieut.-Colonel Charles Campbell, late of the 99th, (recently dead). In 1837, the Volunteers were gazetted as follows:

QUEBEC LIGHT INFANTRY.

Major John Sewell, commanding.

1st. Company: Captain, J. S. Campbell; Lieut., Thom. Froste; Ensign, Paul Lepper.

2nd. Company: Captain A. Simpson; Lieut., H. Sharples; Ensign, E. H. Davidson.

3rd. Company, (rifles): Captain, (Hon.) John Young; Lieut., Hy. J. Noad; Ensign, W. Paterson.

4th. Company: Captain, Jas. Gillespie; Lieut., W. K. Baird; Ensign, John Martyn.

5th. Company: Captain, Henry LeMesurier; Lieut., Andrew McGill; Ensign, Alec. Bell. Adjutant of the five companies, Ensign (now Lt.-Col.) Thomas Wiley; Surgeon, Geo. M. Douglas.

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Uniform.—*Company No. 1: White blanket frock coat, with blue band, blue shoulder straps, blue cuffs, blue breeches, dark cap, flat and fur band.*

Uniform.—*Companies No. 2, 3, and 5, blue coat, buff breeches. No. 4, Company, white blanket coat, green facings, blue breeches, blue cap and light band.*

LOYAL QUEBEC ARTIFICERS OR FAUCH-A-BALLAUGHS.

Captain, John C. Nixon; Lieut., James Thornton; Ensign, Richard Freeman.

Uniform.—*White blanket coat, red sash, green buttons,—green facings, and green seams; high cap with green top falling over, blue breeches, red stripe.*

QUEEN'S OWN LIGHT INFANTRY.

Major, Henry Temple; Lieut., Fred. Wyse; Ensign, William Clarke.

Uniform.—*White blanket coat with band of blue, red facings, blue breeches, red stripe, high cap,*

ENGINEER RIFLE CORPS.

Major, George H. Vincent Whitmore (Lieut. Royal Engineers), commanding the two companies and the Royal Artificers.

1st Company: 1st Captain, Henry M. Blaiklock; 2nd Captain, Francis Wyatt; 1st. Lieutenant, Charles Jas. Clarke; 2nd Lieutenant, Fred. W. Blaiklock.

2nd Company: 1st Captain, Frederick Hacker; 2nd Captain, John Phillips: 1st. Lieutenant, George Brown; 2nd Lieutenant, Edward J. Fletcher; Adjutant of the two companies and of the Royal Artificers, William Scott.

Uniform.—*White blanket frock coat, red shoulder straps, collar and cuffs blue, cap blue, with red band, breeches blue and red stripe.*

KING'S END VOLUNTEERS.

Captain, William Pentland; Lieut., C. Pentland; Ensign, Jas. Farley.

ROYAL QUEBEC VOLUNTEER ARTILLERY.

1st Company: 1st Captain, William Burns Lindsay; 2nd Captain, George Desbarats, (acting paymaster); 1st. Lieut., W. D. Dupont and H. H. Wicksteed; 2nd Lieutenant, McGregor Pink.

2nd Company: 1st Captain, Edward H. Bowen; 2nd Captain, John Black; 1st Lieutenant, Siméon Lelièvre; acting quarter-master, John Panet; 2nd Lieutenant, H. LeMesurier.

3rd Company: 1st Captain, W. K. McCord; 2nd Captain, Andrew Stuart; 1st Lieutenant, Isaac R. Eckart; Acting Adjudant, A. J. Maxham; 2nd Lieutenant, E. J. G. Hooper; Paymaster, Capt. D. Dupont; Quarter-master, Jas. Mots; Surgeon, Jas. A. Sewell, M. D.

Uniform: *Identical with that of Royal Artillery.*

ROYAL QUEBEC VOLUNTEERS.

Colonel James Baird (66th Regiment) commanding; Major, William A. Hale.

1st Company: Capt., A. Campbell; Lieutenant, Charles C. Sheppard.

2nd Company: Captain, J. Dyde; Lieutenant, W. A. Cuppage; Ensign, Antoine Vanfelson.

3rd Company: Captain, W. Power; Lieutenant, Joseph P. Bradley; Ensign, Charles Alleyn.

4th Company: Captain, J. G. Irvine; Lieutenant, E. S. Montizambert; Ensign, Colin Bruce.

5th Company: Captain, T. W. Lloyd; Lieutenant, Henry Ball; Ensign, Thomas A. Cary.

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6th or (1) Highland Company, (Megantic); Captain, Arch. McKillop; Lieut., P. McKillop; Ensign; John G. Clapham.

7th Company: Captain, J. P. O'Meara; Lieutenant, J. H. Kirby; Ensign, Ed. G. Casinet.

8th Company, (Queen's Pets); Captain, William Rayside; Lieutenant, A. C. Buchanan; Ensign, Walter Douglas; Paymaster, William Kemble; Adjudant, Thomas Hamilton.

Uniform: *Companies No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7, blue loose coat, with red collar, blue breeches, high fur cap with long ears.*

Highland Company uniform: *Rob Roy Tartan Trews, Scotch bonnet, dark frock coat.*

The 8th Company of Queen's Pets were long blue pea jackets, blue breeches; a round fur cap with long ears, and red woollen cravat; their arms were: horse pistols, broad cutlasses and a carronade.

QUEBEC VOLUNTEER CAVALRY.

Captain: David Burnet; Lieutenant (Judge), Rob. H. Gardner; Cornet, J. Bell; sixty troopers.

The writer of this sketch, though very young at the time, can well recollect an episode of the great insurrection. It took place at St. Thomas, where resided, one of the most energetic « sympathizers » of those days, Dr. (since Sir E. P. Taché, aide-de-camp to the Queen). Evidently, in 1837, Dr. Taché had not the slightest inkling that our beloved sovereign would knight him and make of him, one of her aide-de-camp; his denunciations of British rule, or more properly misrule, were loud and deep. He and the County Member Letourneau, Capt. Têtu and others, had been the chief originators of the enthusiastic *fête champêtre*, given to the great agitator, Papineau, solemnized with speeches, cannon and cavalry at the *Bois de Boulogne*, at St. Thomas, on Saint Jean Baptiste day, 1837. Though an ardent patriot, Dr. Taché, the respected village physician, was one of the warmest personal friends of an uncompromising old Loyalist, a near and dear relative of mine, the late Daniel McPherson, J. P., of St. Thomas. Each day the eloquent doctor stepped over to treat professionally or to enliven his octogenarian friend, Mr. McPherson, with items of news. My youthful fancy had never yet witnessed the spectacle of the burning eloquence and patriotic ardor with which Dr. Taché, narrated the heroic death of young Dr. Chenier, at St. Eustache, who he said had died « comme un heros digne de la Grèce antique. »

(1) This fine company, had been, we believe, mainly raised through the instrumentality of the County member, J. G. Clapham.

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One of the commanders of the Volunteers, Captain John Sewell, had been commissioned to take steps to watch over the safety of the (1) 42nd Regt., brought from Halifax to Quebec, in the depth of winter; the numbed Britishers were packed two by two, with a driver in front, in little low sledges; the temperature was very severe. They halted at St. Thomas for their dinner, and our house being considered a peculiary loyal one, a bevy of stalwart sergeants, its inmates, anxious to get as close to the fire as possible, sat me, youngster as I was, on their knee, scaring me with their dreadful threats as to what they would do to the « b——dy rebels. » whilst some of their officers in the parlor were bountifully provided with bread, cheese and porter by the kind old Scotchman, their host.

Neither shall I forget how easy it would have been, had there been any « Rebs» abroad, to secrete themselves in the narrow, woody defiles of Cap St. Ignace, where there was a *savane* three miles long, and shoot down the helpless and frost bitten soldiers, who would have been struck by the bullets before seeing the enemy. But there was no intention to rise; nothing existed beyond a patriotic fervor, either in the breast of Dr. Taché or any one else. The Doctor however was subjected, to a most unpleasant domiciliary visit,—a search for fire arms and a *cannon?* supposed to be hidden under his winter supply of potatoes, in the cellar of his capacious dwelling. The police did find a pair of duelling pistols,—for in those days, the doctor was not a man to be without this very indispensible article of a gentleman's wardrobe,—and a small cannon; but this « Mons. Megg » (2) was only six inches in length and belonged, it was satisfactorily established,

(1) "This regiment had received a few hours' notice to start for Canada; and, in winter vehicles, proceeded to their destination, the first division crossing at Point Levi on the 28th December. It was an interesting sight to witness the long string of carioles as they came over the hill of the opposite side of the River St. Lawrence; and then the crossing over, amidst the floating ice, in wooden canoes, with flags gaily flying at the stern—the landing at Quebec—the weary and weather-beaten soldiers as they quietly fell into the ranks, and answered to the roll-call, marching with military precision up Mountain hill to their quarters for a brief rest, preparatory to proceeding to the seat of war." (J. V. Pierce.)

(2) The St. Thomas piece of ordnance had not, like its prototype of Edinbro' in 1745, sung by Scott, the honor of removal by the Government to the Tower of London, or Citadel of Quebec. This was probably owing to the circumstance that it did not "crack" like the Big Scotch gun.—"Scout mons megga cracksset."

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to the Dr's. juvenile son—the present worthy Assistant Commissioner of Crown Lands. Alas! Bob Symes and you, loyal Thomas Ainslie Young, you were at fault here!

A Rifleman of 1837 (J. V. Pierce) thus describes the Volunteers:

« The regular troops stationed at this garrison consisted of a few regiments of the line, among whom the gallant 32nd. They were immediately ordered to proceed to that portion of Lower Canada where hostilities had already commenced, leaving the strong fortress of Quebec in charge and to the defence of a volunteer force. The militia organization was, as might be expected at that time, very incomplete and inefficient; the roll on paper certainly looked very formidable with a long array of colonels, majors, captains, lieutenants and ensigns, but their knowledge of military discipline, tactics and drill, were thoroughly imperfect and useless. No training or muster of militia had taken place for several years, many of the men having never handled a musket.

When it was decided to withdraw the troops from the garrison, the old country portion of the community were enrolled into companies, and quite a martial spirit prevailed. The first paid corps raised, consisted of laborers, mechanics and tradesmen, chiefly Irish, and were called the

PORK-EATERS,

forming a regiment of about 600 strong; able, resolute fellows, who, on being equipped, at first presented a motley, awkward squad. After a period of thorough drilling by the non-commissioned officers of the regulars, and subjection to strict military discipline, they became efficient, and, before many months elapsed, presented a very soldier-like appearance going through their evolutions almost as well as the regulars, and, had occasion required, would have proved a formidable body for an enemy to encounter. Colonel Irvine had command of this regiment; Colonel Hope, of the Grenadier Guards, was the Commander-in-Chief of the garrison. A fine cavalry corps of well-mounted and active young volunteers, under Major Burnet, also served during this period.

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The next corps was a unique body of men called the

QUEEN'S PETS,

comprising the seamen and seafaring men who happened to be in the port of Quebec, and were enrolled under the command of Captain Rayside, a veteran naval officer, well known as one of the captains, of the Montreal and Quebec steamers, and afterwards as harbor-master of the port. Their uniform consisted of blue pea-jackets and trowsers, equipped with pistols, cutlasses, and a small carronade. Had they been called into action, either for land or water warfare, they would have proved a determined, brave and useful means of defence. Their services were frequently brought into requisition; hunting up concealed arms, ammunition and disaffected parties, accompanied by Robert Symes, an active and zealous magistrate. The Queen's Pets became, for a long time, quite a household word.

The next arm of defence was composed of

THE VOLUNTEER ARTILLERY,

a fine set of men, officered like the infantry by young merchants and professional men, who, after being instructed by the regulars, acquired great proficiency, particularly in the art of gunnery, and handled the canon around the battlement walls in a most creditable manner, forming an important branch of the service for garrison duty.

CITIZEN VOLUNTEERS.

This corps was made up of Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 companies; they were unpaid soldiers, furnishing their own uniforms—a blanket frock-coat, with caps and leggins of the same material, with red, blue, green and yellow facings. Each company was distinguished by some peculiar cognomen, one of which was famous as the *Faugh-a-Ballaghs*. No 3 Rifles was considered a crack corps of young merchants and clerks, of which the writer (Mr. Pierce) was a full private. This company was officered by Captain, now Hon. John Young; Henry J. Noad, Lieutenant; and William Paterson, Ensign. They acquired great proficiency in drill, especially that pertaining to rifle movements and skirmishing. The members of this company now living (alas!

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how few!) still entertain a pleasant regard and happy remembrance of their gentlemanly and efficient instructor, Mr., now Colonel Wiley.

THE POT-BELLIES

were composed of Lower-town merchants of the elder class, who turned out manfully on this occasion, and subjected themselves to the drill and discipline of a soldier's life with becoming alacrity and good-will. It was cheering to witness their portly figures as they marched up to the Citadel armory, and received their accoutrements of black leather belts and cartouch box, with 20 rounds of ball cartridge, and a flint lock «Brown-bess.» And oh! the drilling! «Mark time»—«Form fours»—«Eyes right»—«Left»—«Front»—«Dress»—such puffing and blowing excited many a good-humored joke and smile as they moved about their heavy corporations at the word of command. The unpaid volunteers were under the command of Colonel John Sewell.

GARRISON DUTIES.

To garrison the fortress of Quebec would require a force of several thousand soldiers. Those who have visited the Citadel and traversed the walls of battlements, and entered through the ponderous gates, can form some idea of the vigilance required to guard the several points around the city. But the present mode of warfare has completely changed the style of fortifications of former days, the strong forts on the heights of Point Levi, now (1869) nearly completed, being considered as a more efficient means of defence.

THE GUARD ROOM

to the soldier is a place replete with many an interesting reminiscence, and proves a most welcome resort to the weary sentry, after walking for hours his lonely round. Here it was that we assembled to receive the orders of the day, and to be told off to our several duties, some to the Citadel, some to the gates, and other parts of the garrison. Those who have passed to and fro as sentry in the Citadel in winter, when the thermometer marks 32 degrees below zero, can call to mind the soli-

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tary hours before being relieved—the officer of the day coming stealthily along—the challenge : « Who goes there ? » « Rounds. » « What rounds ? » « Grand rounds. » « Stand, grand rounds and give the countersign. » « Pass, grand rounds. » « All right ! » To relieve the monotony of our duties, our companions in arms would gather round and discuss the topics of the day, or some subject would come up for interesting and animated debate : song and storytelling continuing far into the night, till, becoming weary, we turn in, on the soft side of the planks of our bunks, and sink into a profound slumber, till aroused by the beating of the *reveille*.

INCIDENTS.

Business was generally suspended, and rumors of various kinds were rife concerning the Patriots, both in Upper and Lower Canada, which kept all on the *qui vive* for the latest intelligence. No lightning then flashed the news over the telegraph wires every minute, as if the events occuring thousands of miles away were within sight and hearing distance ; no railway to transport troops in a few hours to the remotest scene of action. » There was no lack of jollity (1) however.

Dinners were the order of the day. On the 21st February, 1838, the *Quebec Gazette*, describes a grand entertainment at Schluep's *Globe Hotel*, St. Louis street. The officers of the *Quebec*

(1) St. Andrew's Dinner—Nov. 1837.

The *Quebec Gazette* of 1st. Dec., 1837, sets aside a corner of its fyle, amidst the general " clang of arms and wars, and rumors of war, " which enlivened the streets of old Quebec on the 1st Dec., 1837, to make mention of a jolly St. Andrew's Dinner, under the Presidency of the eloquent late Andrew Stuart and Hon. F. W. Primrose, Vice-President. " Among the songs which enlivened the hilarity of the evening, after the regular toasts, was the following which was sung by Mr. Campbell, Notary, (the late Archibald Campbell), and received with universal applause, and *encored*. "

ORIGINAL SONG,

As sung by Archibald Campbell, Esq., at St. Andrew's Dinner.

Air : " *Scots wha Hae.* "

Men of Scotia's blood or land,
No longer let us idly stand,
Our " origin " while traitors brand
As " foreign " here.

We scorn to wear a coward mask :
And when the yellow Gaul shall ask
Our claim, t'will be a welcome task
To bid him hear.

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Light Infantry, presided by the Commander of the Corps, Major (now Lt.-Col.) John Sewell: several distinguished guests attended.

On the 1st March, it was the turn of the *Quebec Royal Volunteers* to meet convivially at the fashionable hotel of the day, *The Globe*, St. Louis street. Major Wm. Hale presided. Loyal toasts were drank to the Queen; Sir John Colborne—Col. Wetherall and the heroes of St. Charles—the guests of the evening—Cols. Baird of 66th—Col. Grierson 15th.—Capt. McKillop—Major Ruxton 34th. Lt. Col. John Sewell, Major Temple, Capt. (Hon.) John Young, Lt. A. J. Maxham, Ensign Chs. Alleyn, Capt. Thos. W. Lloyd, Lieut. E. S. Montizambert, Dr. Jas. A. Sewell, Quarter Master Jas. Motz, H. H. Wickstead, Capt. (Judge) Andrew Stuart, Ensign Rich. Freeman, Ensign (Lt. Col.) Wiley and a few others still survive to tell of the jolly times, &c.

The fine band of the 66th. Regt. attended.

" On the crest of Abram's heights,
" Victorious in a thousand fights,
" The Scottish broad-sword won our [rights
" Wi' fatal sweep.

" By gallant hearts those rights were [gain'd,
" By gallant hearts shall be maitain'd,
E'en tho' our dearest blood be drain'd
" Those rights to keep."

Then when the Gaul shall ask again,
Who called us here across the Main?
Each Scot shall answer, bold and plain,
" Wolfe sent me here!"

Be men like those the hero brought.
With their best blood the land was [bought;
And fighting as your fathers fought,
Keep it or die!

THE QUEBEC CURLING CLUB—1838.

" The annual match between the married men and bachelors of the Quebec Curling Club was played on the 1st of March, for " beef and greens," when the following was the result of the game:

Married men, 17; Bachelors, 31.

The following gentlemen were players:

Married men—Messrs. R. H. Gairdner, William Patton, L. T. McPherson, William Phillips and John Dyde. Bachelors—Messrs James Gillespie, John P. Anderson, George Gillespie, James Burns and Thomas Hamilton.

The dinner of " beef and greens " with some other good things, took place on Saturday last, at the *Globe*. Several guests were invited to partake of the hospitality of the Club, and the evening was spent in a very pleasant manner."

(*Quebec Gazette*, 12th March, 1838.)

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ESCAPE OF GENERAL THELLER AND COL. DODGE FROM THE CITADEL.

The sympathy of the people in the United States with the Patriots was very extensive; and no doubt, in many instances, really sincere. Their own struggles for freedom and independence ever burning fresh in their minds, naturally leading them to entertain perhaps, exaggerated notions and mistaken views of the «situation» of their neighbors, caused some prominent parties to aid and sympathize with the Patriots; men, arms and money were furnished, to some extent: but want of concert, and the partial interference of the United States troops, frustrated their designs and operations. Among those who took an active part in assisting the patriots were General Theller and Col. Dodge, both professional men, who were taken prisoners on the Detroit frontier, and brought down to Quebec, and lodged in the Citadel, under sentence of transportation. By some means, communication was kept up frequently during their incarceration with French-Canadian and Irish Patriots in the city. The Grenadier Guards occupied the citadel barracks, and the friends of the prisoners having conveyed to them some bottles of beer or porter strongly drugged, the sentry was induced to partake so freely that he fell into a profound sleep, and they walked quietly out of the place of their confinement to the bastion tower, on a dark tempestuous night. Cutting off the ropes of the flag-staff, they (with three others: Partridge, Parker and Culver) let themselves down on the glacis below; but, owing to some mistake of preconcerted plans, they found themselves alone, without a guide or direction of any kind, in a strange city; and after wandering about for some time, met a French-Canadian on his way to work, by whom they were taken to the suburbs of St. Roch for concealment. In the mean time the alarm had been given, and the guard ransacked the city in every direction, the gates of the city being closed, and every person scrutinized as they passed through the wicket; but the vigilance of the friends of the Yankees managed to protect them from discovery. In the meantime, horses saddled nd bridled were conveyed by the ferry-boat to Point Levi,

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ready for their escape ; and after remaining for several days in concealment at Quebec, they crossed over the river in a small boat, and guided to the place of rendez-vous, jumped into the sadles, and riding with great speed, reached the United States in safety. (Parker, Partridge and Culver were re-captured.)

AN ALARM.

By a preconcerted plan it was arranged that should any suspicious demonstrations be made by the Patriots during the night-time, the sentinel on duty was to discharge his musket, two discharges of cannon would follow from the Citadel, and one from the artillery barracks at Palace-gate, being the signal for the troops to meet at the rendez-vous in front of the Parliament buildings.

Having retired to bed one night at my own dwelling, with my accoutrements and « Brown Bess » placed near my bedside, I was aroused at early dawn by the booming of cannon ; and, hastily donning my uniform, and taking my gun with fixed bayonet, proceeded to the appointed rendez-vous, where the volunteer troops were assembled ready for action. Scouts having returned from a look-out, reported the cause of the alarm. »

All, however, were not, on that memorable night, like our friend the rifleman J. V. P., enjoying that « sweet restorer, balmy sleep, » when the ominous guns sounded. Some were most merrily « tripping the light fantastic toe, » amidst floods of light and beauty, under the hospitable roof of———, enjoying wildly, « the ball of the season.»

" There was a sound of revelry by night,
And *Canada's* capital had gather'd then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair woomen and brave men ;
A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell ;
But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell ?
Did ye not hear it ? No ; t'was but the wind
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;

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On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn when youth and pleasure meet.
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet
But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar.

It was not quite « the cannon's opening roar » but the preconcerted three shots the signal of a rising. The horizon appeared all around in a blaze of light. The glare of the conflagration seen from afar, proved to be merely the blaze of a large fire, lit at dawn of day to singe a large pig—killed the day before—in the yard of the Hotel-Dieu, near Palace Gate.

The morning was hazy, with a light snow falling, and the sentinel had mistaken the reflection of the blaze for a signal of general rising of the Patriots.

There were more than one droll incident of this bloodless campaign.

During the winter of 1838, a leading merchant of St. Peter street, Henry Atkinson, Esquire, when not at his beautiful residence at Spencer Wood, occasionally gave *recherche* dinners to his mercantile friends, in some very cosy rooms he owned, adjoining his office in St. James street—occupied now by the Inland Revenue Offices. Surrounded by many *choice spirits*, he had nearly got through all the loyal toasts of the period, *no heel taps then;* happening to look towards his wharf, he fancied he saw a light, round the bright pine deals. Fearing incendiarism, he rushed out noiselessly, in his dress coat, merely taking his cap, but was promptly-seized, by a Volunteer sentry, a brawny Scotchman who spoke with many b-r-r-rs, and thrust him unceremoniously in his sentry box, despite his protestations of loyalty.

The night was cold and the Laird of Spencer Wood, beseeched his remorseless custodian, to allow him to go on *parole*, to his office and get his great coat, else, he would certainly « get his death of cold » but stern patriotism and love of discipline prevailed.—Mr. Atkinson seeing his case hopeless, pulled out a valuable gold Repeater and placing it in the hand of the grim Volunteer, said « Keep this watch until I return, wont this do? »

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« No, said the uncorruptible son of Mars. » Do you want to br-r-ribe me? and in the sentry box he kept his prisoner, until released.

Every nationality came in for its share of notice on behalf of the Loyal Volunteers.

A well remembered old country merchant, then a beardless lad, recently landed from the land o'cakes, had been spending the evening, at a friend's house, on the Remparts. On his return he had to pass a sentry. Robert Symes had predicted an undoubted rising on that night. Sentries were ordered to challenge indiscriminately friend or foe. The youth, unconscious of the general alarm, was merrily tripping homeward, when a stentorian voice rang in his ear « Who goes there? » « A friend » was the hurried reply. « Give the countersign » was the rejoinder; the youth alarmed had scarcely time to gasp « I am Wee Wullie Ross, fra' Aberdeen, » when Wee Wullie, was cabined, cribbed and confined in the guard house, until morning, fully expecting in his alarm, to be murdered, at each change of sentry: Canada was then such a dreadful country.

On the night of the Hotel Dieu scare, Mr. P— P—, a French Canadian merchant, whose dwelling was close to the House of Parliament, the *rendez-vous* of the Volunteers, in case of alarm, heard the uproar. Fearing that in the general *melee*, likely to ensue, his throat might be cut, should he be taken for a Tory, he had only time to rush to the Parliament House in light marching order as to unmentionables, but wearing a portentous looking, Buffalo fur coat, with a double-barrelled fowling-piece, minus the ramrod, protruding from beneath the skirts; a sentry had been placed near the door of the R. C. *Presbytère* who hailing her Majesty's portly subject, called on him in English « Give the countersign, » while *Monsieur* responded in most emphatic French « Sacré countersign; Je ne le connais pas, je suis loyal. » When Her Majesty's volunteer opening the porch door of the *presbytère* said: « Walk in then, in my sentry-box, » and *Monsieur* had to do as he was bid, though the sentry was a well-known lower town merchant and

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friend of his; he was released, however, with whole bones, an hour later.

Such were amidst undisguised alarm some of the humourous incidents of our thrilling Volunteer days of 1837-38. Such the Christmas Sketch offered to the patrons of MAPLE LEAVES, on this joyful Eve, by their *old* acquaintance.

SPENCER GRANGE,
Christmas Eve, 1872.

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OUR NATIONALITY.

ITS COMPONENT PARTS.

(*Written* 1869.)

"We have strangely united together all the original elements of the British race. We have the Celt, with his traditions of "good King Arthur" from whom, through her ancient British ancestors Her Gracious Majesty may claim descent; we have the Saxon or Teutonic element, and in Quebec we have a race that have come from Normandy and Brittany, the one the land of the Northerner or Normans, and the other inhabited by a Celtic race, cherishing the ancient British traditions of King Arthur and his twelve companions. The Norman French of Quebec may well feel proud when they remember that they can claim what no other portion of the Empire can assert—that they are govern by a monarch of their own race, who holds her sceptre as the heir of Rollo, the norman sea-king who first led their ancestors forth from the forests of the North to the plains of Normandy."—"*The men of the North and their place in History,*" *A Lecture by R. G. Haliburton, F. S. A.*

Tracing the origin of the various nationalities who inhabit British America,—fixing the exact epoch,—describing the true causes of their migration from their European homes to Western soil,—determining the precise proportion in which each element enters into the formation of the composite population of the Dominion,—this, indeed, would be a theme replete with interest; on which, at some future period, one hopes to see the genius of some of our leading writers exercise itself. Many eloquent pages would this study, viewed in its multifarious phases, furnish for philosophical investigations. Nor would it be foreign to enquire whether the various types of the Caucasian race, to be found in the new world, are really undergoing the extraordinary transformation which some *savants* pretend. Geoffroi St. Hilaire, Edwards, Smith, Carpenter, certainly hold on these points opinions startling in the extreme, and calculated, if founded, to make one feel at times quite nervous and uncomfortable. M. A. Quatrefages, a member of the *Institut de France*, in a remarkable book, edited in Paris

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in 1861, *L'Unité de l'Espèce Humaine*, asserts that the air of this continent produces in time strange modifications in the structure of man. The human body, especially the neck, elongates —the oleagenous tissues diminish ; the eye is more sunk in its orbit, &c., Smith and Carpenter are of opinion that the European left to himself on American soil, will in process of years, change to the aboriginal savage, so that eventually the true Yankee will become a full blooded Huron, a fierce Mohawk, or a blubberloving Esquimaux, according to his *habitat*. Did we, men of the New Dominion, by reason of our superior monarchial institutions or better descent, cherish the fond delusion that we might perchance escape this formidable though gradual, process of desintegration, Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg, a high European authority, rudely dispels it. Nay, his utterances are so positive, that at the very time we indite these lines, an occasional, a grave doubt, now and again, hovers over our mind, lest we should already in our tastes, be something of a Huron or a Mohawk. In our dark moods, we take to thinking our great grand-children, or their children, may turn out scalp hunters. As no hypothesis is too far fetched for a European *savant*, doubtless, ere long, we will be told that the exact epoch, when, it can be prognosticated this metamorphosis will be complete, is settled on undisputable grounds. As Tom Hood's « Last man » is expected to flourish in the year 2001, would it then be premature to fix the year 1970 for the time when the progressive native of the Empire State, which claims to lead on all points—will take to carrying tomahawks, first as a substitute for a black thorn or a revolver, and next as his natural weapon of attack ? It may not be unreasonable to infer that, thirty years after, the next generation will think it derogatory to close up a social gathering without the war-dance ; the European press will, about that time, probably, teem with accounts of Yankee, pardon Indian, ferocity in New-York ; such as white men from beyond the seas, being scalped for presuming to enter, without permission, the precincts of Manhattan for purposes of barter. Still how much work yet to be done by enterprising Jonathan, ere this comes to pass : the conquest or annexation of England ; the dismemberment of

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France, of Italy, of Germany, &c., not to mention a variety of minor changes in the map of the globe ! ! !

Verily, our respect for *savants*, great though it be, does not permit us to accept this new theory of races, except *sous bénéfice d'inventaire*. The old maxim is much more to our fancy.

Non animun, sed cœlum mutant qui trans mare currunt.

Our brethren of « Dear Old England, » as our French Canadian leader, Sir George E. Cartier quaintly calls her,—can breath in peace for a time—a long one possibly, as this direful consummation will likely be coeval with the conquest of England and dispersion of the Britishers by the Maories, when Macaulay's New Zealander will stand on Blackfriars bridge, surveying complacently the ruins of London, and trying by dint of a native interpreter to decipher Milton's Paradise Lost. The next transformation might be the conquest of Europe by Cossacks, who will soon after cross over to wrest America from the Mohawks of Manhattan ! ! !

But let us revert to the history of the races of the New Dominion, as we find them at present and examine their component parts. This disquisition brought to a successful issue, would involve deep research ; nor are we sure that all the historical data required are readily accessible. Possibly, an abler hand than ours may weave into one harmonious whole, the silky webs now floating about, to many unnoticed. May this soon be ! Until the task be completed, we may be allowed to offer a few desultory thoughts, which have occurred to us in the course of our readings.

For the Province of Quebec, the chief fountains of such ethnological knowledge appears to us to be :—1st. The census tables under French and English dominion. 2nd. The registers of marriages, baptisms, and burials of the different churches (and students of history must ever feel grateful to the *Notes* already published on this subject by the late Abbé Ferland, and by the Bishop of Rimouski, when Pastor of Beauport). 3rd. The biographical dictionary of the families who emigrated from 1600 to 1700, the fruit of the long and patient researches of the Abbé Tanguay, made in Canada and in

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France; a work now in press. Amongst many striking features, one will be apparent to all,—the preponderance of the military element in the population of the colony. Very different, indeed, was the *status* of our early settlers, when compared to that of those who settled in other French colonies, or in some of the English ones. Canada never had to build up her fortunes on the success in after life of ex-convicts, ex-garroters, or ex-ticket-of-leave-men. Hardy farmers, industrious mechanics, officers, soldiers, adventurous fishermen landed in crowds on the shores of a country reported to contain something more than fertile fields; yea mineral wealth in exhaustless quantities. The first nobles of the French realm vied with one another in finding men and treasure to build up this New France, whose future so flattered the vanity of their great monarch. High-born women, such as the Duchesses de Bouillon, D'Aiguillon, and Madame de La Peltrie, undertook to provide virtuous young girls to go and seek their fortunes and husbands in this favored land. It is astonishing to see with what sollicitude the morals of these emigrants were watched over before they left France, until they landed in Canada. In some cases, the slightest indiscretion caused them to be sent back to were they came from. This is a very different version, let it be remembered, to that circulated by Baron Lahontan; it is nevertheless a true one. (1) Retired officers, many French gentlemen of ancient lineage, but unable to maintain their families in the extravagant splendour which obtained at Court, asked for grants of lands in Canada. The progeny of some of those—our *seigneurs*—exist amongst us to this day. At that period, none but gentlemen could obtain commissions in the French army; it required Court influence to procure these appointments.

(1) Father Le Jeune says, in the "*Relation* for 1636." Maintenant nous voyons tous les ans aborder bon nombre de très honorables personnes, qui se viennent jeter dans nos grands bois, comme dans le sein de la paix, pour vivre ici avec plus de piété, plus de franchise et plus de liberté."

The historian Ferland quotes, as a striking proof of the purity of morals in the colony, the fact gleaned from the register of the R. C. Church, at Quebec, that out of 674 children baptized at Quebec, from 1621 to 1661, one only appears to have been illegitimate.

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Canada was singularly fortunate, both under French and under English rule, in the class of settlers attracted to it. Under the latter, political persecution deposited on its shores, the cream of the population of other countries. The war of Independence in the New England provinces brought over our border crowds of the most educated, influential and refined men; their descendants exercice a powerful influence amongst us to this day.

The historian Ferland has devoted the first fifteen pages of the second volume of his excellent work to vindicate his countrymen from the aspersions which some ignorant writers, such as (1) Lebeau and (2) Lahontan, had attempted to fasten on them. The antecedents of the early settlers of St. Christopher, one of the West Indies, *may* have been doubtful; but, on reference to history, nothing of the kind can be imputed to New France (3). From 1621 to 1641, the emigration came plentifully from Perche, Normandy, Beauce, Ile de France, Saint Onge, Poitou and le Pays d'Aunis. The Huguenots were not encouraged to settle, for fear of religious strife.

The Company of Rouen, and that of M. de Monts, which had preceded it were under the control of merchants and traders, who resided chiefly in Normandy. It is, then, not surprising that they selected their *employés* at Rouen, at Dieppe, at Cherbourg, at Fecamp and at Honfleur. These *employés* became familiarized with the country; and when England returned it to France in 1632, and France appeared inclined to keep it, they enticed over to Canada their friends and relatives, who occasionally sailed for America with their whole families. It was from Dieppe that Champlain, after his return from England, where he had been carried a prisoner by the English, sailed in 1633, with a party of officers, missionaries and colonists. These pioneers had doubtless been taken from Normandy and the *Pays de Caux*.

In 1634, arrived Robert Giffard, the first *seigneur* of Beau-

(1) Aventures et Voyages au Canada—1727.

(2) Nouveaux voyages de M. le Baron Lahontan dans l'Amérique Septentrionale.

(3) Ferland's Cours d'Histoire du Canada, Vol. I, p. 274.

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port, and a great sportsman, accompanied by his wife, children and seven other large families. They were soon followed by others from Perche, who took lands in the *Côte de Beaupré* (Beauport, Ange-Gardien, &c.)

Two important families landed from France in 1636—named Le Gardeur and Le Neuf. All the families who arrived before 1642 clustered round Quebec, except some few who removed to Three Rivers, to take advantage of the abundance of game (fish and fur) in the neighborhood of Lake St. Peter.

The first lands cleared and conceded at Quebec, were the *Coteau Ste. Geneviève* (St. John's suburbs) the shores of the river St Charles ; the *seigneurie Notre Dame des Anges*, west of G. H. Parke's, on the Charlesbourg road ; the little village of Fargy, at Beauport ; the fiefs St. Michel and Sillery, near Quebec. Champlain had noticed, long before this date, the beautiful, natural meadows of Cape Tourmente, and had placed herdsmen to look after the cattle in the pasturage. Some people settled there in 1633 ; in 1636, Governor Montmagny and Father Le Jeune found some French families there, which the missionaries visited several times every year. Father Le Jeune —whom we may call one of our most devoted missionaries— states why the place is named *Beaupré*, « *car les prairies y son belles et grandes et bien unies.* »

After 1640, the stream of French emigrants increased. From 1641 to 1655, several inhabitants of Brittany came over. The registers of the Quebec Cathedral show a number of persons emigrating from Paris ; many girls taken from the royal charitable institutions. « Several of them, » says Revd. Mr. Ferland, « were orphans, whose parents had died poor whilst in the King's service ; some were the daughters of French army officers ; one, for certain, was the child of a former Governor of Nancy. » About 1660, the children born in the country began to count in the population ; but emigration continued, composed, as Mr. Rameau (1) observes, « of an importation of French peasants, peaceable, laborious and well

(1) Ferland's Cours d'Histoire du Canada, Vol. II., p. 6, 7.

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trained under their feudal seigneurs» (1). In 1663, the famous regiment of Carignan, commanded by Col. de Sallieres accompanied the Marquis of Tracy. A couple of centuries later, in 1838, we read of one of the English *noblesse*, the magnificent Earl of Durham, obtaining from his royal mistress the distinguished favor of bringing out, as a suitable escort, her household troops, the Coldstream Guards; but, beyond carrying away in legitimate wedlock, some of our city belles, we do not find the population of Canada affected by their sojourn. Not so with the Carignan regiment, four companies of which were disbanded shortly after their arrival in Canada. This splendid corps of warriors, with laurels fresh from European battlefields, (2) seems to have been victimized *en masse*, by the Quebec fair. Every *Josette* had a military *Joe;* the officers made fierce love to the daughters of the *seigneurs*, of the *Procureur du Roi*, of the *conseillers du Conseil Supérieur*, &c., &c.; whilst their gallant men vowed undying attachment to the «black-eyed

(1) "Les premiers Canadiens, semblent être en quelque façon, la population d'un canton français transplanté en Amérique; le fonds dominant fut toujours une importation de paysans français, paisibles, laborieux, régulièrement organisés sous leurs seigneurs, avec l'aide et l'encouragement du gouvernement."

Les campagnes canadiennes ont toute la rusticité de nos paysans, moins la brutalité de leur matérialisme..... (A. Rameau,—Revue Canadienne, p. 287—1873.)

It seems stranges that, in our day, one should still have to reply to such unmitigated nonsense as to the vigour of the French Canadians, as has been more than once written of late years, by intelligent Europeans. The fecondity of the race surpasses all bounds. If we had not the standing fact, that the French Canadian race, from 65,000 at the time of the conquest, has developped itself into nearly one million and a half, and that, by shear inherent vitality, as it has had until 1870, scarcely any accession whatever from France by emigration, the conviction would be thrust on us more than once by incidents in the surrounding parishes. A public journal in April last, called attention to the celebration of no less than fourteen golden weddings at L'Assomption, at once; a peasant round Quebec, had his thirtieth child christened only a few days since, and twenty-six living brothers and sisters following the procession. Families of twenty children are not uncommon in the parishes. French element in Dominion by last census is 1,082,940.

The Têtu, of Montmagny, at a family gathering, recently sat down to table eighteen grown up sons and daughters, to celebrate the golden wedding of their respected parents. The Premier of the Province of Quebec, Honorable Gedeon Ouimet is the twenty-sixth child in his family. How does this look compared to New York families—where barrenness seems to be the leading feature? The duty of peopling the Northern States, some say, now devolves on English, Irish, German and French mothers.

(2) The battle of St. Gothard, in Hungary, &c.

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Susans» of their own class. The natural result, a not uncommon one, was, that ere many seasons were over, the *curé* and his *vicaires* were kept busy as could be, christening the numerous young *Carignans*, whom the next census would claim. (1) The sons of Mars spread over the country: some became the sires of most patriarchal families, and rose to be Governors—witness Baron Saint Castin, in Acadia; others obtained grants of seignories, and built forts at Ste. Therese, at Chambly, at Sorel,—such, Col. de Sallieres, Captains de Chambly and de Sorel. Capt. Du Gué married mademoiselle Moyen, of Goose Island, (county of Montmagny,) whose sea-girt home had been burned and relatives tortured by the Iroquois in 1653; whilst others, either returned to France, or made love-matches or marriages *de convenance* with Canadian heiresses, viz.: Capts. Saint Ours, De Berthier, DeContrecœur, La Valtrie, De Meloises, Tarieu De la Perade, De la Fouille, Maximin, Lobiau, Petit, Rougemont, Traversy, De la Motte, La Combe, De Verchères, &c. Several of the domains owned by these military swells are yet in the possession of their descendants.

To trace step by step the career of the issue of these stalwart colonists, would take us much further than the limits of these historical jottings will permit. A compendious work, of some six hundred pages, by Abbé Daniel, a French eccle-

(1) "The beneficial manner in which this infusion of superior blood, operated on the education and domestic manners of the colonists, previously devoted to the humblest occupations of trade, may be easily imagined. Liberal tastes were encouraged, sentiments of honor and generosity pervaded the highest rank in society, the influence of which was speedily felt through every class of the inhabitants.

"Measures were adopted to infuse a more liberal spirit in the colony, to raise the quality and character of the settlers, and to give a higher tone to society. The King (Louis XIV) took a most judicious method to accomplish this. He resolved to confer upon the Government a degree of comparative splendor, worthy of the great nation of which it was a dependency. In 1664, he sent out to Quebec the most brilliant emigration that had ever sailed from France for the New World. It consisted of a Viceroy, a Governor-General, an Intendant and other necessary officers of the civil Government, the régiment de Carignan, commanded by Colonel de Sallières, and officered by sixty or seventy French gentlemen, most of whom were connected with the *noblesse*. Many of these gentlemen settled in the Province, and, having obtained concessions of the waste lands, became the *noblesse* of the colony, and were the ancestors of the best French families of the present day."—*Hawkins' New Historical Picture of Quebec.*

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siastic of the Sulpician Seminary of Montreal, contains a mass of material, on these families which, some day or other, may be wrought into shape. (1)

Fathers Le Clercq and Charlevoix testify in glowing terms to the morality, frugality, bodily strenth, and courage of the first settlers.

«As to bravery,» adds M. Aubert, (2) «even, if as Frenchmen, it was not theirs by birthright, the mode of dealing which in warfare they have to employ towards the Iroquois and other savages, who generally roast alive their prisoners, with incredible tortures, compels the French to look on death, in battle, as preferable to being captured alive; they, therefore, fight like desperate men, and with very great indifference to life.»

That our French ancestors were brave, hardy, devoted to their adopted country, and moral in their conduct, history abundantly proves; that they considered themselves of goodly stock and ancient descent, seems beyond a doubt; that their proud monarch, Louis XIV., thought the same, abundantly appears, by his own assertion, that « New France contained more of the best blood of Old France than all the other numerous French colonies of the day put together.»

No less strenuous efforts were then being made as well, in the neighboring English colonies, to obtain colonists and colonising material. History tells how matters were managed, a little south of Quebec. In 1620, procuring a « colonial » wife in Virginia, was attended with some cost. Ninety «slips of woman kind» to use the words of «good M. Oldbuck,» all « young and respectable» delivered at Jamestown, were worth each 100 lbs. tobacco at 3s. per lbs.=to $60. Later on however, first class articles being scarce, a «young and respectable» English lassie was quoted at 150 lbs. tabacco,—tobacco was then the current coin in the colony. (3)

(1) Histoire des Principales Familles Françaises du Canada. Montreal: Eusèbe Sénécal; 1868.

(2) Mémoire par M. Aubert.

(3) Un des moyens adoptés pour augmenter la population (de la Virginie) fût d'y envoyer une cargaison de filles, jeunes et honnêtes, destinées à épouser des planteurs; elles furent débarquées à Jamestown au nombre de quatre-vingt-dix. La compagnie fixa le prix de chacune à cent livres de tabac; or le tabac qui

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We regret that this portion of our subject should come to a close without having an opportunity of referring to the census tables kept under French rule in Canada, and which are now to be found in the Parliamentary Library, at Ottawa.

The arbitrary and inhuman dispersion of the peaceable Acadians, by the English, in Cape Breton in 1755, brought over to the colony number of refugees, whose descendants, to this day, flourish in every corner of Canada: Allard's, Landry's, Cormier's, Dugas, LeBlanc's, Arseneaux, Boudreault's. The Magdaleine Islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and some western counties of this Province, found in them industrious, athletic colonists, just as friendly to there English masters as might be expected. One county « Acadie, » was called after them. Mr. Dugas, a member of our Legislative Assembly, is of Acadian descent. His fore-fathers were transported to Boston ; their children were adopted by some austère Protestant family, whose language and creed became their own: the third or fourth generation having emigrated to Canada, the head married an Irish R. C. wife: their descendants are now R. C., their language, French.

The proscribed race, from 30,000 souls at the time of its dispersion, has grown to about 110,000 disseminated all over Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Cape Breton, Prince Edward Island, New Foundland, Labrador. New Brunswick is however its chief location, where it is of count, in the political arena.

In the first portion of this sketch, it was stated that the military element occupied a prominent position in the component parts of our nationality. Let us then, at one bound, overleap a century, and see what is going on in 1764, when Lord Lovatt's celebrated 78th Regiment, « Fraser's Highlanders, » were disbanded. These 78th men spread over the length and breadth of the land Some attracted, no doubt, by the name, settled in (New Scotland), (1) Nova Scotia ; some re-

était la monnaie courante de la Virginie, valait trois chelins la livre; de sorte qu'une femme vendue sur les lieux, coûtait à l'acheteur une somme de quinze louis. Bientôt le nombre de filles ayant considérablement diminué, il fallut augmenter le prix et le porter à cent cinquante livres de tabac.

(*Cours d'Histoire du Canada, Ferland Vol.* 1, *P.* 193.

(1) It is stated that in Nova Scotia alone there are at present more than 9,000 Frasers.

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mained in the parishes round Quebec. The Fraser Clan alone, with its offshoots at Murray Bay, Fraserville, St. Marc, St. André, St. Thomas, Beaumont, Quebec, Montreal, Nova Scotia, &c., has attained to such dimensions that an enterprising descendant, the Hon. John Fraser de Berry, L. C., thought seriously of reconstructing the clan last winter—tartans, claymore, philibeg, kilts, and all,—January frosts to the contrary notwithstanding. Several of Wolfe's followers had also become Canadian landholders, viz., General James Murray, the distinguished owner of Belmont, on the St. Foy Road, Quebec,—which on his return to England, passed over by purchase to one of his officers, Col. Henry Caldwell, who became the founder of a Canadian family of note, and was the father of Sir John Caldwell. Another of Gen. Wolfe's officers, Major Samuel Holland, purchased an adjoining domain of some three hundred acres, which to this day is known as Holland's Farm ; whilst another again, Major Moses Hazen, settled at St. John's, near Montreal, and joined Brigadier-Gen. Montgomery in his unsuccessful attempt to conquer Canada in 1775. In 1762, we also find Meadow Bank (1) on the St. Louis Road, near Quebec, owned by Hon. Hector Theophilus Cramahe, afterwards Lieut.-Governor.

The idea pervading the minds of these distinguished men seems to have been, that those beautiful sites selected by them would increase rapidly in value, by the introduction of British rule in Canada, and become, in time, mines of wealth, or happy homes for their children. But British rule, with British freedom left out, did but little, either for Canadian soil or Canadians, during the dark period which began in 1759 and closed in 1841. About this time, Lord Sydenham, a most astute politician and ruler, with the view of anglifying the French Canadians, united the Lower to the Upper Province hoping by the preponderance of the English element in both Provinces, to swamp and kill out that nationality *which would not die.* The new constitution had a most seductive name, « Self-Government. » It was readily accepted by Lafontaine

(1) The country seat of John Porter, Esq.

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and Baldwin, as it contained by implication, with some evil, a principle of life, *equality to all races.*

Emigration from France mostly ceased from 1759 to 1841, One-half of the French families of distinction, who could sell their lands, left the colony in 1760-1-2 (1), rather than live under British rule ; though several again returned to Canada from France about 1783 ; one of our respected French families, that of Col. Dambourges (2), for instance, emigrated to this country after the conquest. The emigration however, was in the main, British (until, we may say, the year 1810)—of men of means often ; sometimes, of men of superior education.

The closing of the Baltic to english ships during Napoleon's continental wars, by creating a demand for Canada's valuable woods, opened up new fields of enterprise. Canadian oak and pine became so sought after that several english merchants established themselves at Quebec about 1810. Thus in that very year, one week after the death of the noted Col. Henry Caldwell, assistant Quarter Master to General Wolfe, arrived at Quebec, William Price, Esq., the respected Laird of Wolfe's Field—better known from his extensive lumber establishments and mills in the Lower St. Lawrence and in the Saguenay district, as *The King of the Saguenay :* several other large Canadian timber firms trace to that period, their origin. To the first Napoleon's continental blocade and closing of the Baltic, we owe our immense lumber exportation business—which for Quebec for half a century had become so vast as to overshadow all other commercial or manufacturing enterprises. Surrounded with water powers—with one of the finest ports in the world, frequented annually by some fifteen hundred ocean ships and steamers ; teeming with a operatives, as yet remunerated by low wages (3), Quebec has in herself, the

(1) Another migration to France, of the educated and wealthy class, took place in 1763, on the conclusion of the Treaty of Paris, (10th February, 1763), which ceeded Canada to England,

(2) Dambourges' heroic conduct in repelling with Capt. Nairn, the attack of Arnold's soldiers, at Sault-au-Matelot street, Quebec, 31st Dec., 1775—merited for him more than empty compliments ; as brave as DeSalaberry, his heroism was as ill quited.

(3) What was true in 1869, is getting less so every day; combinations to coerce

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means of becoming as great, as prosperous by her manufactures, as she can expect to be by the export of the wealth of her forests—that is, whenever her Rip Van Winkle capitalists wake up and national dissensions sink to sleep.

A most noticeable element of prosperity and refinement, was added to our population by the war of Independence,—the United Empire Loyalists. Some 10,000 staunch adherents to the House of Hanover, came across our border, or penetrated by ship to New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Though Western Canada benefitted the most by the exodus from the late British Provinces, Eastern Canada came in for her good share. These brave men had sacrificed fortune and position to consistency, and their allegiance to King George ; and King George, as a good and paternal sovereign, indemnified them by pensions, land grants, honors, and emoluments, to the best of the ability of the English exchequer. Of such were the Ogdens, Holts, Sewells, Smiths, Gambles, Andersons, Jones, Robinsons, Baldwins, Sir James McCauley, Hon. John Wilson, John Strachan, Captain James Dettrick, Roger Bates, Joseph Brant, Hon. John Stewart, Hon. Samuel Crane, Hon. George Crookshank, Sir Joseph Brook, Hon. James Crooks, Dr. Schofield, Hon. John McDonald, Thomas Merritt, Hon. Henry Ruttan, Hon. John Elmesley, Chief Justice ; Hon. Hector Russell, Administrator ; Hon. Henry Allcock, Chief Justice ; John White, Atty.-General ; Mrs. Secord ; Colonel Clark, Hon. W. H. Merritt, and Philemon Wright ; all sons or descendants or connections of the glorious 10,000, who were aptly enough, at one time, denominated by Upper Canadians, « The Founders of Western prosperity. » To follow them in their after fortunes, and describe their brilliant careers, would take us beyond the scope of this paper.

The French Revolution was the means of providing Western Canada with a goodly allowance of *noblesse de vieille souche* (1).

capital, some with, some without Charts of Incorporation, are rapidly driving away from our shores, some of our time honored sources of wealth, our shipping. Is the statesman born, who will dare grapple with this formidable evil ?

(1) A curious fact has just been brought to light through the researches of a Toronto antiquarian, leading to believe that later on, an unsuspected element of refi-

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We next have to note an appreciable increase to our population, by the intermarriages of the officers and men of the De

nement—no less than a fair sprinkling of the French *noblesse*, had once its place, in what at one time appeared as a city thoroughly British in its foundation.

In the December (1872) number of the *Canadian Journal of Science*, edited at Toronto, there appeared a very interesting paper by the Revd. Dr. Scadding, on Canadian local history. Under the heading "Toronto of Old," page 451, we are apprised of the settlement at York (Toronto), of a tolerably numerous colony of French officers, whom the prospect of the guillotine, sent over in quick haste, from sunny France, to the shores of *la perfide Albion*. The uncleared lots in Canada awarded by the British Government to this fragment of French *noblesse*, as they were styled —several in number, on Yonge street, appear in an old map of 1798, bracketed and marked "French Royalists," by order of his Honor the President, Peter Russell." The names of the grantees are Michel Saigeon; François Reneaux; Julien le Bugle; Rene Aug., Comte de Chalus; Ambroise de Farcy; Quetton St. George; Jean Louis, Vicomte de Chalus; Augustin Boiton; Le Comte de Puisaye; LeChevalier de Marseuil; Pierre Letourneaux; Jean Furon; these well known and in several cases, illustrious names take one back to Normandy and Brittanny.

Le Comte de Puisaye quoted in the *Histoire des Girondins*—by Lamartine, and by Thiers, in the *Histoire de la Révolution Française*, ended his days in England, near London, in 1827. Quetton St. George is an ancestor of well known and respected Toronto Wine Importer. Doubtless, the great Edmund Burke had in view this colony of French nobles when he alluded to the "considerable emigration from France, who quitting that voluptuous climate and that seductive Circean liberty, have taken refuge in the frozen regions, and under the British despotism of Canada."—"British despotism" is, of course, ironically said and means, in reality, British constitutional freedom."

"The officers, says Dr. Scadding, styled Comte and Vicomte de Chalus derived their title from the veritable domain and castle of Chalus, in Normandy, associated in the minds of all young readers of English history, with the death of Richard, Cœur de Lion. Jean Louis de Chalus, whose name appears on numbers 54 and 55 in Markham and on other lots was a Major General in the Royal Army of Brittanny. At the balls given by the Governor and others at (Toronto) York, the jewels of Madame la Comtesse created a great sensation, wholly surpassing everything of the kind that had hitherto been seen by the ladies of upper Canada. Ambroise de Farcy had also the rank of General. Augustin Boiton was a Lieutenant-Colonel. The Comte de Puisaye * * * figures conspicuously in the contemporary accounts of the Royalists struggle against the Convention. He himself published, in London, in 1803, five octavo volumes of memoirs, justificatory of his proceedings in that contest. Carlyle quaintly tells of the Count's adventure in Brittanny on the 15th July, 1793, when, to escape the Mountain National Forces "he was roused from his warm bed in the Castle of Brecourt and had to gallop without boots." * * * "De Lamartine describes how, prior to the repulse at Chateau Brecourt, M. de Puisaye had passed a whole year concealed in a cavern in the midst of the forest of Brittany, where, by his manœuvres and correspondence, he kindled the fire of revolt against the Republic."—Dr. Scadding.)

At the present moment (June 1873), Canada is receiving instalment No. 2 of *French Refugees*, fleeing before Prussian despotism, from the soft climate of Alsace and Lorraine to "British constitutional freedom on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

stead of selecting muddy little York of 1798, dear to Governor Simcoe and

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Watteville and Meuron Swiss Regiments (1), disbanded in Canada, after the war of 1812. The descendants of the De Montenachs, Labrueres, Dufresnes, D'Orsonnens, Genands and others, are amongst us to this day.

To statists, such as our Auditor-General, and his able assistants, we shall leave the congenial task of fixing, with the census tables before them, the exact ratio of the foreign element, settling of late years in our midst; prominent among which must of course appear the Celtic race, whose prolific nature does not seem to suffer in the least from its perennial grievances (2); and next the canny Scot, with whom in the great race of wordly wealth few indeed can keep pace.

Some, however, of the best and fairest of our population, and we say it with a feeling akin to regret, we are liable to lose, and do lose, by causes beyond the control of legislators: we allude to that not inconsiderable portion which annually carries to other climes its youth, its freshness, its refinement owing to that unaccountable and perverse hankering of British officers to rob Canada of her brightest gems,—her fair daughters. Does this necessarily prove that the beauty, manners, and accomplishments of the colonial lasses are superior to those of her English sister; or, is the Canadian Belle chiefly sought for in marriage, as being a species of «forbidden fruit,» taboed by Belgravian mammas, whose «hopefuls» are serving in the colonies? *Quien sabe?*

The author of «Hochelaga,» Major Eliot Warburton thus testified to this fact.

President Russel—the genial preserve of another colony of Refugees essentially British, the *U. E. Loyalists*—they are installing their household gods amidst the wooded vales and pastures green, trodden by the feet of a kindred race, near Quebec, May their fortunes prosper more than those of the Yonge street nobility of 1798!

(1) These regiments, we think, had been formed in England from French officers and soldiers detained as prisoners of war, and who had been granted their liberty, on agreeing to serve against all the enemies of England, except their own country—France. On the breaking out of the war of 1812, they were sent out to fight the armies of the United States.

(2) An ingenious barrister, John O'Farrell, Esq., in a humorous address, read before the St. Patrick Society, in Montreal, 15th January, 1872, has called attention to its presence on Canadian soil about 1758. Sheuld his novel theory hold water, one would be led to believe that *Jean Baptiste* is not a Johnny Crapaud after all, but has a right to consider Brian Boru as one of his ancestors and may, on the 24th June, associate the shamrock with the Maple Leaf.

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« The officers of the army show themselves very sensible to the attractions of the daughters of Canada, great numbers marry in this country ; no less than four of one regiment have been made happy at Quebec within a year of the present time. The fair conquerors thus exercice a gentle retaliation on the descendants of those who overcame their fore fathers. Nearly all the English Merchants also have married in this country ; and, from what I perceive, those who still remain bachelors are very likely soon to follow their exemples. » HOCHELAGA, page 100.

Capt. R. L. Dashwood, of the XV Regt., in his simple but interesting sketch of Canada sports, intituled : « CLEPTOQUORGAN or LIFE BY THE CAMP FIRE, » thus alludes to this phase of Colonial Life : « The withdrawal of troops from Upper and Lower Canada will cause an unprecedented fall in the matrimonial market of those « sections. » The loss of so many bachelors in the shape of the officers of the army will be seriously felt. Canada has proved more fatal to celebacy than any other country where troops are stationed, including even England * * * * * The reason is, the propinquity and opportunity that is afforded where people are congregated in a small pace, and where long absence from home often « makes the heart grow fonder » *of some one else.* » Page 211.

Having, as we hope, fulfilled the promise made at the inception of this paper, of furnishing for abler pens a few hints and suggestions, to be hereafter enlarged on, we shall close the subject with a tabular statement compiled especially for us, by a youthful lady friend, with a *penchant* for ethnological studies, —under the heading *Military Marriages in Canada of late years ;* it helps to prove some of our propositions, and shows statistically to what an alarming extent the union sentiment, to use an Americanism of the late war, prevailed in the Canadas.

Let us hope this wholesale immolation of Colonels, Majors, Captains and Subs on the altar of hymen had nothing to do with the removal of the British Troops from Quebec ! ! !

Here goes this precious document which we fear, is very imperfect :

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BRITISH OFFICERS WHO HAVE RECENTLY MARRIED IN CANADA.

(*Prepared in* 1869—*Revised in* 1873.)

Rifle Brigade.

Earl of Errol.....Miss Gore.

7th Hussars.

Col. White .....Miss DeMontenack.
Major Campbell..... " Duchesnay.

13th Hussars.

Capt. Clarke..... ...Miss Rose.
Capt. Joyce..... ... " Austen.
Lieut. Miles..... " Esten.
Dr. Milburn. ..... " Allan.

Royal Artillery.

Col. Shakspear.....Miss Panet.
" Pipon ..... " Ashworth.
" FitzGerald..... " LeMoine.
" Clifford ..... " LeMesurier.
" Walker.....Mrs. Ball.
" Haultain.....Miss Gordon.
Capt. Noble..... " Campbell.
" De Winton.... " Rawson.
Dr. Duff..... ..... " Sewell.
Dr. McIntosh..... " Wood.
Capt Brackenbury.. " Campbell.
Lieut. Irwin..... " Hamilton.
" A. W. White " Young.
" Appleby..... " MacDonald.
" Sandilands.. " Stevenson.
" Brown ..... " Kirpatrick.
Capt. Hotham..... " Hale.
" Turner..... " Gzowski.
" Sandham..... " Maria Gzowski.
Col, Mackay..... " Wood.

Royal Engineers.

Col. Gallwey.....Miss M'Dougall.
" Brown..... " Hunt.
" Ford .... " Racey.
" White..... " Gibson.
" Beatson ..... " Gordon.
" Murray ..... " Fisher.
Capt. Noble..... " Lunn.
Capt. De Montmorency ..... " Motz.
Capt. Mann..... " Geddes.
" Burnaby..... " Felton.
Lieut. Carlisle..... " Phillips.
" Savage..... " Joly.
" Turner ..... " Sprague.

Grenadier Guards.

Lord Abinger.....Miss MacGruder.
Capt. Herbert..... " LeMoine.
Dr. Girdwood..... " Blackwell.

Goldstream Guards.

Capt. Clayton.....Miss Wood.
" Kirkland..... " Paterson.

1st Royals.

Capt. Davenport....Miss Sewell.
" McNicol..... " Wood.

7th Royal Fusileers.

Capt. W. Pryce Brown.Miss Prior.
Lieut. Winter..... " Sewell.

9th Regiment.

Capt Straubenzee.Miss Cartwright.
" Terry..... " Taylor.

15th Regiment.

Lieut.-Col. Nash...Miss Nanton.
Major Temple ... . " Sewell.
" Eden..... " Caldwell.

16th Regiment.

Major Lucas.....Miss McKenzie.
" Baker ..... " Cunningham.
Capt. Carter ..... " LeMesurier.
" Lea..... " Alloway.
" Platt ..... " Howard.
Dr. Ferguson..... " Alloway.
Lieut. Kane..... " Coursol.

17th Regiment.

Capt. Heigham.....Miss Fraser.
" Webber..... " Jeffery.
" Utterson..... " Burstall.
" Parker..... " Webster.
Lieut. Burnett ..... " Kreighoff.
" Lees..... " Motz.
" Torre.....Mrs. Stevenson.
" Harris.....Miss Motz.
" Presgrave.... " Day.

23rd Royal Welsh Fusileers.

Capt. Hopton.....Miss Vaughan.
Lieut. Benyon..... " Allan.
" Rowley ..... " Hollis.

25th Borderers.

Capt. Smythe.....Miss Perrault.
Dr. Gribben..... " Allan.
Lieut. Lees..... " Maxham.

26th Regiment.

Col. Crespigny.....Miss Buchanan.

29th Regiment.

Col. Middleton.....Miss Doucet.
Capt. Phipps..... " Geddes.

30th Regiment.

Col. Atcherley .... Miss Heward.
Capt. Moorson..... " McCutcheon.
" Birch ..... " Vass.
Dr. Paxton..... " Murray.
" Hooper..... " Dalkin.
Capt. Clarkson..... " Coxwell.
" Glasscott..... " Cayley.
" Nagle..... " Bell.
Lieut. Flemming... " Sewell.
" Charlewood.. " Poston.

32nd Regiment.

Dr. M. Healey.....Miss Smith.

39th Regiment.

Capt. Dixon.....Miss Antrobus.

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Capt. Hawtayne ....Miss Healey.
" Tryon ..... " McLeod.
Lieut. Osborne Smith.Miss Smith.
" Hoare .....Miss Scott.

47th Regiment.

Lieut.-Col. Villiers.Miss Shanley.
Capt. Larken ..... " Savage.
" Berckley..... " Dixon.
Dr. Jamieson .. .. " Cartwright.
Lt. de J. Prevost... " Dow.
Ens. Dixon..... " McMurray.

53rd Regiment.

Capt. Brown.....Miss Dewar.
Lieut. Hitchcock... " Ferguson.

54th Regiment.

Capt. Lake.....Miss Phillips.
" Thomson..... " Boxer.

60th Rifles.

Capt. LeBreton .....Miss George.
" Hamilton ..... " Willan.
" Travers ..... " Johnson.
" Anderson..... " Starnes.
" Worseley..... " Sicotte.
" Crosby ..... " Thompson.
Lieut. Mitchell Innes " Starnes.

66th Regiment.

Col. Dames.....Miss Kemble.
Capt. Serocold..... " Duval.
Capt. Torrens..... " Price.
Lieut. Godby ..... " DesFossés.
Dr. Henry..... " Geddes.
Lieut. Cunningham " Robertson.

68th Regiment.

Col. Rhodes.....Miss Dunn.
Capt. Durnford..... " Sewell.
Capt. Barlow ..... " Boxer.
Lieut. Brown ..... " Stevenson.

69th Regiment.

Capt. Clarke.....
" Thorpe.....Miss Jeffery.
Lieut. Homes.....
Lieut. Glendonwyn. Miss M. C. H. A. Chauveau. (1)

71st Regiment.

Major Denny.....Miss Richardson.
Capt. Scott..... " Stayner.
" Ready..... " Hincks.
" E. Antrobus, A. D. C. " Bréhaut.

73rd Regiment.

Lieut. FitsGerald..Miss Hamilton.

74th Regiment.

Capt. Austin .... . Miss Hall.

78th Highlanders.

Capt. Colin McKenzie.Miss Falkenberg.
" Fraser .....Miss Dupont.

79th Cameron Highlanders.

Col. Butt.....Miss Sewell.
Major Ross..... " Lindsay.
Capt. Cummings...Miss Coxworthy.
" Reeve..... . . " Fraser.

89th Regiment.

Lieut. Isaacs. .....Miss Cartwright.

93rd Sutherland Highlanders.

Lieut. Elliot.....Miss Wood.

100th Regiment.

Capt. Herring.....Miss L. Bell.
Lieut. Latouche..... " Bouchette.

Rifle Brigade.

Capt. Glynn .....Miss Dewar.
" Kingscote..... " Stuart.
" Dalzel..... " Harris.
" Swaine..... " Reynolds.
Lieut. Swann..... " Price.
" Dillon..... " Stanton.
Dr. Hunt..... " Jeffery.
" Walters..... " Geddes.

Canadian Rifles.

Col. Moffatt.....Miss Buchanan.
" Walker .... " Yule.
Major Bernard..... " Kingsmill.
Capt. Gibson..... " Gibb.
" Dunn ..... " Gibb.
" Clark..... " Heward.

Royal Navy.

Sir J. Westphall ...Mrs Gore.
Commander Ashe...Miss Percy.
Capt. Orlebar..... " Hale.
" Bayfield ..... " Wright.
Lieut. Story..... " Murray.
Mr. Knight..... " Poetter.

Commissariat Department.

Dep. - Com. Coxworthy .....Miss Goddard.
Dep.-Com. Webb.. " Bradshaw.
Com -Gen. Weir.... " Stayner.
Sir Randolph Routh " Taschereau.
Dep. - Com. - Gen. Routh ..... " Hall.
Dep. - Com. - Gen. Leonce Routh ..... " Pardey.
Assist.-Dep.-Com.-Gen. Price..... " Watson.

Staff.

Col. Pritchard .....Miss De Montenach.

Medical Staff.

Dr. Woodman.....Miss Stevenson.
" Hacket ..... " Uniacke.
" Henry..... " Geddes.
" Blatherwick.... " White.

Ordnance.

Major Holwell.....Miss Gibson.
Lieut. Bligh ..... " Whale.

NOTE.—One glance will suffice to show how many names have been omitted in the above.

(1) Ere six weeks were over, the cypress had replaced the orange blossoms on this fair young brow. Mrs. Glendonwyn, wedded at Quebec, in October, died at Bermuda, on the 17th Dec., 1871, aged 19. An exquisitely sculptured group, "Faith, Hope and Charity," by the London artist Marshall Wood, now commemorates in Carara marble under the silent eaves of the Ursulines Chapel, at Quebec, the early demise of three of the Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau's daughters. Alas for human happiness!

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INDEX.

PAGE.

Introduction I

D'Iberville—The Cid of New France 1

Dollard des Ormeaux—The Canadian Leonidas 13

De Brebœuf & Lalemant 23

The Bell of Saint-Regis—Fact & Fiction 29

The Baron of Longueil 39

The Heroine of Verchères 49

Major Stobo 55

Cadieux, the Old Voyageur 65

A select Tea Party at Quebec in 1759 73

The lost of the « Auguste »—French Refugees 79

The History of an Old House—Le Chien d'Or. 89

Tid-Bits of Feudal Customs 99

« Le Droit de Grenouillage » 107

Luc de la Corne Saint-Luc—A representative Man 115

The U. E. Loyalists—British Refugees 127

Fraser's Highlanders before Quebec, in 1759 141

Canadian Names & Surnames 159

The Grave of Garneau, the Historian 175

Canadian Homes 191

Our Early Friends, the Birds 201

Synopsis of Canadian Birds 233

Fin & Feather 237

The Quebec Volunteers, 1837-38 251

Our Nationality, its component parts 271

List of Bristish Officers recently married in Canada 287

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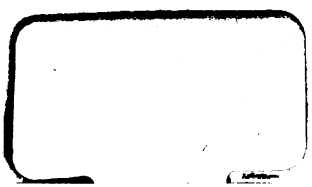

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